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Henry Collins Brown

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Book of
OLD NEW-YORK

by

HENRY COLLINS BROWN

The rare Old Prints are from the
Private Collections of

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MR. JOHN D. CRIMMINS
MR. HENRY MORGENTHAU
and others

Privately Printed
for
The Subscribers

One hundred eleven Fifth Avenue
New York

St. George's Chapel, in Beekman Street, 1865

WHERE WASHINGTON IRVING WAS CHRISTENED, AND WHERE MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN SERVED AS VESTRYMAN FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY. THE CHURCH IS NOW ON STUYVESANT SQUARE. IT WAS THE FIRST OF TRINITY'S CHAPELS, ERECTED IN 1759.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE MR. J. P. MORGAN.

Book of OLD NEW-YORK

by

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One hundred eleven Fifth Avenue
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1913

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FOREWORD

This is not a book for the student nor for the antiquarian; rather is it for the man on the street who was born here, or who has passed most of his life in the town of which we write; who can remember when Thirty-fourth Street was far "uptown," Fifty-ninth Street in the country, and when the little steamers *Sylvan Dell, Sylvan Stream, Sylvan Glen,* plied the East River between Harlem and downtown, and were the "rapid transit" of the day. In short, it is meant primarily for New Yorkers, old and young, who are proud of their city and are anxious to see some of its old characteristics preserved in enduring form ere the records are no longer available.

Much of the material herein displayed has been obtained from contributors who write of memories still vivid. They bear upon a period of which there are few printed records. Since the death of David T. Valentine in 1869, sometime clerk of the Common Council, we have had no such repository of antiquarian knowledge as his delightful "Manuals," in which for a score of years he faithfully recorded the doings and changes in the city he served so well. His death, as told by his learned friend, Dr. Kendrick, was probably hastened by the loss of the position which the "old and faithful clerk" held so many years. The publication of the "Manuals," which under his loving care developed from a mere prosy account of the doings of the city government into a unique and valuable local history, remains the only record of that period in New York prior to the use of photography.

The wonderfully interesting series of quaint and almost forgotten pictures of this period which I have here assembled bring back, as nothing else can, the little red brick two and a half story city that was here yesterday, but is gone to-day. To the many kind friends who made this collection possible I return the most cordial thanks. Without them the book would have fallen short of its aim.

The Winter of this year—1913-14—marks the 300th Anniversary of the first landing of White men upon our beloved isle. October, 1914, marks the Tercentenary of the formal entrance of New York into the world's Commerce. The same year also ends a Century of Peace with England following the Treaty of Ghent. It is well that we should pay a lasting tribute to the memory of those intrepid spirits who made this city possible.

For many of the delightful pages which this volume contains, then, I cheerfully accord the credit to others. As Montaigne happily puts it:

> "I have brought you a nosegay of flowers,
> But only the string that binds them is mine own."

THE AUTHOR.

NEW YORK CITY,
October, 1913.

Fraunces' Tavern

FRAUNCES' TAVERN IS ONE OF THE OLDEST BUILDINGS IN NEW YORK CITY, AND WAS THE SCENE OF MANY STIRRING EVENTS DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD. IT DIVIDES HONORS WITH ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL, WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AND THE VAN COURTLANDT MANSION IN ITS CONNECTION WITH MEMORIES OF WASHINGTON IN NEW YORK. IN THE "LONG ROOM" OCCURRED THE AFFECTING SCENE WITH HIS OFFICERS DURING WHICH, FOR THE LAST TIME, HE TOOK LEAVE OF HIS COMRADES-IN-ARMS, AND RETIRED TO MOUNT VERNON.

THE BUILDING WAS ORIGINALLY CONSTRUCTED BY ETIENNE DE LANCEY, 1719, AS HIS RESIDENCE. IN 1762 IT WAS PURCHASED BY "BLACK SAM" FRAUNCES, WHO OPENED A TAVERN, CALLING IT THE "QUEEN'S HEAD." AS AN INN, IT ENJOYED MANY YEARS OF PROSPERITY. IN 1768 THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE WAS ORGANIZED HERE. IN 1774 THE SONS OF LIBERTY AND THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE MET HERE TO PROTEST AGAINST THE IMPORTATION OF TEA, AND WOUND UP THE MEETING BY MARCHING TO THE SHIP "LONDON," WHICH HAD JUST ARRIVED, AND DUMPING THE CARGO INTO THE WATER, THUS ANTEDATING THE BOSTON "TEA-PARTY." THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB AND THE SONS OF THE REVOLUTION ALSO ORGANIZED HERE. OTHER PARTICULARS OF THIS BUILDING APPEAR ELSEWHERE.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE SONS OF THE REVOLUTION

Fraunces' Tavern

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FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE SONS OF THE REVOLUTION

TABLE *of* CONTENTS

PAGE

FOREWORD vii

THE BEGINNING 3

THE FIRST ACTUAL SETTLEMENT OF WHITE MEN UPON MANHATTAN ISLAND 4

BEGINNING OF NEW YORK'S CHARTERED COMMERCE, 1614 . . . 8

THE TREATY OF GHENT, 1814 11

BEGINNINGS OF FOREIGN IMMIGRATION 15

HOW SOME OF OUR WELL-KNOWN STREETS GOT THEIR NAMES (*Frank W. Crane*) 20

"THE MAIDENS' PATH" 32

EVACUATION OF NEW YORK BY THE BRITISH 36

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL IN BEEKMAN STREET 39

DELIGHTFUL MEMORIES OF BYGONE DAYS BY MEN STILL LIVING (*Charles F. Lawrence* and *E. Jaffray Phillips*) 44, 56

LARGE FAMILIES THE RULE IN THE '50S AND '60S 68

A. T. STEWART AND BROOKS BROS.' FIRST STORE, 1850 71

RECOLLECTIONS OF A VISITOR IN '61 72

THE OLD POST OFFICE IN NASSAU STREET 75

COST OF LIVING IN '63 76

SITE OF THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDING 79

NEW YORK A MILITARY CAMP 84

THE "HERALD'S" HOAX AND THE MOON HOAX 87

SOCIAL CENTRES OF YESTERDAY 88

THE BATTERY AND STATE STREET, BOWLING GREEN AND BROADWAY; PARK PLACE; ST. JOHN'S PARK; BOND STREET; ST. MARK'S PLACE; WASHINGTON SQUARE.

PAGE

Some Personal Recollections of Greenwich Village (*Euphemia M. Olcott*) 103

Greenwich Village in History 112

Jenny Lind and the Great P. T. Barnum 120

Richmond Hill—Home of Aaron Burr 123

Alexander Hamilton 127

Ellis Island a Powder Magazine as Late as Forty Years Ago . . 128

Beginnings of Central Park 131

Before the Taxicab 132

New York Introduces Baseball to the World 135

No Christmas in ye Olden Time 139

Interesting Forecast of Real Estate Values Sixty Years Ago . . 140

Romances in Real Estate 156

WHAT EARLY CENTURY ERRORS HAVE COST INDIVIDUALS. WHEN J. J. ASTOR ADVERTISED—HAD GOOD STORE TO LET IN 1813 ON SITE OF THE ASTOR HOUSE.

New York Assets nearly a Billion and a Half 164

Ginger Wine 167

Curious Newspaper Style of Old Days 167

Memories of the Wallacks (*Arthur W. Wallack*) 168

Joe Jefferson 184

Footlight Favorites of Thirty Years Ago 187

The Old Churches of New York 199

"Well-remembered Plays of Yesterday"—Notes from an Old Diary . 207

Beginnings of Minstrelsy 208

Random Notes of Old-time Performances 211

THE OLD BOWERY; "HUMPTY DUMPTY" AND GEORGE L. FOX, ITS CREATOR; NIBLO'S GARDEN; THE BROADWAY THEATRE; THE FAMOUS RAVELS.

In 1802: Oddities 220

PAGE

Old-time Ferry-boats on the East and North Rivers 223

Street Car Beginnings 227

Beginning of the Elevated Railroads 232

First Organization of Mounted Police 235

Early Development of Telegraphy 236

Beginnings of the Telephone 240

Beginnings of Electric Light 247

Beginnings of Electric Power 251

Moving Pictures 252

Beginnings of the Phonograph 255

Famous Thoroughfares in New York 256

BROADWAY: THE GREATEST STREET IN THE WORLD; BROADWAY IN 1913; WALL STREET: THE BEST KNOWN STREET IN NEW YORK; PEARL STREET AS A RETAIL CENTRE.

From a Contemporary Description of the Astor House at its Opening in 1836 284

A Fashionable Dames' School in New York of a Bygone Type (*Euphemia M. Olcott*) 287

The Prince of Wales' Ball in 1860 303

New York, the City of Magnificent Impermanence (*Joseph P. Day*) 304

THE ERA OF LIFE IN LAYERS; THE ERA OF TRANSPORTATION; THE AGE OF UNDERGROUND HIGHWAYS; THE WATER SUPPLY.

The First Flat 323

Prints of Old New York and Their Collectors (*J. H. Jordan*) . 324

THE TRIALS OF THE COLLECTOR; FAMOUS VIEWS IN THIS BOOK.

Origin of the Brooklyn Bridge 336

Old Chelsea Village 339

Street Cries of Old Days 344

Fraunces' Tavern 347

PAGE

Picturesque Days of the Volunteer Fire Department 351

when the boys "ran with the machine."

Great Fires in New York 356

contemporary description of the great fire, dec. 17, 1835; the fire in 1776.

Some Famous Collections of Old New York Views (*J. H. Jordan*) . 364

Recollections of Earlier Days 371

Days of Smooth-shaven Faces and Other Strange Customs . . 372

Beginning of the New York Historical Society 375

The Society Library, the Oldest in the City—Some of its Priceless Treasures 379

Old Merchants of New York 380

L'Envoi: Somewhat Personal 392

LIST *of* ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

St. George's Chapel, in Beekman Street, 1865 [*Colored*] *Frontispiece*

Fraunces' Tavern [*Colored*] viii

A Remarkably Rare Stephenson View of Broadway in 1855 . . 3

A World-famous View of New York (The Celebrated Drawing of Manhattan by Peter Schenk. About 1675) 4

View of New York in 1790 8

View of Fort George with the City of New York from the South-west. About 1760 12

The Famous Birch View of New York, 1803: First State . . . 16

The Famous Birch View of New York: Second State . . . 20

Maverick's Wonderful View of Wall Street. 1825 24

Turn-out of the American Express Company 28

View of St. Paul's Church and the Broadway Stages . . . 32

Broadway, corner Canal Street, 1835 36

Washington Square as a Parade Ground 40

First Division, N. Y. State Artillery 44

Early Vanderbilt Days [*Colored*] 48

St. Mark's Church 52

The Harbor and the Battery, 1850 56

Broadway, 1856: West Side, Fulton to Cortlandt Street . . . 60

The Jefferson Guards 64

Megarey's Rare Print of Lower Broadway in 1825 68

The New York Hospital, 1804 72

FACING PAGE

"Steamship Row" in its Palmy Days [*Colored*] 76

Fulton Street in 1849 80

Madison Square: The Worth Monument, 1850 84

Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street: St. Paul's M. E. Church 88

Burning of Barnum's Museum, 1868 92

An Important View from Brooklyn Heights 96

John Street Methodist Church, 1768 100

New York's First Hotel. About 1789 104

Wall Street about 1845 108

State Street and the Battery, 1820 112

Fifth Avenue Hotel, 1859 116

Old Post Office in Nassau Street 120

Curious Bridge at Broadway and Fulton Street, 1868 . . . 124

Old Greenwich Village 128

First Office of the Western Union Telegraph Co. [*Colored*] . . 132

The Howard Hotel, Broadway and Maiden Lane 136

The National Theatre 140

Site of Standard Oil Building, 1848 144

Lord & Taylor in Catharine Street, 1833 148

Beekman House, near Fiftieth Street and East River . . . 152

Albany Post Road, now "Automobile Row," Broadway, 1861 . . 156

Delmonico's, at Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street . . . 160

An Old-fashioned Garden in Chelsea Village 164

Street Criers of New York. About 1850 168

The Strawberry Girl; The Clam-seller; The Radish Girl; The Scissors-grinder.

Murray Street about 1850 172

FACING PAGE

Rare Photograph of Columbia College at Madison Avenue and Fiftieth Street. About 1874 176

Columbia College about 1874 180

The Rhinelander Home in William Street 184

Leaders of Society at the Prince's Ball, 1860 188

Summer Residence of Fernando Wood 192

St. John's Chapel-in-the-Fields 196

Last Days of Croker's Real Estate Office (111 Broadway) . . 200

The Great Fire of 1835 204

Underground Railway in Broadway, 1870 208

A Breezy Morning in New York Bay (Famous Bennett Aquatint) . 212

First Trip on an Elevated Road, 1867 216

The Peter Goelet House, Broadway and Nineteenth Street . . 220

Broadway between Murray and Warren Streets, 1850 224

Turn-out of Adams Express Co., 1851 228

The Old Brick Presbyterian Church, corner Nassau Street and Park Row, 1801 228

Beginning of the Seaman's Institute 232

The Famous Tiebout View of Federal Hall 236

Van Courtlandt Manor House, 1748 240

First Advertisement of the Telephone and First Telephone Directory . . . . *Page* 244

Union Square in 1850 244

Forty-second Street and Madison Avenue, 1864 248

New York Central Depot, 1860 252

A Harlem Train in 1860 256

The Grand Central Terminal, 1902 260

	FACING PAGE
Our Oldest Newspaper	264
The Spingler Hotel in Union Square, 1860	268
Madison Square Garden as a Railroad Depot	272
Forty-second Street from Second Avenue, looking West, 1869	276
Maiden Lane, about 1885	280
Overhead Telephone and Telegraph Wires in Broadway, 1890 (with a View after All Wires were put Underground)	284
Madison Square: Site of Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, 1880	288
Old Corporal Thompson's Road House	292
Corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue: National Academy of Design and Lyceum Theatre (Site of Metropolitan Building, 1890)	296
Murray Street and Dr. Mason's Church, 1822	300
Early Rapid Transit on Greenwich Street	304
The Rhinelander Sugar House, 1763	308
Broadway and Grand Street: Lincoln's Funeral, 1865	312
Beginning of Department Stores	316
Printing House Square, 1862	320
Ellis Island as a Powder Magazine, 1868	320
Early Stores of A. T. Stewart on Broadway, 1850 to 1860	324
The Old Empire Building on First Site of Grace Church	328
The Greatest Business Corner in the World	332
First House Lighted by Gas, 1825	336
The Old New York University Building in Washington Square, 1845	340
Corner Pine Street and Broadway, 1847	344

FACING PAGE

Oldest Business Firm in New York (P. Lorillard & Co., Established 1760) 348

Old Belmont Houses, Fifth Avenue and Eighteenth Street, 1893 . 352

An Old-time Baseball Team: 1870 . . . . . . *Page* 355

Broadway in 1855 356

Old Chelsea Village: Residence of Clement C. Moore, Twenty-third Street and Ninth Avenue 360

Old Furniss Homestead: Broadway and 100th Street in 1898 . 364

Park Place in 1850 368

Hudson River Steam-boat Stock Certificate, 1814 . . . *Page* 371

From Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue 372

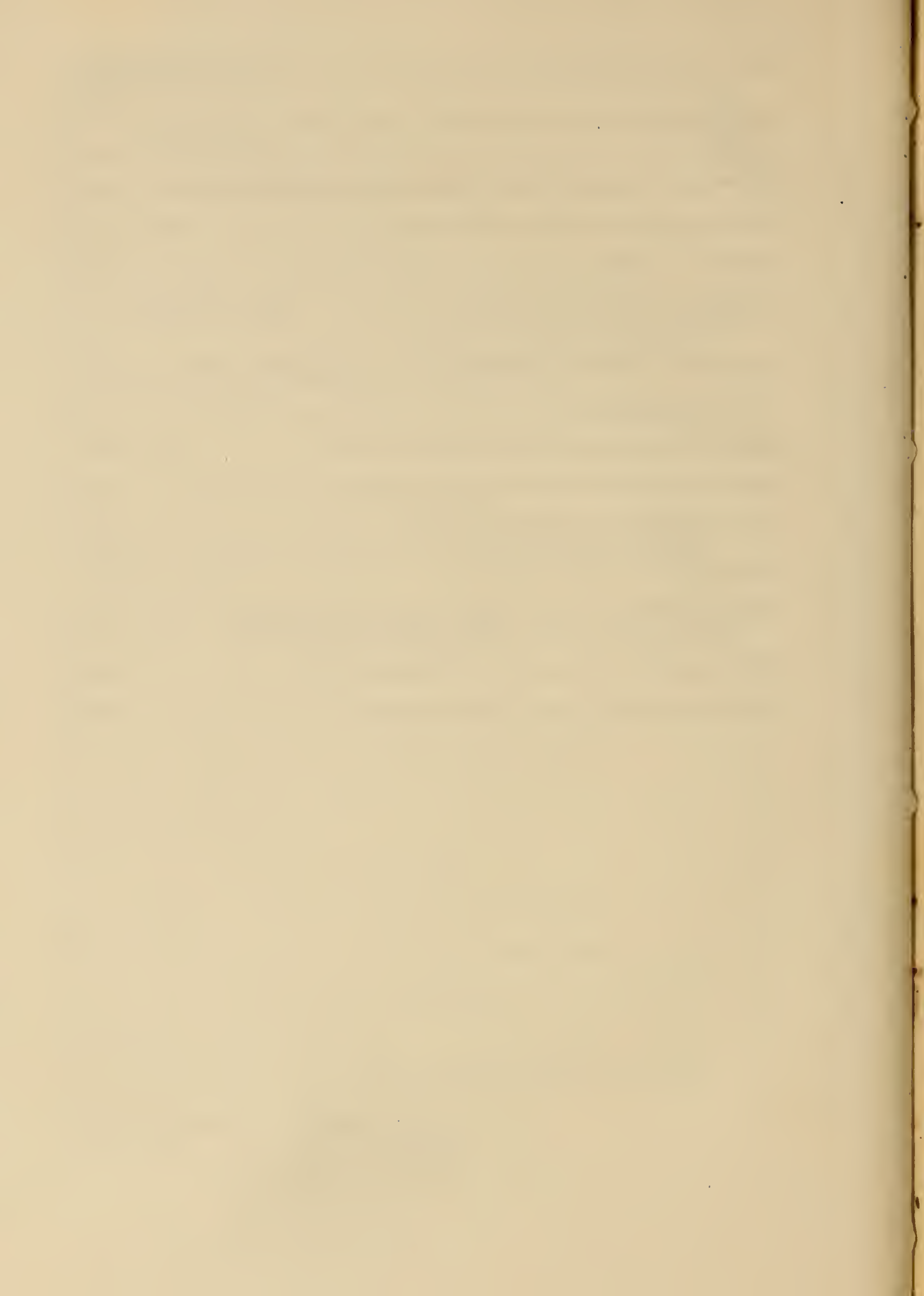
First Entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge 376

Lydig Mills in the Bronx, 1760 380

The Old Cushman House, Ninth Avenue, Twenty-first to Twenty-second Street (Now Site of Chelsea Apartments) . . 380

The Gouverneur Morris Home in Morrisania, 1786 384

The Famous Burgis View of New York, 1717 388



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A Remarkably Rare Stephenson View of Broadway in 1855

ONE OF THE SCARCE STEPHENSON VIEWS, OF WHICH ABOUT TEN PLATES ONLY WERE PUBLISHED, SO FAR AS KNOWN. NO OTHER ENGRAVINGS HAVE COME DOWN TO US IN WHICH THE BUILDINGS AND STREET SCENES OF OUR CITY ARE COPIED SO FAITHFULLY. THESE LITHOGRAPHS NOW COMMAND EXCEEDINGLY HIGH PRICES. THIS BLOCK IS ONE OF THE FEW IN WHICH THE LEAST CHANGES HAVE BEEN MADE. THE HAMBURG AMERICAN (NOW OCCUPYING SITE OF THE OLD ALDRICH COURT) AND THE COLUMBIA BUILDING (AT 29) BEING THE ONLY ALTERATIONS. THIS IS THE ONLY KNOWN COPY OF THIS PICTURE AND OF THIS SECTION OF BROADWAY. UNRIVALLED IN ACTIVITY, AT THAT PERIOD, BY ANY STREET IN THE CITY TO-DAY.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR PERCY R. PYNE, 2ND

Book of OLD NEW YORK

THE BEGINNING

"HE was born—no one knows where or when. He died—no one knows when or how. He comes into our knowledge on the quarterdeck of a ship bound for the North Pole. He goes out of our knowledge in a crazy boat manned by eight sick sailors."

So writes one historian of the man whose name is first identified with New York. He appears to have vanished into nothingness when his great work was done.

Even his portraits and autograph are not generally believed to be genuine. No one knows his age at the time he made his discoveries. That he was of mature years is shown by his having an eighteen-year-old son. But whether he was a hale mariner of forty or a grizzled veteran of seventy has never been guessed.

He was born, it seems, in England, some time in the sixteenth century. His name was Henry Hodgson, but his Dutch employers later twisted the English phraseology into "Hendrik Hudson." His father and grandfather are supposed to have been London merchants.

Hudson had made two attempts to find the Northwest passage, both unsuccessful. This caused the company to abandon further work along this line, and as an explorer Hudson seemed a failure. Just when it looked as if he would sink into oblivion the Dutch West India Company gave him the opportunity of his life, and by his immortal voyage in the *Half Moon* to the mouth of the great river which now bears his name the fame of Hendrik Hudson has gone down the centuries as one of the greatest of discoverers.

For his perilous journey, in the frailest of frail crafts, Hudson received the munificent sum of $320. In case he never came back the directors of the company agreed to pay his widow a further sum of $80 in cash.

Prior to the formal occupation of Manhattan Island as a possession by the Dutch, two other Dutch navigators—Christiansen and Block—spent the winter of 1613-14 on the Island. The exact location of the huts erected by them is on the site of 39 Broadway. It is the Tercentenary of this event which New York celebrates next year. The city was not formally settled till 1626.

With a mention of Petrus Stuyvesant, last and greatest of the Dutch Governors of the West India Company, and whose impress is indelibly stamped upon the history of Manhattan, I take leave of the origin of New Amsterdam, and proceed with some recollections of its development.

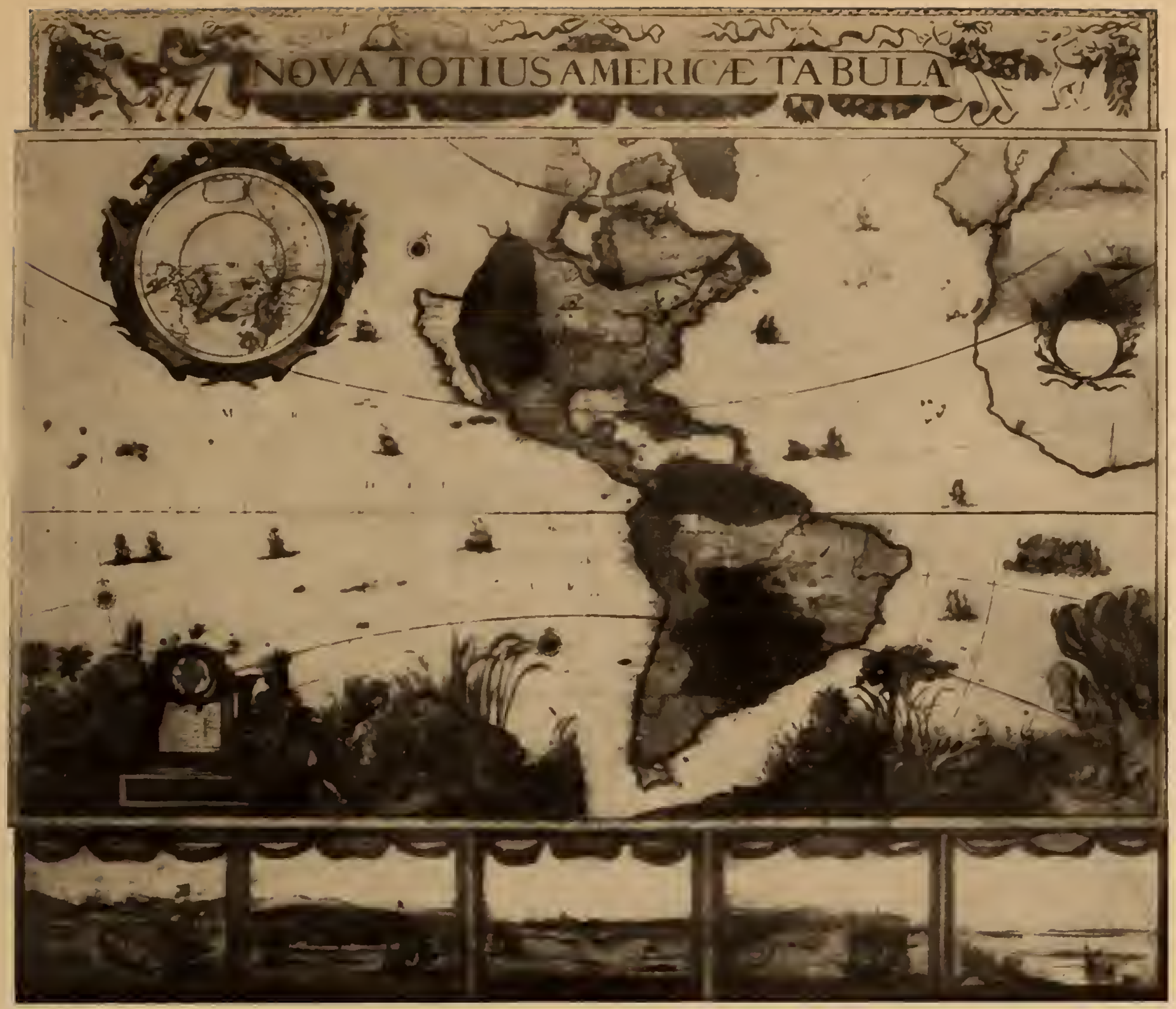
THE FIRST ACTUAL SETTLEMENT OF WHITE MEN UPON MANHATTAN ISLAND

Upon Hudson's return to Holland, and a report of his discovery, many other countries immediately began to plan expeditions of various kinds to visit the region described by him. As a result several vessels made the voyage but none with the purpose of colonization. Most of them were traders taking with them trinkets to exchange for skins, fish, salt and other commodities produced by the countries on the route. Aside from these desultory voyages, there was no idea of establishing a settled community.

Late in 1613, however, Adrian Block, in command of the *Tiger,* and his crew spent some time in the harbor of New York collecting furs from the Indians. His vessel was followed by others, so that during this year the island was visited by four separate expeditions.

In November the *Tiger* took fire at its anchorage just off the southern point of Manhattan Island, and Block and his crew escaped with difficulty to the shore. The vessel burned to the water's edge, and as the other ships had all sailed for Holland, there was no possibility of assistance from white men before spring. Block, therefore, determined to make the best of a bad situation, and proceeded to arrange temporary accommodations for himself and his men. They built four small huts at about the present site of 39 Broadway, which is appropriately marked by a tablet recording this fact erected by the Holland Society. They were rude, home-made affairs, and beyond providing shelter were of no particular importance. The Indians proved to be kindly disposed and provided the marooned white men with food.

Incredible as it may seem, Block, with great energy, immediately set himself to work upon the charred remains of the *Tiger,* from which he ultimately constructed a new vessel which was of sixteen tons burden and was found to be entirely sea-worthy. This was the first ship ever built in New York, and it requires no small stretch of imagination to understand how such a feat could be accomplished in view of the absence of almost all the requisite tools with which to work. The fact remains, nevertheless, that Block accomplished the apparently impossible, and in the spring launched the *Restless,* which name he chose for his new-made vessel, and explored Long Island Sound as far east as the island which bears his name. After sailing up the Connecticut River to where Hartford now stands, he proceeded to Cape Cod, where he unexpectedly met another Dutch navigator, Christiansen, whom he had known in Amsterdam. Block exchanged the *Restless* for the larger and stauncher vessel of Christiansen. In this he returned to Holland while Christiansen continued along the coast in the *Restless.*



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A World-famous View of New York
The Celebrated Drawing of Manhattan by Peter Schenk, About 1675

THIS RARE AND PRACTICALLY UNKNOWN PRINT DERIVES ITS GREAT REPUTATION FROM THE REMARKABLE ACCURACY OF ITS CARTOGRAPHY, CONSIDERING THE MEAGRE STATE OF THE ART AT THE TIME, AND THE POSSESSION OF A VIEW OF OUR CITY WHOLLY UNKNOWN TILL THE DISCOVERY OF THIS MAP IN GERMANY A FEW YEARS AGO. WHILE ITS EXISTENCE HAD LONG BEEN A MATTER OF RECORD, NO ACTUAL COPY HAD EVER BEFORE BEEN LOCATED. THE VIEW OF NEW YORK IS IN ONE OF THE LOWER CARTOUCHES, AND SHOWS THE OLD FORT AND A GENERAL OUTLINE OF ITS WELL-KNOWN ENVIRONMENTS. IN ADDITION TO ITS SCIENTIFIC INTEREST, IT IS PLEASANT TO KNOW THAT THE ONLY COPY OF SO CELEBRATED A WORK IS OWNED IN NEW YORK.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. PERCY R. PYNE, 2ND

The winter of 1613-14 is therefore signalized by the actual presence of white men on Manhattan Island for a period of more than six months, and for the strange beginning of shipbuilding. As a result of this visit the island was never again without permanent connection with Holland. With the granting of the special trading charter elsewhere described, ships from Holland came in ever-increasing numbers. A few years later the first settlements were commenced by the Walloons in the vicinity of Albany. They were on tracts of land obtained direct from Holland, by men styling themselves Patroons. These immense grants were placed under control of individuals, and thus commenced the Manor system which was afterwards the cause of much trouble to the authorities in New Amsterdam. Colonization of the manors was undertaken by the proprietors themselves, the people on their farms being the owners' personal retainers.

One of the most important and best known of these manors was Van Courtlandt, which comprised hundreds of acres in what is now the northern limits of Manhattan, and included many acres in Yonkers. It is only in recent years that seven hundred acres of this manor was taken by the city for a public park and the balance subdivided into building lots, and sold for home sites. The Philipse, Van Rensselaer, Livingston and others were among these semi-feudal grants.

It was not until 1626, however, that the Dutch West India Company took formal steps to establish their colony on the island itself. In that year Peter Minuit was sent with instructions to purchase the land from the Indians, which he did for the insignificant sum of $24.00 in beads and trinkets. This transaction completed, the history of New York begins, and we now introduce to our readers the town of New Amsterdam, founded by the Dutch West India Company under a special act of the States General of Holland in 1626.

BEGINNING OF NEW YORK'S CHARTERED COMMERCE, 1614

Three hundred years ago the site of New York was an obscure island separated from the civilization of Europe by three thousand miles of trackless ocean. Like a sleeping Titan it lay, stretched along the mouth of a majestic river, a slender ledge, thirteen miles long and scarcely two miles wide in its broadest part. The forest primeval stretched to its uttermost shores. Bold rocky headlands lined them and many streams and lakes dotted its all too scanty mainland.

Nomadic tribes of red men roamed its solitudes. Rude huts here and there, made from bended trees covered with braided grass, offered them indifferent shelter. The forest gave them meat, the fields gave them bread, and the adjacent waters, fish. Fur-bearing animals abounded and furnished raiment.

This seems a pitiful background for the staging of the most stirring events that were soon to happen in the world's commerce. In a search for a shorter route to the riches of the far-famed Orient, the hardy mariners of the West had already skirted its shores, and one even sailed up the lordly Hudson only to return disheartened and defeated. Yet the glowing accounts of the wonders of the region, the recognized value of the few peltries exchanged for trinkets which they brought back, set all Europe ablaze with excitement. And in October, 1614, John of Barneveldt, receiving a deputation of merchants from Amsterdam, then and there issued them a Charter giving them the sole right to trade with the far-distant island, which for the first time they called Nieu Amsterdam.

So began the commerce of New York. And the Legislature of our State, by appointing a special commission to celebrate the Tercentenary of this momentous event, has performed an act of signal interest to all the people of the country.

The New York Chamber of Commerce, which has done so much to foster and encourage the trade of New York and which has been officered by merchants of great distinction during all its career, was organized in Fraunces' Tavern, corner Broad and Pearl Streets, April 8, 1768, in the same room in which Washington afterwards took farewell of his officers. This splended organization was originally composed of twenty-four importers and traders, with Mr. John Cruger as president. It has borne an important part in all that has been achieved to make New York the leading city of the New World and will figure prominently in the exercises to commemorate the Tercentenary.

In the few brief pages at our command we can touch on but a short period of those fateful three centuries. So we confine ourselves practically to the period marked by the introduction of railroads and steamboats—perhaps the most important of all the successive stages of New York's marvellous commercial development.

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View of New York in 1790

AN EXTREMELY INTERESTING AND ONE OF THE EARLIEST VIEWS OF THE CITY SOON AFTER THE REPUBLIC WAS FORMED. IT SHOWS THE WEST SIDE OF THE CITY FROM THE BATTERY TO A POINT JUST BEYOND TRINITY CHURCH. THE "NEW HOUSE FOR GENERAL WASHINGTON" (GOVERNMENT HOUSE) AND THE "CHURN" ARE THE MOST PROMINENT FEATURES. A MAN-O'-WAR AT ANCHOR IS SHOWN AT LEFT. NO OTHER COPY OF THIS RARE ENGRAVING IS KNOWN TO EXIST.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. PERCY R. PYNE, 2ND.

THE TREATY OF GHENT, 1814

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF PEACE WITH ENGLAND

Of all the cities which the newly formed republic contained, none suffered through the War of 1812 as did New York. The exhaustion caused by the Revolution had scarcely begun to wear away when serious trouble with France ensued. It is a half remembered fact that for a short period our country was virtually at war with France and hostilities actually took place. Before the matter progressed further, however, Napoleon saw fit to alter his attitude toward the Americans, and a settlement of the dangerous situation was accomplished; but it left its marks upon New York's maritime commerce, as from the beginning it had largely depended upon those who go down to the sea in ships. The new republic had made vast strides since the close of the Revolution, but the attitude of England had for many years been a serious menace to its growing commerce. Great Britain insisted on her alleged right to impress British seamen into her service wherever found. And her men-of-war were continually seizing American ships on the high seas for this purpose. Not only was this a source of great vexation, but it frequently left ships short handed, and in some cases to their extreme peril.

The United States had, therefore, already endured so much that the War of 1812 was to her of grave concern, and it is perhaps difficult for the average citizen of to-day to realize exactly what it meant to the New Yorker of that period. The future metropolis was then a city of only about 90,000 inhabitants. The trouble had already lasted long enough to make her financial position one of peril. She was practically without funds and in a defenceless state when the news of a contemplated attack upon her was secretly received. Mayor De Witt Clinton issued a stirring appeal to the citizens calling upon them to offer their personal services and means to aid in completing the unfinished fortifications. Mrs. Lamb's admirable history of our city thus describes the situation:

"In response to a call signed by Henry Rutgers and Oliver Wolcott, an immense throng assembled in the City Hall Park, and chose from the Common Council as a Committee of Defense, Colonel Nicholas Fish, Gideon Tucker, Peter Mesier, George Buckmaster and John Nitchie, clothed with ample power to direct the efforts of the inhabitants at this critical moment in the business of protection. The work commenced on the heights around Brooklyn the same day, under the direction of General Joseph G. Swift. Only four days after the meeting in the Park, the Committee of Defense reported three thousand persons laboring with pickaxes, shovels and spades. Masonic and other societies went in bodies to the task; the Washington Benevolent Society, an organization opposed to the war, went with their banner bearing the portrait of Washington, each man with a handkerchief containing a supply of food for the day; on the 15th the city newspapers

were suspended that all hands might work on the fortifications; two hundred journeymen printers went over together; two hundred weavers; a large procession of butchers bearing the flag used by them in the great Federal procession of 1789, on which was an ox prepared for slaughter; numerous manufacturing companies with all their men, and the colored people in crowds. On the 20th five hundred men went to Harlem Heights to work upon intrenchments there, and, at the same time, fifteen hundred Irishmen crossed into Brooklyn for the same purpose; school teachers and their pupils went together to give their aid, and little boys, too small to handle a spade or pickaxe, carried earth on shingles. It was a scene never to be forgotten. One morning the people of Bushwick, Long Island, appeared, accompanied by their pastor, Rev. John Bassett, who opened the operations with prayer, and remained all day distributing refreshments and encouraging the laborers. Citizens from neighboring towns and from New Jersey proffered their services."

It will readily be seen, therefore, that the war was a stern reality to every individual in the city—a vastly different thing to what we recall in connection with our recent struggle with Spain. Notwithstanding the brilliant series of victories achieved by the American arms the results entailed hardships of the most severe kind, and the public mind was sorely depressed. But the gloomiest moment the city had ever experienced was suddenly and unexpectedly relieved. The ship *Fortune* arrived in the bay under a flag of truce bearing the news that peace had been declared, and that the Treaty of Ghent was an accomplished fact. We again quote from Mrs. Lamb:

"It was late Saturday evening. If the city had been struck by lightning, the news could not have spread with more rapidity than the word PEACE. People rushed into the streets in an ecstasy of delight. Cannon bellowed and thundered, bells of every description rang in one triumphant peal, bonfires were lighted at the corners of the streets, rows of candles were placed in the windows, flags were unfurled from steeples and domes, and night was literally turned into day. Strong men wept as they grasped each other by the hand in silent gratitude; others fell on their knees and offered touching prayers. Amid shouts and huzzas, expresses were sent out in every direction. No one stopped to inquire about the terms of the treaty. It was enough to know that peace was proclaimed. The Sabbath that followed was a day of Thanksgiving. There was joy all over the land, and especially along the maritime frontier. Schools were given a holiday in every town as the news came; the whole people quitting their employments, hastened to congratulate one another at the relief, not only from foreign war, but from the impending cloud of internal and civil struggle."

With the ending of hostilities the merchants of New York at once took energetic measures to regain the commerce lost during the war, and such was their industry and enterprise that a few short months sufficed to place them once more in the vanguard of prosperity. The whole country felt the impetus of New York's activity and profited by her example. In a few short years her advancement was so remarkable as to attract attention from the outside world in a manner wholly unexpected, and to result in a huge and rapid increase in population.

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View of Fort George, with the City of New York, from the Southwest. About 1760

THIS ENGRAVING BY CARWITHAM, PRINTED FOR CARINGTON BOWLES, MAP AND PRINT SELLERS, AT NO. 69 IN ST. PAUL'S, LONDON, IS AN EXCELLENT VIEW OF THE BATTERY AND FORT AS IT APPEARED WHEN NEW YORK WAS A FLOURISHING ENGLISH COLONY. ALREADY A NUMBER OF CHURCHES ARE SEEN, AND BUILDINGS OF A SUBSTANTIAL CHARACTER APPEAR.

THIS COPY IS OF THE ORIGINAL SCARCE, EARLY COLORED ISSUE, BEFORE CHANGE OF TITLE AND PUBLISHER, AND IS EXCEEDINGLY RARE.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. PERCY R. PYNE, 2ND

BEGINNINGS OF FOREIGN IMMIGRATION

At the close of Dutch dominion in America (1674) the total population of New Amsterdam, thenceforward New York, did not exceed 4,700, including a not inconsiderable number of English, French, Spanish and Portuguese, besides bondmen and slaves. The two first were always an important factor in the Dutch settlement, and it is a striking tribute to the strength of the Dutch character that it should have left so deep an impress for all time on the development of Manhattan in spite of the paucity in numbers of that nation.

Professor Fiske, in his "Beginings of New England," recites with evident pride that for almost one hundred and fifty years after the great Puritan exodus, practically no emigration penetrated New England from any other nation except Scotland, and that as a consequence the English strain in New England was purer and better than in the Mother Country itself.

The prominence of New York in the Revolution (for she was the storm centre from first to last), naturally brought within her borders many men from neighboring states, quick to realize her wonderful natural trading advantages. It was quite reasonable, therefore, upon conclusion of that struggle to expect a considerable immigration from New England, from the Quakers and Virginians. But the most sanguine well wisher, however, could not foresee that for the next thirty years the cream of the world's offerings would be to the city on the insignificant island at the mouth of the Hudson River. Such, however, proved to be the case, and as fortune would have it, the quality was of the same desirable strain that had made for the greatness of New England.

In addition to English emigration, Scotland furnished a goodly number. Beyond these two, and the natural increase of the population itself, there were little or no additions. Speaking the same language, alike in religious convictions, inheriting, as was natural, the same liberty-loving instincts, and being withal kinsmen to a great degree, the problem of assimilation was greatly simplified. This fortuitous combination continued without interruption for almost a third of a century. And until 1820 nothing occurred to interfere with the harmonious and natural growth of the new nation, whose roots were now firmly planted and whose future, no matter what happened, would forever partake of the parental beginnings.

Shortly after that date, a tide of emigration set in which was unlike anything the world had ever seen. Multitudes left the Old World for the New. Various economic causes impelled this sudden emigration. Arkwright's invention of the spinning jenny had already caused much perturbation among the needle workers of England and Scotland. Multitudes of these hand-workers seemed doomed to practical extinction. In France, shops in which Arkwright's machinery was successfully at work were mobbed and wrecked by tailors. And in Scotland a popular

subscription was raised to ship ten thousand seamstresses to Canada and Australia. but many of them ultimately found their way to America, to find not work, but homes, instead. With the invention of Eli Whitney's cotton gin, which came a few years later, the world's supply of cotton was increased an hundredfold, and as a fabric, its use multiplied with marvellous rapidity.

As already the chief port in the New World, New York at once assumed a leading position in the financing, shipping and marketing of this great staple. And to handle this enormous business, manual labor in corresponding quantity was constantly in demand and the steady stream of emigration from all parts of the world was absorbed almost as soon as received.

Ireland was the most prominent birthplace of the newcomers, and the emigration once started, it seemed as if the tide would never stop until the last hut in the Emerald Isle was deserted. In a short time nearly every other man you met in New York was Irish. They swarmed everywhere and filled every occupation. Large sections of the city were virtually given over to them, and no matter where you turned, a smiling son of Erin was there to greet you.

Prior to this period, Catholicism had little or no standing in the community. Adherents of that Church were small in number. Yet, although the feeling against this faith was very strong throughout the rest of the Colonies, New York, with that tolerance which has always been her chief characteristic, elected among her first Governors an Irishman and a Catholic. A tablet to his memory was recently erected at St. Luke's in Barclay Street, from which we can surmise the esteem in which he was held by the community. It reads as follows:

In Memory of
THOMAS DONGAN
Born 1634 Died 1715

Earl of Limerick, General in the armies of England and France. Irish Patriot and devoted Catholic. Governor of New York 1683-1688.

Father of the first representative assembly and author of the Charter of Rights and Privileges, granting popular government, religious toleration, trial by jury, immunity from martial law, freedom from arbitrary arrest. Framer of the first City Charters for Albany and New York; Founder of Latin Schools under Catholic auspices and teachers.

THIS TABLET
Erected by the Columbian Assembly fourth degree Knights of Columbus.
Oct. 8th, 1911.

This Church, however, had now increased tremendously both in power and numbers. For not only had Ireland sent a huge contingent of members, but Germany and France as well. While there was no outward and visible sign of hostility to this faith, the old Colonial antagonism against it still lingered and was fanned into flame by an attempt to obtain some of the public school money for parochial purposes. The attempt was defeated and was never again renewed. It gave rise to a good deal of anticlerical feeling at the time and it was several years before it died out.

New York hardly had time to digest the enormous mass of Irish immigrants before it was called upon to perform a similar service for another nation—the Ger-

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The Famous Birch View of New York, 1803: First State

THIS RARE VIEW WAS PAINTED BY W. BIRCH, AND ENGRAVED ON COPPER-PLATE BY SAMUEL SEYMOUR. IT WAS PUBLISHED IN 1803 BY BIRCH AT SPRINGLAND, NEAR BRISTOL, PENNSYLVANIA. IT IS A CHARMING DISTANT VIEW OF THE YOUNG CITY WHOSE SKY LINE AT THAT TIME GAVE NO SUGGESTION OF THE TOWERING STRUCTURES OF TO-DAY.

CONSIDERABLE INTEREST ATTACHES TO THIS PRINT ON ACCOUNT OF A CHANGE WHICH WAS MADE IN THE DRAWING IN THE SECOND ISSUE. THE WHITE HORSE DISAPPEARS, AND A GROUP OF FIGURES TAKES ITS PLACE. THE LATER EDITION IS KNOWN AS THE "PIC-NIC PARTY." SO THAT OUR READERS MAY SEE FOR THEMSELVES THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A "FIRST" AND A "SECOND" STATE, WE ALSO REPRODUCE THE LATTER AS THE NEXT ILLUSTRATION.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. ROBERT GOELET.

mans. This influx occurred after the Revolution in Germany in 1848 and brought many excellent and worthy citizens who were afterward to play a distinguished part in the affairs of the Republic. For a while, however, it seemed as if New York had more Germans than Berlin and more Irish than Dublin.

While the tendency of these early emigrants was to perpetuate the customs and language of their native lands, it soon became apparent that their children were bent upon becoming thoroughly Americanized, thus simplifying the problem of assimilation. When the Civil War broke out, the country found many regiments from New York made up exclusively of foreigners fighting for the flag of their adopted country, and both the Irish and the Germans gave freely of their blood and their treasure in defence of the Union.

The immense expansion in trade and commerce which followed the opening of the Erie Canal; the discovery of gold in California; the opening up of the West by the Pacific railroads; the tremendous results following the successful invention of the reaper by Cyrus McCormick and the telegraph by Morse, and the perfection of the cable by Field, continued to attract to our city a stream of emigration that has practically never ceased. Where we formerly had the Irish and the Germans dominant, we now have Italians in such huge numbers that the Irish seem lost in comparison, while the Germans are completely swallowed up.

In addition to the Italians, vast hordes of Russians, Poles, Hungarians, Slavs, Greeks, Bulgarians and Swedes are now conspicuous features of the city's population, and the supply seems unending.

New York is, and always has been, a cosmopolitan city. Almost from its inception many languages were spoken in its streets, and at the close of the Revolution, as we have said, there were no less than eighteen different tongues in daily use. To-day, there are probably representatives from every known race and nation in the world, and the Tower of Babel is the only other instance known where more languages were spoken than in the streets of New York. The changes which occur are so rapid and so overwhelming that what is recorded to-day is frequently subject to instant revision. This question of emigration is only one of many that operate to effect a temporary change. For, incredible though it may seem, these huge foreign additions are ultimately assimilated, though the process takes time.

While our streets may at times bear a decidedly foreign aspect, yet they reflect what the city is at the moment. And in the next article we shall speak of these same streets and show how much there is even in a study of their names.

HOW SOME OF OUR WELL-KNOWN STREETS GOT THEIR NAMES

By Frank W. Crane

A mass of history is bound up in the names of New York's streets.

Ask any moderately well-read resident who perhaps prides himself on being an old New Yorker why Vandam Street in Greenwich Village is so called, and if his memory of Dutch chronicles impels him to answer from Rip Van Dam, try another, and see if he can tell anything about the worthy Rip. Or, again, the origin of Marketfield Street, that little obscure lane running off from Broad Street just below Beaver, might be called in question. A good guess, the name being more explanatory, would suggest that this was the market quarters in early Dutch days when the fort on what is now the Battery and a few houses clustered about it comprised all of the forthcoming imperial city of New York, then New Amsterdam.

Vesey and Barclay Streets are somewhat easier, especially if one is a good Episcopalian and somewhat familiar with Trinity Church history, for they perpetuate the names of the first and second rectors of Trinity. Division Street may be a little harder to explain. Its name tells something of its history, but the reason of it is not clear until one learns that it marked the boundary line between the extensive Rutgers farm on the south and the Delancey farm on the north. Other names that will bear interesting research are Nassau, Gold, Cedar, Pine, Liberty, Bank, Baxter, Eldridge, Forsyth, Mott, Pell, and Chatham, these being selected at random from a list that might be considerably extended.

There is no end of names in the lower part of the town to recall the days of the Dutch occupation, but, singular as it may seem, only one bears the name of any of the Dutch Governors, and that, Stuyvesant Street, is far to the north of the little town that Peter Stuyvesant was obliged to hand over to the English in 1664. It is a diminutive street jutting off from Third Avenue near Ninth Street and running to Second Avenue, and seems hardly in keeping with the greatness of the doughty Governor. It is in a good location, for it cuts through the famous Stuyvesant bouwerie where the Governor was doubtless happier in his closing days than when he was ruling the city. Near by is Stuyvesant Park, which was given to the city by the Stuyvesant heirs about seventy years ago.

Names in honor of prominent Englishmen are not as numerous as those of Dutch origin. Most of those that remain have no affiliation with royalty, those reminders of British rule having been carefully expunged after the Revolution. That is why we have Liberty Street instead of Crown, Cedar instead of Queen, and Pine instead of King, the pre-Revolutionary designations of royalty being regarded as out of place with the patriotic sentiments of the new Republic. A portion of Broadway above City Hall bore the resounding term of King George Street, and, of course, that passed away early.

Chatham Street, which now only remains in Chatham Square, but originally comprised all of Park Row, was not molested for some time. It honored the great William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, for his friendly attitude toward the Colonies during the Stamp-Act troubles.

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The Famous Birch View of New York, 1803: Second State

SECOND STATE OF THE BIRCH VIEW, SHOWING THE PIC-NIC PARTY IN PLACE OF THE WHITE HORSE.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. PERCY R PYNE 2ND

A marble statue of the Earl was subscribed for and erected in Wall Street, near William, on September 7, 1770, the inscription stating that it was a "public testimony of the grateful sense the Colony of New York retains of the many eminent services he rendered America, particularly in promoting the repeal of the Stamp Act."

It was overturned and broken by British soldiers when they entered New York in retaliation for the destruction of the leaden statue of King George on Bowling Green, but the torso still remains among the early New York relics in the New York Historical Society. Nassau is about the only street survivor bearing a name of royal lineage, being in honor of the Prince of Nassau, who afterward shared the honors of King of England with his wife, Queen Mary. The lower part of Chatham Street lost its name early in the last century in view of its location opposite the park, and Park Row was eventually continued up to its junction with the Bowery. William Street is due to William Beekman, through whose farm it ran.

Nassau Street, like Maiden Lane, which has attained high fame in being the first street in New York to have a tablet erected to its history, once had a name of more local significance. It was known two centuries or more ago as the "road that leads by the pie woman's." Evidently this unknown woman had touched the heart through the stomach of many of her neighbors to lend such distinction to the thoroughfare by her humble bake shop. The popularity of pie still lingers in the vicinity, for in Ann Street hard by, all the way from Broadway to Nassau, more pies are probably dispensed to the army of office boys and young clerks from the tall office buildings than are sold within a single day in any other similar area in the city. In 1696 Capt. Teunis De Kay petitioned the corporation that "a carte-way be made leading out of the Broad Street to the street that leads by the Pye-woman's, leading to the commons of the city (now City Hall Park), and that he will undertake to do the same provided he may have the soyle."

Broad Street in Dutch days was the principal Canal, known as "De Heere Graft." The width of the street, so unusual in lower New York, is particularly noticeable, but the reason is clear when one realizes that a wide canal, large enough for market boats to navigate, entered the street near its southern terminus at the river and extended nearly to Wall Street. The canal was benefited by a natural rivulet which ran through it. About 1657 the burgomasters had the sides of the stream planked, making a respectable canal, and it remained in use until 1676. There was also a small canal in Beaver Street.

Canal Street had one of these waterways, and in this street the old name has been retained. It was not of Dutch origin, however, but was cut through about 1805 for the purpose of draining the old fresh water pond or Kalch Hook which covered a large area in the vicinity of the Tombs or Halls of Justice. There was once good fishing in this pond, and excellent skating in winter, but it became a nuisance as the city grew up around it and the canal was decided upon to drain off the waters of the pond and the low lands of Anthony Rutgers' farm, which surrounded a good part of it. The canal was cut through the swampy land of Lispenard meadows to the west, draining into the Hudson. The draining of the pond made it more of a menace to health than before, and about ten years later the pond was filled up and the canal was turned into a street.

Water Street is easily explained from the fact that originally it was the one nearest the East River, but when additional land was filled in the new street near the river became Front Street. Whitehall Street, near the Battery, recalls the magnificent white mansion built for Gov. Stuyvesant. Stone Street worthily bears its name from being the first of the Dutch streets to be paved with blocks of stone. Moore Street was named from an old merchant, John Moore, who had his warehouses near the river.

Rector Street, almost opposite Wall on the west side of Broadway, is sufficiently explanatory as a bordering street to Trinity Church. Exchange Alley in Colonial times was Oyster Pasty Alley. North of Trinity, extending on both sides of Broadway, was the old Damen farm, the greater part of which eventually came into the possession of Olaff S. Van Cortlandt and Teunis Dey. Olaff Van Cortlandt was one of the great landowners of the time and one of the worthiest of the early Dutch settlers, and his numerous descendants have added to the prominence of the name. His son, Stephanus, was Mayor in 1677 and again in 1686 and 1687. In 1733 the heirs partitioned the property and laid out Cortlandt Street. Teunis Dey was a gardener and miller, his windmill being near the river, and were it not that his name is retained in Dey Street he would hardly be remembered.

On the east side of Broadway, from Maiden Lane above Fulton, was the ancient Van Tienhoven farm. Most of it finally became the property of an association of five shoemakers and tanners and is popularly known as the Shoemakers' pasture. Most prominent of these was John Harpending, whose homestead was on the corner of Maiden Lane and Broadway. From him John Street gets its name, and the valuable holdings of the Dutch Reformed Church in that locality, between Broadway and William Street, come from his bequest to that denomination of the greater part of his property. Fulton Street was so named in honor of Robert Fulton soon after the success of his *Clermont* in 1807. It was originally Fair Street on the east side of Broadway and Partition Street on the west, denoting the partition of the adjoining properties.

Having solved the problem of the particular John who gave his name to that street, it is natural to suppose that some one will ask, "Well, who was Ann?"

In the old book and junk shop annals of the city that narrow street has been famous. It was not always the headquarters for cast-off material. With the surrounding territory Ann Street once formed a part of the first Dutch Governor's garden. Later Gov. Dongan got the property, and his heirs sold it in 1762 to Thomas White, one of the great merchants of the day. He cut the land up into building lots, and what more fitting monument could he pay to his wife than to name one of the streets for her! It was Mrs. Ann White who ceded to the city the little alley between Broadway and Nassau Street known as Theatre Alley, reminiscent of the days when the popular Park Theatre stood just above the Park Row Building overlooking the square.

Several other streets bear the names of the estimable wives of former landowners and influential citizens. There is Hester Street, on the east side, named for Hester Leisler, the wife of Benjamin Rynders, a worthy burgher of Dutch days, and whose name was formerly attached to Mulberry Street. In the Greenwich Village section we find Cornelia Street, honoring Cornelia Rutgers, a daughter of Anthony Rutgers, whose name is preserved in an east side thoroughfare. Cornelia Rutgers married Jacob Leroy, a son of old Daniel Leroy, and his name has also gone down to posterity in Greenwich Village.

The two streets bearing the name of Jones have often aroused curiosity. Some one might reasonably inquire why, with two Jones Streets, there is no Smith Street. There was, in Dutch times, the lower part of William Street being known as Smith, and the fact that the low land at the foot of Maiden Lane was originally known as Smit's Vly shows that the Dutchman with the English name tilled his fields near by.

But to get back to the Jones history. Jones Street was ceded to the city about 1799, being called so in honor of Dr. Humphrey Jones, one of the noted practitioners of his day. Great Jones Street, jutting off Broadway near Bond, ran through the land of Samuel Jones, a grandson of Chief Justice David Jones and Recorder of the city from 1789 to 1795. When

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Maverick's Wonderful View of Wall Street. 1825

THIS REMARKABLE OLD LITHOGRAPH GIVES AN EXCELLENT IDEA OF THE STREET BEFORE THE GREAT FIRE OF 1835. THE BUILDINGS, AS YOU SEE, ARE OF A RATHER INCONSEQUENTIAL CHARACTER, THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE BEING THE ONLY ONE OF ARCHITECTURAL IMPORTANCE. THE FEATURE OF SPECIAL INTEREST IN THIS PARTICULAR PRINT IS THE MARGINS. EACH PARTICULAR BUILDING ON BOTH SIDES OF THE STREET IS CAREFULLY SHOWN, AND AT THE TOP IS A DISTANT VIEW OF BROOKLYN HEIGHTS. ONLY THREE COPIES OF THIS LITHOGRAPH ARE KNOWN IN THIS STATE. THERE ARE LATER IMPRESSIONS, HOWEVER, BUT NONE SHOW THE BORDER WITH THE BUILDINGS.

ADJOINING THE EXCHANGE WAS THE ORIGINAL JEWELRY STORE OF BENEDICT BROS. JOHN J ASTOR ADVISED THE ELDER BENEDICT TO PURCHASE THIS SITE, WHICH HE DID, AND AFTERWARDS RESOLD IT AT GREAT PROFIT. THE BENEDICT BROS. HAVE DONE BUSINESS FOR NEARLY A CENTURY, FIRST IN WALL STREET, AND LATER IN BROADWAY, BELOW FULTON

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR ROBERT GOELET

Samuel Jones wanted to perpetuate his family name he found that an earlier member had jumped his claim, as it were. Therefore, that there might be no mistake as to his street, he had no compunctions in styling it Great Jones. There is also a Jones Lane in the old shipping centre, running off Front Street.

When Trinity Corporation was opening new streets and ceding them to the city it wanted to honor Bishop Moore but found that the name had been given long before to the little street in the lower part of the city. Trinity's street, however, was well to the north and hence North Moore was an easy suggestion out of the difficulty.

Were it not for the policy long ago adopted by Trinity Church to give the names of its Wardens and Vestrymen to many of the streets as they were laid out from time to time through the broad acres of its Church Farm, more than one of the great leaders in the early mercantile and social life of the city would now be forgotten. These commemorate the activities of Gabriel Ludlow, Matthew Clarkson, Col. Bayard, John Reade, Joseph Murray, John Chambers, Stephen De Lancey, Robert Watts, Elias Desbrosses, Edward Laight, Dr. John Charlton, Humphrey Jones, Anthony Lispenard, Gov. Morgan Lewis, Thomas Barrow, Jacob Leroy, Frank Dominick, John Clark, Rufus King, the Rev. Dr. Beach, and that worthy old Dutchman Rip Van Dam.

Many of these streets had been laid out before the Commissioners of 1807 bequeathed to the city the rectangular system of streets and avenues which many would like to see changed in certain respects by cutting broad, diagonal thoroughfares through some of the busiest parts of the city. Fortunately for the perpetuation of the historical antecedents of many of the streets, in the lower part of the city as well as in old Greenwich Village and on the lower east side below Houston Street, they were not disturbed in the ruthless straight-line mapping of the Commissioners, and their names hold good to-day, to add to the historical interest of the city, besides arousing occasional curiosity concerning their nomenclature.

In 1808 Trinity ceded to the city the ground for many of the streets running through the Church Farm in old Greenwich Village, and in addition to those already mentioned, Greenwich, Hudson, Varick, Vestry, and Macdougal Streets obtained their names about this time. The Greenwich Street was an extension, however, of the same thoroughfare in the lower part of the city which for years had been the main highway to the old-time village northwest of the city proper. Greenwich Village for years was one of the health resorts of the city, and previous to the Revolution magnificent country homes lined the banks of the Hudson.

Greenwich was so named by Sir Peter Warren, the English Admiral who assisted in the capture of Louisburg from the French in the French and Indian war of 1756. He bought a large estate there several years before he became famous, and erected a magnificent residence, standing in the block bounded by the present Charles, Perry, Bleecker and Tenth Streets. The old house at 1 Broadway was for a time his city residence. Bleecker Street perpetuates the family name and the extensive Bleecker farm in the same way as Beekman, Delancey, Rutgers, Bayard, and Cortlandt show the influence and the extensive land holdings of these families. Perry Street came in after the War of 1812 to honor the Lake Erie victory of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry. Minetta Street recalls the existence of the Minetta Brooklet which flowed from the marshes around Washington Square westward to the Hudson.

Varick and Macdougal, two of the important thoroughfares of old Greenwich, commemorate Revolutionary officers, Col. Richard Varick, who was Mayor of the city for twelve years, from 1789 to 1800, and Gen. Alexander McDougal, one of the old-time Liberty Boys. Vandam Street keeps alive the memory of Rip Van Dam, a wealthy Dutchman, who was one of the early shipbuilders and President of the Council in 1731. Watts Street recalls John

Watts, the last city Recorder under the crown, while Bethune Street, of later date, commemorates the mercantile and charitable activities of Divie Bethune and his wife, Joanna.

That quiet, staid thoroughfare, Bank Street, one of the most characteristic survivors of early residential days in Greenwich Village, gets its name from the number of banks that moved there during the cholera and yellow fever epidemics less than a century ago. John Lambert, an English visitor in 1807, makes an interesting comment on those times.

"As soon as yellow fever makes its appearance," he says, "the inhabitants shut up their shops and fly from their homes into the country. Those who cannot go far on account of business remove to Greenwich, situate on the border of the Hudson about two or three miles from town. The banks and other public offices also remove their business to this place and markets are regularly established for the supply of the inhabitants."

Two eminent names that must not be overlooked in Manhattan's street nomenclature are Broome and Duane. John Broome was one of the merchant princes of the city after the Revolution, and his ships brought cargoes from all ports of the world. He was President of the Chamber of Commerce from 1785 to 1794, a State Assemblyman, and Lieutenant-Governor. He died in 1810. The State honored him in 1808 by naming one of the counties Broome.

James Duane was the first Mayor of the city after the Revolution, holding office from 1783 to 1788. He owned a country estate covering what is now Gramercy Park. He was an ardent patriot and fled from the city when the British took possession. He held many other important offices, and was the attorney for Trinity Church in the first great lawsuit to determine its title to the Church Farm, which has been in litigation from time to time for more than a century by various heirs of Anneke Jans.

Baxter Street, associated for years as the headquarters for cheap clothing stores, was formerly Orange Street. It fell into bad odor, as did many others in the immediate vicinity, and in order to give it a better character the City Fathers, soon after the Mexican War, changed its name in honor of Lieut.-Col. Charles Baxter. He was a New Yorker and died in the City of Mexico from wounds received at the assault on Chapultepec. His remains were brought back to New York, and there was a public funeral in the City Hall and he was buried in the Mexican plot at Greenwood. The name of a brave officer did not alter the character of the street, and it is doubtful if one person out of a thousand to-day ever heard of Col. Baxter.

A number of streets were named after the War of 1812 in honor of warriors who were prominent in that conflict. Perry Street has been mentioned. On the east side there is quite a batch of these 1812 war hero thoroughfares, including Forsyth, named for Col. Forsyth, who was wounded in Canada; Chrystie, for Lieut.-Col. John Chrystie, killed at the Niagara frontier; Eldridge, for Lieut. Eldridge, scalped in Canada; Allen, for Lieut. William H. Allen, wounded in the naval fight between the *Argus* and the British ship *Pelican;* Ludlow, for Lieut. Ludlow, killed in action between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon;* Pike, for Gen. Pike, killed in the attack on Toronto in 1813. Worth Street was named in honor of Gen. Worth, killed in the Mexican War. It supplanted the earlier name of Anthony, after Anthony Rutgers, through whose farm it ran.

Dutchmen and Englishmen, Revolutionary heroes and officers in later wars, merchants, ministers, lawyers, men of renown, and those whose history lies buried in forgotten records of long ago—New York's streets present a most interesting array of many of the best characters whose lives have influenced the city for good. Of Presidents we have Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, and Madison; among the Revolutionary lights Lafayette is not forgotten; Irving Place illustrates the esteem in which Washington Irving, a native New Yorker, was

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Turn-out of the American Express Company

THE BACKGROUND SHOWS THE COMPANY'S THEN NEW BUILDING, CORNER HUDSON, JAY AND STAPLE STREETS, 1858. AN OLD-TIME LITHOGRAPH PUBLISHED BY OTTO BOTTICHER, 333 BROADWAY, AND USED FOR ADVERTISING PURPOSES. DRAWN FROM NATURE. INTERESTING ITEM OF EARLY DAYS IN THE EXPRESS BUSINESS, AND NOW EXTREMELY SCARCE.

THE FIGURES IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND AND ALSO IN THE WAGON WERE THOSE OF HIGH OFFICIALS IN THE COMPANY AND WERE DRAWN FROM LIFE — A CUSTOM QUITE GENERAL IN THOSE DAYS, AND FREQUENTLY OBSERVED IN OTHER SEMI-PUBLIC PRINTS, WHERE THE FACES WERE COPIED FROM DAGUERREOTYPES AND INSERTED IN THE FIGURES. (SEE WASHINGTON SQUARE PRINT, MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, FIRE PRINT AND OTHERS.)

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. PERCY R. PYNE, 2ND.

held, and Waverly Place shows the influence of Scott, that thoroughfare being so named during the time that his popular novels were being issued. Former Mayors of the city have given their names to Willett, Varick, Cortlandt, Bayard, De Peyster, Duane and Clinton Streets. Willett Street is in honor not of the first Mayor, but of Marinus Willett, one of the Sons of Liberty, and who had a magnificent country home in the vicinity of his street. Sheriff Street, nearby, also commemorates the fact that Willett was for years a popular Sheriff of the town.

As late as 1825 the principal fronts of the blocks on Broadway, on the west side between Franklin and White Streets, and on the east side between White and Walker Streets, were in primitive soil, and enclosed with board fences. Many of the older streets still retained names now forgotten. The craze for a change, so familiar to New Yorkers of modern date in their loss, for example, of Amity, Anthony, Bancker, Chatham and Robinson Streets (to name only the first that come to mind), has swept away ancient designations that they know not of. Thus, in earlier times, South William Street was known as "Dirty Lane"; Cliff, as "Elbow Street"; Nassau, originally as "Pie Woman's Lane"; Beaver, as "Slaughterhouse Lane"; Broad, as "Smell Street"; Elm, as "Republican Alley"; Washington Place, from University Place to Fifth Avenue, as "Shinbone Alley." Hanover Street was Sloat Lane; Exchange Place was Garden Street from Hanover to Broad, and thence to Broadway was called "Flat and Barrack Hill," this descent being then a favorite place of boys for "coasting." The narrow passage nearly opposite—from the west side of Broadway to Trinity Place (Church Street)—was colloquially, if not legally, termed "Tin Pot Alley," the title it bears to the present day, though some absurd person of more or less authority has endeavored to effect a change by putting on an adjacent street-lamp the name "Exchange Alley," to denote a passage wherein less exchange takes place than in any other throughout the entire city. We have noted with singular pleasure that when demolition and rebuilding were in progress in this locality that staunch New Yorker, the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, desiring to make sure the perpetuation of a time-honored name, prepared, at his own care and cost, a decorated tablet of graceful design, bearing the old name, which was built into the wall of the new structure on the south corner.

Other changes at this time were:

OLD	NEW	OLD	NEW
Crown	Liberty Street.	Little Dock	South, between Whitehall and Old Slip.
Dock	Pearl, between Broad and Hanover Square.	Little Queen	Cedar.
Duke	South William.	Magazine	Part of Pearl.
Dyes	Dey.	Partition	Fulton, between Broadway and William.
Fair	Fulton, between Broadway and Cliff.	Princess	Beaver, between Broad and William.
George	Spruce	Queen	Pearl, between Wall and Broadway.
King George	William, between Frankfort and Pearl.	Robinson	Park Place.
King	Pine.	St. James	James.

On January 10, 1827, Lombardy was changed to Monroe Street; and Harman, named after Harmanus Rutgers, was widened on the east side, and named East Broadway. Blackwell's Island was at this time still in private hands. More than two centuries ago it was owned and occupied by John Manning, an ex-sheriff of New York, who was in command of the city and surrendered it to the Dutch on their attack in 1673; for which feat he was promptly

cashiered by the English when they had renewed their possession. Manning left the island to his daughter, the wife of Robert Blackwell. The City bought it in 1828 for fifty thousand dollars. The islands now called Ward's and Randall's were then known as Great and Little Barn Islands, "Barn" being apparently a corruption of Barent, an earlier name. Even "Randall's" seems an incorrect title, since the city bought this property in 1835 (also for fifty thousand dollars) from the executors of Jonathan Randall, who had given twenty-four pounds for it about seventy years earlier. This island, then held by British troops, was the scene of a sharp action in September, 1776, when the assaulting column of Americans suffered a repulse with the loss of twenty-two killed, and failed to gain the ammunition which they sought.

1829. January 26, Pump Street, running from Division to Collect Street, was changed to Walker Street; this was before Canal Street, in name, was continued to East Broadway. Reason, from Macdougal Street to where it crossed Asylum, was changed to Barrow Street. In April Beaver Lane was changed to Morris Street, and Herring, from Carmine to Bank Street, became Bleecker Street. In May Barrow was changed to Grove Street. Clinton Market, on Washington, Spring, Canal and West Streets, was opened in April. Arden, from Bleecker to Bedford, was changed to Morton; David, from Broadway to Herring, changed to Bleecker Street.

"THE MAIDENS' PATH"

Another curious street—Maiden Lane—enjoys a unique reputation as the one street in our city which has a regularly organized Historical Society to look after its welfare and to keep its memory green. They recently erected a tablet on the Silversmiths' Building, the gift of Mr. Edward Holbrook, President of the Gorham Company, which sets forth the origin of the street and particularly of its adoption by the jewelry trade as a central location.

Maiden Lane, which has jumped into prominence through the tablet on the Silversmiths' Building, near Broadway, has as curious and important a history as any street in the city. For so crooked and so short a thoroughfare it has played many parts in the career of the growing metropolis.

It originally obtained its name from the fact that about 1660, and for many years thereafter, the daughters of the old Knickerbockers came in troops, on washing days, to spread their clothes upon the smooth grassy slopes which rose from the valley, westward, as far as King (Pine) Street, and eastward to Golden Hill (between John and Fulton Streets). When they had covered these fields with newly cleansed apparel, they would run, romp, or loiter along homeward, on the margin of the tiny streamlet, while their merry voices started the woodland echoes in the forests about the Park and Beekman Street. Passing up to the Broadway, they found a good path in the Indian trail to the Battery, and finally entered the city by the gate at the corner of Broadway and Wall Street. Their constant goings to and fro through the valley soon made a beaten track along the rivulet, which by universal consent was denominated 'T Maagde Paatje (the Maidens' Path), and by the English, Maiden Lane.

No other street has been so honored and no other street has given birth to a historical society devoted solely to its interests. The Maiden Lane Historical Society, of which Edward

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View of St. Paul's Church and the Broadway Stages

AN EXCEEDINGLY RARE VIEW OF AN IMPORTANT DRAWING FROM LIFE, BY H. REINAGLE, LITHOGRAPHED BY PENDLETON, 9 WALL STREET. THREE OTHER PERFECT IMPRESSIONS ONLY ARE KNOWN. IT SHOWS THE SITE OCCUPIED BY THE ASTOR HOUSE AND THE OFFICE (SMALL BUILDING) IN WHICH WILLIAM H. HARRISON ("TIPPECANOE") STUDIED LAW. ITS GREAT VALUE, HOWEVER, CONSISTS IN THE FIDELITY WITH WHICH THE STREET TRAFFIC AND FOOT PASSENGERS ARE DRAWN AND FOR THE VIEW OF A CORNER THAT HAS ALWAYS FORMED AN IMPORTANT INTERSECTION OF THREE BUSY STREETS.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. ROBERT GOELET.

Holbrook of the Gorham Company is president, has contributed a chapter of genuine value to the perpetuation of fast-fading historical associations.

The tablet recites the fact that the street was originally called 'T Maagde Paatje, "The Maidens' Walk." Later it was called Green Lane, but just why no chronicler has stated. The big hardware house of Wolf, Bishop & Co. was there, and Gunther's fur store was on the lane for years. When the hardware and dry-goods stores left for newer quarters, the silversmiths and jewelers came in around 1840, and they have made Maiden Lane famous ever since.

Early in the century there was an Arcade in Maiden Lane, extending through to John Street and occupying the space of the three buildings now known as Nos. 9, 11 and 13. It comprised a passageway extending from street to street, lined on either side by small stores. Above these stores an iron railing was visible which lined the edge of a passageway, passing in front of another row of stores upon the second story. A flight of stairs at either end offered access to the floor above. Overhead a glass roof furnished both protection and light.

The Arcade supplied a special attraction to the small boy, who took delight in rushing through to John Street and back again. There he bought his stick of candy, and there his proud mamma purchased his new cap or pair of shoes. In fact, the Arcade contained everything from needles and pins to petticoats, and was regarded as the general shopping district for the private families that lived in John, Nassau and Reade Streets, furnishing also a favorite promenade in the cool of the evening and a thoroughfare on Sunday afternoon on the way down to Battery Park, where the best people of the city were to be seen.

The old Arcade yielded in the course of time to the pressure of other interests. It is possible that the departure of private families to homes further uptown caused it to suffer a decline in trade; at any rate, some time between 1830 and 1835 it passed out of existence.

Formerly Maiden Lane was much lower at the junction of Pearl Street and up to Gold (Rutgers' Hill) than at present; the tide water coming sometimes nearly as far up as the angular corner at the intersection of Crown (Liberty) Street. Maiden Lane was then very narrow, with an open gutter in the middle, down which in rainy weather ran a torrent of water from the hills on either side sufficient to prevent foot passengers from crossing below William Street.

In early times, before the street was built up, there were many pretty cottages on the western side, some of them inhabited by the very pink of Knickerbocker aristocracy. Here flourished in all the pride of fashion, high-heeled shoes, powdered wigs, enormous hoops, and a thousand other forgotten vagaries of dress. Women then, both old and young, wore caps continually; a bare head was never seen; stiff stays, about as unyielding as the staves of a wine cask, and hoops projecting two feet from the body on either side were among the peculiar fashions of the time. Their dresses were all of silk or wool; cotton was entirely unknown; powdered hair, long queues and frizzled sidelocks were all the rage. The "Skimmer hat" was one of the peculiar fashions of the day. This was in a shape something like a Leghorn flat, and made of a fabric which shone like silver.

Where the street slopes down to the river, at its junction with Liberty Street, was the famous Fly Market, a corruption of the Dutch word "Vly," meaning a valley or low land. The Fly Market was an institution of the locality surviving long after the Revolution, and some of the Fly Market butchers were among the most substantial citizens. Two of them have given their names to city streets, James Mott, and his apprentice, James Pell. The latter was a shining light in old St. George's Chapel in Beekman Street.

EVACUATION OF NEW YORK BY THE BRITISH

The following account of the evacuation of the city of New York, on the 25th of November, 1783, is taken from *Rivington's Gazette and Universal Advertiser* of the day after:

Yesterday, in the morning, the American troops marched from Harlem to the Bowery lane. They remained there until about one o'clock, when the British troops left the Posts in the Bowery, and the American troops marched into and took possession of the city in the following order, viz.:

1. A Corps of Dragoons.
2. Advance Guard of Light Infantry.
3. A Corps of Artillery.
4. Battalion of Light Infantry.
5. Battalion of Massachusetts Troops.
6. Rear Guard.

After the troops had taken possession of the city, the General and Governor made their public entry in the following manner:

1. Their Excellencies, the General and Governor, with their Secretaries, on horseback.
2. The Lieutenant Governor and the Members of the Council, for the temporary government of the Southern District, four-a-breast.
3. Major General Knox, and the Officers of the Army, eight-a-breast.
4. Citizens on horseback, eight-a-breast.
5. The Speaker of the Assembly, and citizens on foot, eight-a-breast.

Their Excellencies, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, were escorted by a body of Westchester Light Horse, under the command of Captain Delavan.

The procession proceeded down Queen Street (now Pearl), and through the Broadway to Cope's Tavern, at the corner of Broadway and Thames Street.

The Governor gave a public dinner at Fraunces' tavern, at which the Commander-in-Chief and other general officers were present.

After dinner the following toasts were drunk by the company:

1. The United States of America.
2. His Most Christian Majesty.
3. The United Netherlands.
4. The King of Sweden.
5. The American Army.
6. The Fleet and Armies of France which have served in America.
7. The Memory of Those Heroes who have fallen for our Freedom.
8. May our Country be Grateful to Her Military Children.
9. May Justice Support what Courage Has Gained.
10. The Vindication of the Rights of Mankind in every Quarter of the Globe.
11. May America be an Asylum for the persecuted of the Earth.
12. May a Close Union of the States Guard the Temple they have erected to Liberty.
13. May the remembrance of this DAY be a lesson to Princes!

The arrangement of the whole conduct of this march with the tranquility which succeeded it through the day and night, was admirable, and the grateful citizens will ever feel the more affectionate impressions from that elegant and efficient disposition which prevailed through the whole event.

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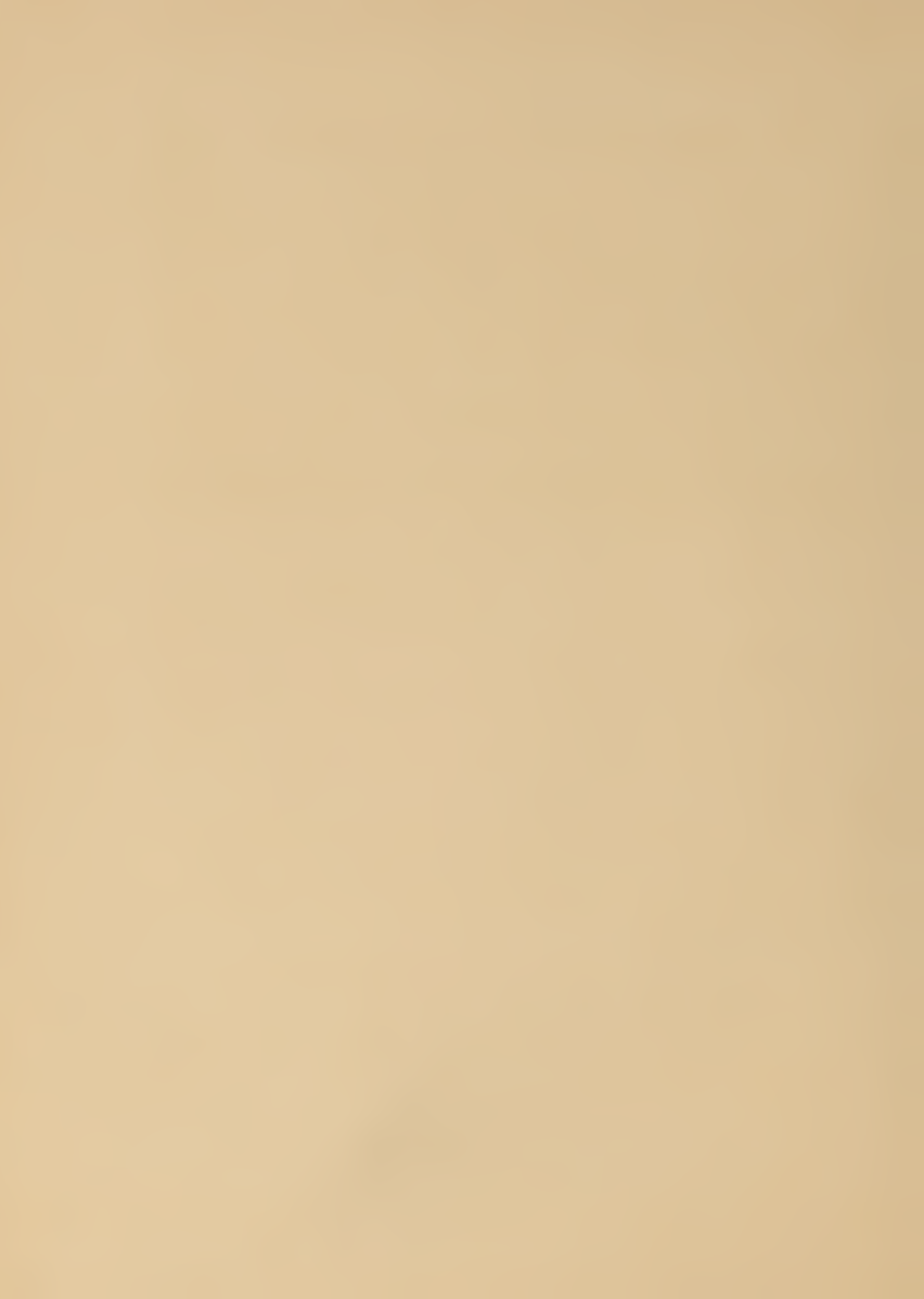
Broadway, corner Canal Street, 1835

A COPY OF THE FAMOUS HORNER AQUATINT, SHOWING THE CORNER OF BROADWAY AND CANAL STREET IN 1835.
ASIDE FROM THE GENERAL INTEREST AFFORDED BY THE STYLE OF BUILDINGS AND THE LONG VIEW OF BROADWAY, IT IS PARTICULARLY VALUABLE FOR ITS PICTORIAL STORY OF THE TIMES.
PRACTICALLY EVERY TYPE OF HORSE-DRAWN VEHICLE IN USE AT THE TIME IS SHOWN, BUT THE STREET CHARACTERS ARE EVEN MORE INTERESTING. AT THE LEFT IS A PILE OF WOOD. COAL WAS VERY LITTLE USED IN THOSE DAYS, AND WOOD WAS BOUGHT FROM WAGONS IN LOGS DUMPED ON THE SIDEWALK AND AFTERWARD SAWED INTO SHORT LENGTHS. AT THE LOWER EXTREME RIGHT IS SHOWN A PILE OF LOGS AND THE COLORED MAN WITH HIS BUCK-SAW AND HORSES. THE TRAVELLING COBBLER WITH A STRING OF SHOES ON A LONG POLE IS SHOWN ON THE CORNER. A BOY IS CRYING "TEA RUSK—'RUK, 'RUK,—TEA 'RUK!" AND ON THE LEFT-HAND SIDE IS A PEDDLER SELLING ICE OUT OF A WAGON. A CURL AND WIG STORE IS ON THE LOWER LEFT-HAND CORNER AND NUMEROUS DOGS ARE SEEN. A FOUR-HORSE STAGE IS IN THE CENTRE, WHILE DOTTING BOTH SIDES OF THE STREET ARE NUMEROUS STANDS SELLING PIES, FRUIT, ETC., ETC. BUT FEW COPIES OF THIS INTERESTING PICTURE ARE KNOWN.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR ROBERT GOELET.



ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL IN BEEKMAN STREET

(Interesting interview with the late Senior Warden, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan)

It was my very great privilege a few months ago, to procure for the late Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan a copy of the photograph of St. George's Chapel shown on another page, which was taken while the chapel was still standing in Beekman Street. Considerable interest attaches to this picture as it is, so far as I am aware, the only copy in existence. In its original state it is merely a very small tintype of the kind commonly made in those days and appears to be the work of some itinerant operator of that period.

At that time it used to be an ordinary sight to see a travelling photographer in front of almost any store, the entrance of which would be crowded by the employees of the firm, picturesquely arranged for a "group" photograph. A day or two later, a specimen print would be shown and an order from each of the persons in the group would generally follow. It is some such occurrence as this which has preserved to us this old portrait of St. George's. It is probable that the employees of Sutphen & Meyer and of the Colwell Lead Co. were included in the original negative, but if so they have long ago faded out.

When Mr. Morgan had gazed long and intently upon the old chapel I interrupted him to show him the picture of the Everett House also shown on another page. "That," I remarked, forgetting for the moment that I was talking to a vestryman of over forty-seven years' standing, "that is the first site St. George's selected when they decided to move uptown."

"But there were two more houses," interrupted Mr. Morgan, "than your picture shows—two more—we went right up to No. 33. The deal was practically closed for twenty-five thousand dollars, and we were on the way downtown when we met Mrs. Stuyvesant. We told her what we had decided to do, when she said: 'What do you want to squander all that money for?—come over where I live and I'll give you all the land you need.' "

And that's why St. George's Chapel did not buy the corner of Fourth Avenue, from Seventeenth to Eighteenth Street, opposite Union Square, but went to Stuyvesant Square instead. The chapel was established in Beekman Street in 1752 and the following account, written at the time of its removal uptown in 1868, is of unusual interest.

"On the 15th of April, 1748, a number of gentlemen met in the vestry of King's Chapel, or Trinity Church, then situated where the present church stands in the Broadway, but, at the time referred to, overhanging the banks of the Hudson. These gentlemen being of the opinion, after a deliberate consultation, that it was necessary to have a chapel of ease connected with Trinity, it was then and there ordained that the Church-wardens, Colonel Moore, Mr. Watts, Mr. Livingston, Mr. Chambers, Mr. Horsmanden, Mr. Reade, and Mr. Lodge, be

appointed a committee to select a place for the erection 'of ye' Chapel of St. George's. Another meeting was held on the 4th of July, 1748. Colonel Robinson, one of the committee, reported that he had agreed with a Mr. Clarkson for a number of lots, for which that person had asked the sum of £500, to be paid in a year; and several persons in Montgomerie Ward had stated to him that the lots of Colonel Beekman, fronting Beekman and Van Cliff Streets, would be more commodious for building the said chapel, and proposed that if the vestry would agree to the building of the chapel on Colonel Beekman's property, the inhabitants of Montgomerie Ward would raise money among themselves to purchase the ground, and that if Mr. Clarkson insisted on the performance of the agreement with him for his lots, they would take a conveyance for them, and pay the purchase money; which was agreed to after many hot words; for these respectable vestrymen, in a manner like all vestrymen from time immemorial, had tempers of their own, and no doubt they were exercised at the fact that the doughty Robinson had taken upon himself to make an agreement to purchase lots for £500, a very large sum in those days, when the gold-board had not been established, while, on the other hand, the inhabitants of Montgomerie Ward, which was afterward called the 'Swamp' in the memory of man, were, without whip or spur, eager, for the honor and glory of the future, to furnish the lots and build upon them a church. Well, the vestrymen drank more arrack-punch, sweetened with muscovado sugar, and punished 'oelykoeks,' greasy with oil and other substances, and then returned to the bosoms of their respective families. Donations poured in to the committee, and the first subscription, of £100, was made by Sir Peter Warren, who desired, if not inconsistent with the rules of the church, that they would reserve a pew for himself and family in perpetuity. The Archbishop of Canterbury contributed ten pounds. The installation services were held on the 1st day of July, A.D. 1752; but there being no bishop in the country at the time, it was consecrated agreeably to the ancient usages of the church. The Rev. Henry Barclay, D.D., at this time was the rector, and Rev. Samuel Auchmuty, D.D., assistant minister of Trinity Church. Being finished in the finest style of architecture of the period, and having a handsome and lofty steeple, this edifice was justly deemed a great ornament to the city. It first stood alone, there being but few other houses in its vicinity. Shortly subsequent, however, the streets were graded and built upon, and now the immense warehouses of enterprising merchants and handsome private residences surround it on every side. When first constructed, the interior arrangement of St. George's differed considerably from 1868, the chancel at that time being contained in the circular recess at the rear of the church, and the altar standing back against the rear wall in full view of the middle aisle. There was also some difference in the arrangement of the desk, pulpit, and clerk's desk. An interesting relation is told concerning the material of which this part of the church furniture was made, and it may be thus condensed: In one of the voyages made by a sea-captain, whose vessel was unfortunately wrecked, he sustained, among other injuries, the loss of the vessel's masts. This disaster occurring on a coast where no other wood than mahogany could be procured, the captain was obliged to remedy the loss by replacing the old masts with masts made of mahogany. This ship, thus repaired, returned to this port about the time St. George's was building, when more suitable masts were substituted, and those made of mahogany were donated to the church. The pulpit, desk, and chancel-rails were removed some years afterward, and it may be interesting to state that they can now be seen answering a like capacity in Christ Church, in the little town of Manhasset, on Long Island.

"There is an incident connected with the beautiful font of this church which will also bear repetition. Originally intended for a Catholic church in South America, it was shipped

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Washington Square as a Parade Ground

THIS CURIOUS OLD LITHOGRAPH RECALLS THE TIME WHEN WASHINGTON SQUARE WAS ONE OF THE SHOW PLACES OF THE TOWN, AND WHERE THE LOCAL MILITIA PARADED FOR INSPECTION.

THIS VIEW IS UNIQUE IN THAT IT IS FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE 8TH CO., AND THE PRINCIPAL HEADS ARE DAGUERREOTYPES TAKEN BY MEADE BROS., WELL KNOWN PHOTOGRAPHERS IN THOSE DAYS, AT 233 BROADWAY.

IT IS A COLORED PICTURE AND WAS CONSIDERED SOMETHING REMARKABLE IN ITS DAY, AS BOTH PHOTOGRAPHY AND LITHOGRAPHY WERE THEN IN THEIR INFANCY. IT WAS PUBLISHED BY OTTO BOTTCHINGER AT 289 BROADWAY, AND, BESIDES BEING A GOOD PICTURE OF THE REGIMENT, SHOWS ALSO THE OLD UNIVERSITY BUILDING AND THE OLD HOUSES WHICH SURROUNDED THE SQUARE IN 1852, WHEN THE POPULARITY OF THE SQUARE WAS AT ITS HEIGHT.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MRS. ROBERT W. DE FOREST.

on a French vessel to be carried to its destination; but whilst on the voyage it was captured by the English during the old French war and brought to this city. This font is made of white marble, and is a masterly piece of workmanship. In 1814, when St. George's was burned, this font was supposed to have been destroyed, but it was found about thirty years ago in a remote part of the church, where it had been removed during the conflagration. It was somewhat damaged, but not enough, however, to prevent its further use; and after being cleaned and repaired it was replaced in front of the chancel, where it now stands, an interesting feature of the time-honored building.

"In the year 1811, arrangements were made for a separation between the congregation of St. George's and the corporation of Trinity Church, after which the former became duly organized as a separate parish, known as St. George's Church.

"The following persons composed the first vestry: Church-wardens—Gerrit Van Wagenen and Henry Peters. Vestrymen—Francis Dominick, Isaac Lawrence, Isaac Carow, Robert Wardell, Cornelius Schermerhorn, John Onderdonk, Edward W. Laight, and William Green. After St. George's became a separate parish, its first minister was the Rev. John Brady, who afterward became an assistant under the Rev. John Kewly.

"One hundred years after the consecration of St. George's, a grand centenary celebration was held in the church, and hundreds of worshipers knelt in the shadow of the pulpit from which George Washington had often heard the sacred text read and expounded. Dr. Tyng held the rectorship until the new edifice in Sixteenth Street was finished, when the communion service was removed to the new church, and a number of old relics carried away. Now the venerable pile is being gutted from organ-loft to altar, and the hungry doors stand open that all may see the nakedness of the edifice. The old gray flag-stones, worn by the feet of Schuylers, Livingstons, Reades, Van Cliffs, Beekmans, Van Rensselaers, Cortlandts, Moores, and others, well known and respected in the infancy of the metropolis, are to be torn up and converted into lime; the pulpit will go to a junk shop, and the rest of the furniture to the wood-yard."

Since the above was written St. George's has enjoyed a career of unexampled prosperity in its present location in Stuyvesant Square. And upon the sad occasion of the funeral services for Mr. Morgan it sheltered as distinguished an audience as ever assembled in a city to whose greatness John Pierpont Morgan devoted so much of his life and monumental talents.

DELIGHTFUL MEMORIES OF BYGONE DAYS BY MEN STILL LIVING

In the pages which follow, no particular attempt has been made to arrange these records and recollections consecutively or do much else than present the writer's own description of things he remembers or of which he was a part. Most of them are personal conversations jotted down as opportunity offered. Others are specially dictated contributions for this work and some are communications which have appeared from time to time in our daily press, notably in the New York *Sun*. It seemed to the writer that they are entitled to a more permanent place than in the fugitive pages of a daily publication.

The files of the *World, Herald, Times, Evening Post, Mail and Express, Globe, Telegram, Tribune,* have also contributed. It is of course impossible to enumerate the long list of papers in other cities whose columns have at some time or other contained historical mention of New York, and this must be accepted as a general acknowledgment. In my judgment these communications are of high historical value, and will grow in value as time passes. They present a personal glimpse of the period of which they treat, and a first-hand knowledge which it will soon be impossible to obtain.

By Charles F. Lawrence

[Mr. Lawrence was one of our old downtown merchants who gladly placed on record his recollections of the city as he recalled it as a boy. His memory goes back almost half a century, and it was a genuine pleasure for him to recount his early knowledge and to contrast it with present-day conditions. Many of our readers will be carried back to those older days by a perusal of his article, and those to whom it comes as a surprising revelation can at least be assured of its absolute accuracy.]

I remember the fleet of sidewheeled passenger boats run by the Staten Island Ferry Company. The boats were named *Middleton, Castleton, Northfield, Southfield, Westfield.* Who remembers the old stage lines that ran down Broadway to the different ferries? Some went to South Ferry, some to Cortlandt Street and others to Fulton Ferry and Wall Street Ferry. The stages were prettily painted with bodies in white, and lettering and running gear in red. The line running to Fulton Ferry, the Fifth Avenue line, had the most elaborate stages, the body of the bus being finished in navy blue, running gear in white, striped with red, and the lettering was done in gold. The door of the stage was opened or closed by a heavy leather strap controlled by the driver. When he opened the door to admit a passenger he would release his hold on the strap.

When the passenger had entered the driver would haul the strap taut; then he would ring for your fare, which you passed up to him through a small opening at the rear of his seat. The driver then deposited the money in a little change box beside his seat. Messenger boys used to climb up and sit on the box with the driver. It was understood that the fare was then to be divided between the boy and the driver, as it was not necessary to ring it up.

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First Division, N. Y. State Artillery

MORRIS CADETS, HUSSARS, GERMAN, LAFAYETTE, MONTGOMERY, WASHINGTON AND BROOKLYN HORSE GUARDS, NATIONAL GUARD AND WASHINGTON GREYS TROOP, HORSE ARTILLERY, LANCERS. LIKE THE FIRE PICTURE OF 1835, THE EXPRESS COMPANY, AND THE "WASHINGTON SQUARE PARADE," THIS LITHOGRAPH SHOWS THE ACTUAL LIKENESSES IN THE FOREGROUND OF THE COMMANDING OFFICERS. THESE LITHOGRAPHS WERE BOUGHT AS SOUVENIRS BY THE MEMBERS, BUT FEW ARE NOW IN EXISTENCE. THIS WAS PRINTED IN 1844 BY F. J. FRITSCH OF THIS CITY, AND THE BACKGROUND SHOWS CASTLE GARDEN, THE BATTERY AND THE BAY. IT IS A RARE COLORED COPY AND IS NOW PRACTICALLY UNOBTAINABLE.

AS AN ILLUSTRATION OF AN OLD-TIME "CRACK REGIMENT," IT IS OF GREAT INTEREST. ITS MEMBERS CAME FROM FAMILIES OF THE HIGHEST SOCIAL STANDING IN THE CITY.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. PERCY R. PYNE, 2ND.

When you wanted to alight you had to pull on the strap. Then the driver would release his hold on the strap and the door would fly open. The fare in those days was 10 cents and the lines paid good dividends. In winter time in extreme cold weather they would place a bedding of straw on the floors of the stages to keep the passengers' feet warm.

There was not much advertising done in those days and the small panels over the windows of each stage had a crudely executed rural scene painted in oil colors.

At night the only illumination was from a small candle enclosed in a glass case or box between the front windows. In later years they used oil lamps, which sometimes smoked forth a disagreeable odor.

I remember seeing stage sleighs on Broadway. One of the stage lines had a terminal at Avenue B and Fourteenth Street. City Hall Park was enclosed by a railing. On the railing the venders would string a long fluttering line of penny ballads. You could purchase a dandy hunk of George Washington pie in those days for a cent. Or you could buy a cigar for a penny from an oval-eyed Chinaman and light it at the smoky oil lamp on his stand.

Lower South Street seemed an almost impenetrable forest of spars, masts and rigging. The beautiful, sleek clipper ships used to dock there and the bowsprits of the vessels used to extend almost across the width of South Street and seemed to pierce the grimy windows of the warehouses. The figureheads on the bows of the vessels were of colossal size and were beautifully carved. Some of the figureheads represented dolphins, mermaids, kings, queens, admirals, etc. The figureheads were beautifully painted, some with a coat of pure white and some all a blaze of gold. When the glint of the sun rested on these figures and illumined their beautiful lines it was a sight worth going miles to see. The South Street wharves were also busy places. Competition for freight was keen, too. Before sailing days the agents of the different lines of sailing vessels would issue and distribute among all the business houses beautifully printed cards which gave all information about sailing dates, freight rates, etc. Some of the cards bore a picture of a vessel at sea straining under full sail. The cards were really artistic, the best work of the printer and lithographer.

Brooks Bros.' clothing store was on Catharine Street and Barnum & Co.'s clothing store on Chatham Square; the old Dutch Reformed Church on Fulton and William Streets, and the old post office on Nassau Street, between Cedar and Liberty Streets. It was a low, dingy, red brick building. I remember a P. H. Jones as postmaster then.

In those days the Cunard Line steamers docked over at Jersey City. The office of the line was in Bowling Green. C. G. Franklyn was agent for the line. Many a time as a boy I visited the Bowling Green office to get bills of lading signed, and went to the Jersey City docks with letters for the supplementary mails. The Cunard Line in those days had a side-wheeled steamer named *Scotia.* She carried the mail, and if she made the trip in ten or twelve days the downtown merchants were jubilant.

In those days gold was at a high premium. Callender & Henderson were a brokerage firm in Exchange Place. Many a bill of gold I purchased there for the firm I was with. Cables to Europe cost a dollar a word in gold.

Those were big days in the cotton market. The Cotton Exchange was in a building in Pearl Street near Wall Street. Who remembers the following big guns of the cotton market: Inman, Swann & Co., Lehman Bros., Easton & Co., Tabor Bros., Fatman & Co., Fachire Bros., Marsh, Price & Co., Cranshaw & Co., Jewell, Harrison & Co., E. J. Donnell, James F. Wenman? The cotton press of James Dillon was on Coenties Slip. Cotton in those days

came from the South in huge bales. These bales were sent to Dillon's to be compressed. The compressing saved freight room on the ocean liners. When a bale of cotton came out of Dillon's press it was about half the size it was when it entered. Cotton samplers in those days made money very fast. Cotton was king then.

In Old Fulton Market, with its booths and stalls fairly groaning under the weight of good things to eat, Dorlon & Schaeffer had an oyster saloon where you could feast on the most luscious oysters, with a toby of good ale on the side. What a business Dorlon's had in those days. At certain hours of the day and evening you would have to stand and wait your turn for a table. All the old Harper firm lunched there regularly.

Big, hearty Jim Farrish had a place on John Street near William. There you could enjoy a juicy chop or steak or a dish of kidneys. Keating's grocery store was corner Peck Slip and Water Street. You could slip in there and enjoy crackers and cheese, and were you well known you could get a nip of rare old gin. Kit Burns's place was on Water Street near Dover. Kit had the name of being a pugilist. He used the fighting ring sometimes as a rat pit. Avery's place, selling fine groceries and rare vintages, was on Water Street above Dover. Brockway's Brewery was on East Eleventh Street, near Second Avenue.

The palace car run by the Third Avenue road years ago was quite a long car, oval at each end, and was drawn by four horses. The car was richly fitted up. It had silk curtains on the windows and the fare was 10 cents. When the seats of the car were all occupied no more passengers were allowed.

Freight cars of the New York and New Haven road came down Fourth Avenue to Broome Street, through Broome to Centre Street to the freight station there. The cars were drawn by four horses. The passenger depot of the New York and New Haven road was at Twenty-seventh Street and Fourth Avenue. The depot was a very modest affair, just a low brick building. Years ago I went there to take a train for New Rochelle. The passenger cars then had flat roofs, like some of the old-style freight cars. When train time came they would attach four horses to each passenger car and the cars would be drawn up to a point about Fiftieth Street and Fourth Avenue, where the roundhouse was. There they would attach a wheezy locomotive and your journey would commence. At that time the upper section of the city was very sparsely settled and the tracks of the steam railroads were on the street level. At Fifty-ninth Street crossing a flagman was stationed to warn people of the approach of the trains. Many a time as a child I stood at that crossing to see the trains go by.

Second Avenue of years ago was a delightful place. They called it "Lovers' Lane." On each side of the avenue from Second Street to Twenty-third Street stood fine old roomy houses, most of them occupied by the best known people of the city. The Abendroth and Kane residences were especially fine houses. The avenue was tree-embowered all the way up to Twenty-third Street, and it was a charming promenade.

Patti sang at the Academy of Music; also Campanini and Nilsson. Colonel Mapleson gave seasons of Italian grand opera under his direction. All the élite of the city used to attend, and during the performance the carriages of the wealthy used to block the streets and avenues near the Academy. The Academy was burned down, and was afterward rebuilt. At Lent's circus, opposite the Academy of Music, the Melvilles performed. Many a time I lingered near the stage door of the circus to see the members of the troupe come out after the performance. The old Irving Hall is now the German Theatre. During the burning of St. George's Church on Sixteenth Street and Rutherford Place, I stood on Second Avenue peering through the tall iron railing surrounding Stuyvesant Park, and I could see the burning embers falling into the vestibule entrance of the church. The fire did great damage and

Early Vanderbilt Days

AN EXCELLENT VIEW OF THE EAST RIVER AND SKY LINE OF NEW YORK FROM BROOKLYN HEIGHTS IN 1848. THE STEAMERS "C. VANDERBILT" AND "BAY SHORE" IN THE FOREGROUND BELONGED TO THE VANDERBILT LINE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BOSTON VIA STONINGTON. THE VANDERBILTS AT THAT TIME HAD NOT ENTERED THE RAILROAD FIELD, BUT WERE HEAVILY INTERESTED IN COASTWISE NAVIGATION. THE FERRIES AND SAILING CRAFT WERE TYPICAL OF THE TIME. NOTE THE MANY VESSELS LYING ALONG THE DOCKS AT SOUTH STREET.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. ROBERT GOELET

[illegible] bales were sent to Dillon's to be compressed. The compressing [illegible] liners. When a bale of cotton came out of Dillon's [illegible] it was when it entered. Cotton samplers in those days [illegible] was king then.

In Old [illegible] booths and stalls fairly groaning under the weight of good things [illegible] had an oyster saloon where you could feast on the [illegible] of good ale on the side. What a business Dorlon's had in [illegible] day and evening you would have to stand and wait your [illegible] Harper firm lunched there regularly.

[illegible] had a place on John Street near William. There you could en- [illegible] dish of kidneys. Keating's grocery store was corner Peck [illegible] You could slip in there and enjoy crackers and cheese, and were you [illegible] nip of rare old gin. Kit Burns's place was on Water Street near [illegible] name of being a pugilist. He used the fighting ring sometimes as a rat [illegible], selling fine groceries and rare vintages, was on Water Street above [illegible] Brewery was on East Eleventh Street, near Second [illegible].

[illegible] run by the Third Avenue road years ago was quite a long car, oval at [illegible] drawn by four horses. The car was richly fitted up. It had silk curtains [illegible] and the fare was 10 cents. When the seats of the car were all occupied no [illegible] were allowed.

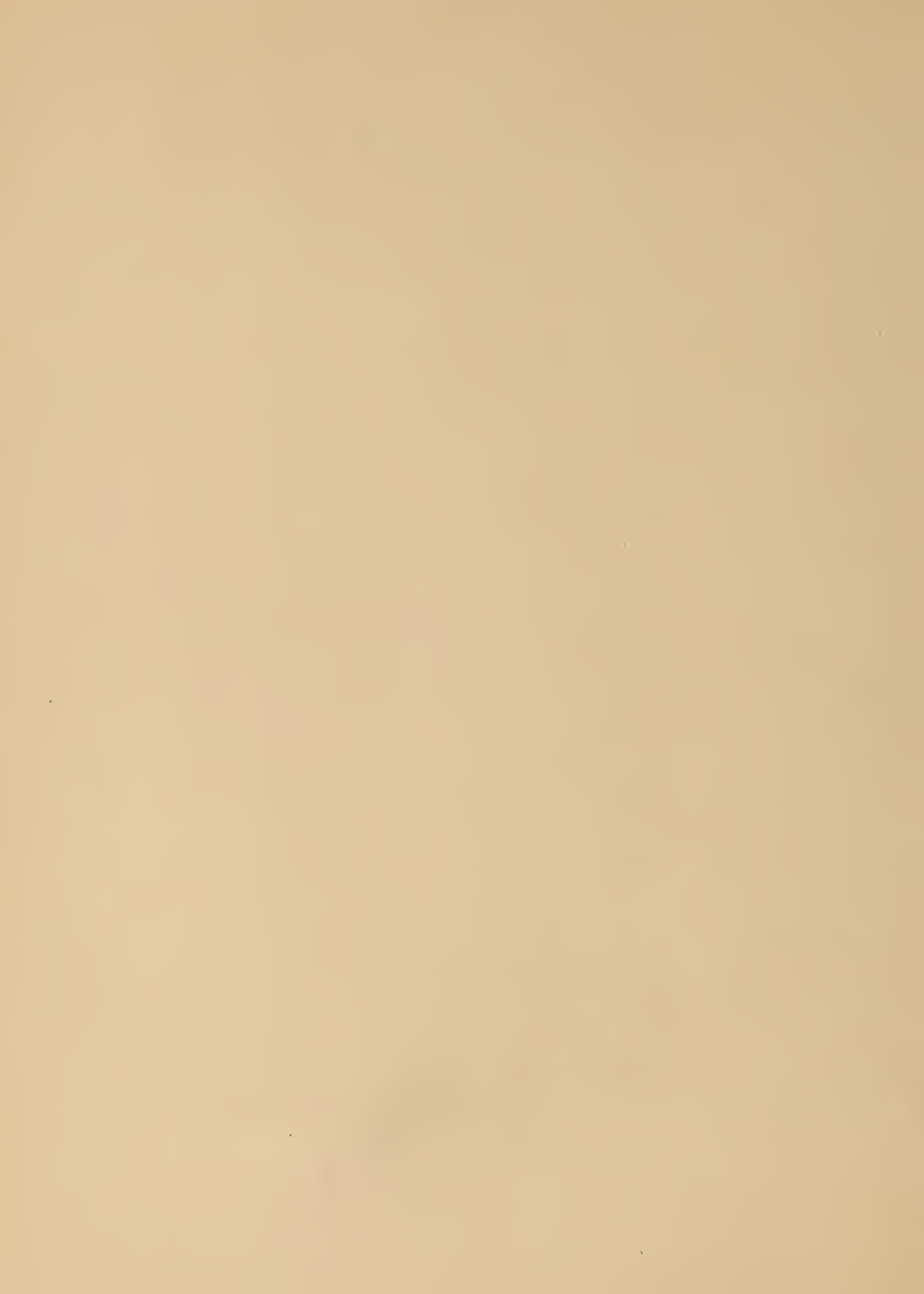
[illegible] of the New York and New Haven road came down [illegible] to Broome [illegible] Broome to Centre Street to the freight station there. [illegible] drawn [illegible]. The passenger depot of the New York and New [illegible] was at [illegible] Street and Fourth Avenue. The depot was a very [illegible], just a [illegible]ing. Years ago I went there to take a train for [illegible]chelle. The [illegible] then had flat roofs, like some of the old-style freight [illegible]. When train time [illegible] would attach four horses to each passenger car and the cars would be drawn up to [illegible] Fiftieth Street and Fourth Avenue, where the roundhouse was. There they [illegible] a wheezy locomotive and your journey would commence. At that time the upper [illegible] was very sparsely settled and the tracks of the steam railroads were on [illegible]. At Fifty-ninth Street crossing a flagman was stationed to warn people of the [illegible] trains. Many a time as a child I stood at that crossing [illegible] the trains go by.

[illegible] of years ago was a delightful place. They [illegible] Lane." On [illegible] avenue from Second Street to Twenty-third [illegible] fine old roomy [illegible] them occupied by the best known people of [illegible] and [illegible] were especially fine houses. The avenue [illegible] all the way [illegible] Street, and it was a ch[illegible] promen[illegible]

[illegible] the Academy of Music; also Campanini [illegible] Mapleson gave [illegible] grand opera under his direction. All [illegible] used to attend, [illegible] performance the carriages of the wealthy [illegible] and ave- [illegible]. The Academy was burned [illegible] afterward rebuilt. [illegible]. Many a time I [illegible] out after [illegible] the burning of [illegible] on Second Avenue [illegible] I could see the burn- [illegible] great damage and

FROM BROOKLYN HEIGHTS.

Lith by N. Currier, 152 Nassau St. corner Spruce N.Y.



the steeples of the church had to be taken down, as they were considered unsafe. The Rev. Dr. Tyng was minister of St. George's at that time. He was a fine gentleman, beloved by all.

Steinway Hall was on Fourteenth Street. Delightful concerts were enjoyed there. Theodore Thomas's Concert Garden was located at Fifty-eighth Street and Seventh Avenue.

Following is the old way of giving alarms of fire in this city: Wooden towers were erected at various points of the city. These towers had men on duty who used to ring out the alarm on the big bells. At times during the night one could hear the deep-toned bells give the alarm. Those were the days of the old volunteer fire department. Many a time I have seen the boys hoofing along pulling the heavy machine. If they met a rival company they would forget all about the fire, drop the line and fight. When the fight was over they would proceed to the scene of the fire.

There was a time when droves of cattle and sheep were driven through the streets of the city to the slaughter houses. Sometimes a single head would break away from the herd and, mounting the sidewalk, it would rush along, scaring the pedestrians. Cattle were slaughtered at a place which is the present site of the Fifth Street police station.

The Mercantile Library was on Astor Place and the Sixpenny Savings Bank in same building, and the hay market on lower Fourth Avenue, now called Cooper Square South. Many can recall the venerable and much respected Peter Cooper, and Abram S. Hewitt, his son-in-law. One night at Cooper Hall I heard Abram S. Hewitt proclaim that New York would one day be the imperial city of the world. He spoke the truth.

Theiss's resort was on East Fourteenth Street. It is now Lüchow's. The Seventh Regiment occupied the armory at Seventh Street and Third Avenue. The old armory building on West Fourteenth Street was occupied by the Twenty-second Regiment.

An old straw man used to go about the streets of the city with a dilapidated two-wheel cart. The man owned an old horse which in the hot days of summer would have his feeble limbs draped in trousers of light material. The animal's body would be enveloped in yards of mosquito netting to keep the flies off. The old straw man was one of the characters of the time. The boys used to delight in teasing him. Sometimes they were cruel enough to set fire to the poor man's load of straw; hundreds will recall him.

I remember the Crystal Palace, Barnum's Museum and a theatre in Chambers Street, Edwin Booth and his theatre at Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, now McCreery's store, and the burial ground on Houston Street near Bowery. Dan Bryant and his minstrel troupe appeared on Fourteenth Street. I saw Dan in his "Shoo Fly" song and dance. It was a great success. I remember the building of the Manhattan Club at Fifteenth Street and Fifth Avenue. Samuel J. Tilden had his beautiful home on Gramercy Park South.

I remember the old cemetery on Second Street near Second Avenue, adjoining the school of the Christian Brothers. In my boyhood days I went to the Brothers' School, and the beautiful peacocks from the cemetery would sometimes fly up on the cemetery wall and look in at us boys assembled in class. The good brothers gave us strict orders never to molest the beautiful birds. Some very bright boys finished their course at De La Salle Institute. Perhaps some of my readers recollect Brother Stephen, Brother Isaac John, Brother Leo, and Brother Luke, the music teacher. How the boys used to plague Brother Luke! At noon recess we boys used to chase around to Droste's bakery and lunch on tarts and cake. Droste's place was on Second Avenue near Second Street. A German grocery store on the corner of Second Avenue and Second Street used to supply us with crackers and cheese and extra large green pickles. Then we would tear back to school again for another bit at problems in algebra and rend our brains with theorems of geometry. Happy days they were then.

The Fisher & Bird marble works were in Houston Street. Even now I can see the immense saws at work cutting the blocks of marble. That was an interesting place.

Augustin Daly had his theatre on Twenty-fourth Street, near Broadway. Wood's Museum was on upper Broadway. It is now Daly's Theatre.

The *Great Eastern,* then the largest ship afloat, lay at anchor in the North River. The monitor *Dunderberg* lay at Roach's dock, foot of East Ninth Street.

I recollect the visit to America of the Grand Duke Alexis. I saw him riding through the city in an open carriage and bowing to the crowds assembled to see him. He was a tall, dignified looking man of the blond type.

The burial ground on East Eleventh and Twelfth Streets was near Second Avenue. I think St. Mark's Church Corporation owned the property.

Another cemetery was on Eleventh and Twelfth Streets near First Avenue. Another was on Second Avenue between Second and Third Streets. The lads of the city used the street gutters for skating ponds. They skated on one foot. The skates were crude affairs, blocks of wood shaped to the form of the shoe and a steel blade for a runner. The skates at the centre of the heel had an iron screw. To adjust the skates properly to the shoes it was necessary to bore a hole in the heel of your shoe. Into this hole made by an auger the screw of the skate was inserted until it held fast. Then leather straps on the front of the skates were fastened securely to and around the foot.

The boys also built fires in the streets, and stealing potatoes from the nearest groceryman would place the potatoes in the fire and cook them. The Elysian Fields were in Hoboken. Jones's Wood was on the East River front.

There was a fire engine house on John Street near Cliff. The fire engine of this house was propelled by its own steam, and I often saw the engine puffing along John Street. A firm of women brokers was at 44 Broad Street. Woodhull & Claflin was the title of the concern. The Rutgers Academy for Young Ladies was on Fifth Avenue, opposite the old reservoir. During the draft riots I saw the excited mob run up Second Avenue to pillage and burn an armory at Second Avenue and Twenty-first Street. The soldiers fired into the mob, and I saw one man carried through East Twelfth Street on a stretcher. The man's face was torn away by a gunshot. The mob raced through the streets of the city hunting for negroes to hang to the nearest lamp-post.

Dr. Hyslop's drug store was on Thirteenth Street and First Avenue, and Dr. Miller's, Fifteenth Street and First Avenue. Graham's shoe store, on Catharine Street, had a big wooden boot outside the door. Drake's hat store was on the lower Bowery.

I recollect the stealing of A. T. Stewart's body from its grave in St. Mark's Churchyard. This event created intense excitement. Stewart was the best known man in New York in his day, and the crime was evidently for the purpose of ransom. The papers were filled with it and nothing else was talked of. It was ultimately restored as mysteriously as it had been stolen.

A foot passenger bridge stood at Fulton Street and Broadway. I crossed the bridge many times. In those days the steeple of old Trinity Church was considered very high and it was a landmark for those coming up the bay. The Equitable Life Assurance Society's building was one of the sights of the city. The beautiful steamboats of the Harlem River Line were very fleet and were named *Sylvan Stream, Sylvan Dell* and *Sylvan Glen.* They went up the East River to Harlem. From there you could take a smaller steamboat, which carried you up the Harlem River to High Bridge. High Bridge was considered a great engineering feat in those days and every one went to see it.

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St. Mark's Church

THE SECOND OLDEST CHURCH EDIFICE NOW STANDING ON MANHATTAN ISLAND, ON THE OLDEST SITE STILL OCCUPIED BY A CHURCH — THE ORIGINAL CHAPEL IN GOVERNOR STUYVESANT'S FARM OR BOUWERIE — NOW AT SECOND AVENUE AND 11TH STREET. HERE HE LIES BURIED IN THE VAULT BELOW THE TABLET IN THE VESTIBULE.

THIS CHURCH IS RICH IN HISTORICAL CONNECTION WITH THE DUTCH PERIOD, AND WITHIN ITS WALLS ARE TABLETS TO THE MEMORY OF GOVERNOR SLOUGHTER (DIED 1691) AND GOVERNOR D. T. TOMPKINS. OTHER NOTED NAMES ARE MAYOR PHILIP HONE, DR. HARRIS, EX-PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA AND FIRST RECTOR OF THE CHURCH, AND THOMAS ADDIS EMMET, BROTHER OF ROBERT, THE IRISH PATRIOT. THE BODY OF A. T. STEWART WAS INTERRED HERE BUT AFTERWARDS STOLEN.

INSIDE ARE MEMORIAL TABLETS TO MANY OLD NEW YORKERS, ALSO HANDSOME STUYVESANT MEMORIAL WINDOWS ERECTED BY THE DAUGHTERS OF HOLLAND DAMES. IT IS STILL ATTENDED BY MANY OF THE OLDEST FAMILIES IN TOWN.

ONLY TWO OF THESE RARE ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPHS ARE KNOWN, THE ONE SHOWN ABOVE AND THE OTHER IN THE PYNE COLLECTION.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. ROBERT GOELET

Who remembers the store of Felter & Co. on Broadway? Lidgerwood & Co.'s fine grocery store at Fourteenth Street and Broadway? Mealio's hat store on Broadway, and John Gelston's mineral water spa on Broad Street near Wall? Gale's piano factory on East Twelfth Street, near Third Avenue, and Moran's mineral water establishment on Third Avenue near Fifteenth Street? The Stuyvesant pear tree that grew on the northeast corner of Thirteenth Street and Third Avenue? The tree was protected by a high iron railing around it.

The old Shakespeare Inn in Twelfth Street west of Broadway was a quaint old place.

The genial Mr. George White who taught in the public schools in later years became a principal. He had a host of friends, and his old pupils used to "dinner" him nearly every year. The store of E. D. Bassford was located in Cooper Union Building. Station D of the Post Office was located in the Bible House.

Theiss's Garden on Stuyvesant Street near Third Avenue was a quiet resort for the German element. The yard in the rear had gravel walks and nicely sodded grass plots and a circular basin, or fountain, with the water dancing merrily from its centre all the time.

A cracker bakery stood on the northwest corner of Fourteenth Street and Third Avenue, and an oyster saloon was on the southeast corner. You could go there after the play and enjoy an oyster stew with a heaping plate full of cold slaw and a dish of round crackers—all for 20 cents.

Who recollects the Dew Drop Inn on Broadway and the saloons in the cellars along Water and North William Streets?

The beautiful large dwelling of Senator Evarts stood on the corner of Second Avenue and Fourteenth Street, the northwest corner. A beautiful mansion was built on the southwest corner of Second Avenue and Fifteenth Street. I saw the men laying the foundation of that house.

The mansion of Hamilton Fish, and grounds, occupied the whole avenue front from Seventeenth to Eighteenth Streets. A hospital occupies the site now.

A beautiful dwelling was located on the east side of Second Avenue, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets. On each side of the stoop leading up to the entrance of the house stood the metal figures of two large lions. The children of the neighborhood used to come up and peer in at the figures of the animals; then they would scamper away shouting that the house was haunted.

The shot tower that stood on Fifty-third Street near the East River belonged to the Le Roy Shot and Lead Manufacturing Company, a concern that during war times made shot and minie balls for the army.

The underground railway at Warren Street and Broadway was under Devlin's clothing store. The railway was a large circular iron tube. In this tube was the passenger car, fitting closely to the sides of the tube. I forget the motive power. The length of the road was about 400 feet. An English company built it as an experiment.

The Spingler Hotel and the building occupied by the Fenian Brotherhood as their headquarters were both on Union Square. Union Square Park had a high iron railing around it.

Who recollects the grand charity fair held years ago in Union Square Park? In the park, or the plaza north of it, was erected a large building of rough boards. The boards were covered with bunting and flags. The distinguished company of Japanese that visited New York years ago had accommodations at the Hotel Opera, the building near the northeast corner of Fourteenth Street and Union Square. The Japanese filled all the windows of the hotel as they gazed out upon the immense crowd of people.

The one-horse or bobtail cars used to run to the ferries. When the cars reached the end of the line they were run upon a circular turntable. The driver would then apply the whip to the horse and the animal would revolve the turntable to the tracks again, then the car was ready for the return trip.

Delmonico's was then on the northeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, and Solari's on University Place.

Duncan & Sons Co. had a fine grocery store on Union Square. Devlin's clothing store, Warren Street and Broadway, in later years moved up to Union Square.

By E. Jaffray Phillips

[Mr. Phillips is another old New Yorker who has kindly set down his personal recollections of an older and a vastly different day in the history of our town than the present generation knows of. His memories of the troublous war days are of deepest interest.]

Among the popular playhouses in New York in the '60s was the Eighth Avenue Opera House, at Eighth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. It was under the management of Josh Hart, and the orchestra leader was Dave Braham. Such stars as Johnny Thompson, Hughey Dougherty, Frank Kerns and Winship and Warren were the attractions. And who does not remember Butler's at 444 Broadway, when Maffit and Bartholomew in their pantomimes delighted the audience? They afterward went to the Theatre Comique. Then there was Lent's Circus on Fourteenth Street, opposite Irving Place, where Eaton Stone and James Robinson, the bareback riders, performed. I saw the Ravels at Niblo's, with Young America in his trapeze acts. The plays were "Mazulm the Night Owl" and "The White Knight and the Red Gnome." G. L. Fox played at the old Bowery Theatre with his brother, C. K. Fox. The pantomime was "Little Boy Blue." They afterward went to the Olympic.

When the *Great Eastern* arrived and anchored off Thirteenth Street, North River, the boatmen charged 50 cents to row one around the steamer and back. I remember Jerry Thomas's place on Broadway, near Twenty-second Street, and his gallery of portraits. The Loew bridge was standing at Broadway and Fulton Street. There was a photographer next to the corner who would ring a bell to make people stop on the bridge and have their pictures taken. I went to school at Quackenbos's, Fourteenth Street and Sixth Avenue, and Macy's store was on the southeast corner in a four-story brick building and they occupied the lower floor. Bob and Charlie Macy were my classmates. The French Theatre was then being built, and we boys would get on the stage and recite our pieces.

The Sanitary Fair was held in the Twenty-second Regiment Armory in Fourteenth Street, and the children's annex was in Union Square. The buildings were at the north end of the park. I remember seeing Colonel Ellsworth's funeral passing up Fifth Avenue. I remember seeing the flag on the Arsenal at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street lowered to half mast, proclaiming the death of Abraham Lincoln. His body lay in state at the City Hall and the people went into the park from the Park Row side, then through the lower part of the hall out to Broadway. His funeral was witnessed by immense crowds. The city was draped in black. The Seventh Regiment acted as bodyguard.

I lived in Thirty-fourth Street during the war and witnessed many a scene during the draft riots; the burning of the colored orphan asylum, the wrecking of Horace Greeley's home. Captain Walling, afterward superintendent of police, had charge of the Twentieth precinct. Peter Hart was a policeman there. He was the man who took Mrs. Anderson to join her husband, Major Anderson, in Fort Sumter. I remember the first steam fire engine in the Twentieth Ward. It was Valley Forge 46 and was housed in West Thirty-sixth Street

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The Harbor and the Battery, 1850

ONE OF THE FAMOUS BORNET VIEWS. FIGURES BY E. VALOIS AND DRAWN BY HIM ON STONE. PRINTED AT D. McLELLAN'S, 26 SPRUCE STREET.

AN EXTREMELY INTERESTING VIEW OF THIS SECTION OF OUR CITY AT THE HEIGHT OF ITS POPULARITY. THE COSTUMES AND ACCESSORIES CORRECTLY DEPICT THE DRESS AND THE COSMOPOLITAN CHARACTER OF THE "PARADE," AS IT WAS CALLED. IN THE PICTURE ARE SHOWN THE STATEN ISLAND FERRY, THE ATLANTIC DOCKS, GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, FORT WILLIAM, THE NARROWS, STATEN ISLAND QUARANTINE, BEDLOW'S ISLAND, ELLIS ISLAND (THEN A POWDER MAGAZINE), AND TO THE RIGHT, BUT IN THE DISTANCE, CASTLE GARDEN.

THE SHIPS ARE THE FRENCH MAN-O'-WAR "MOGADORE" AND THE WHITE STAR LINER "BALTIC," AND LOCAL FERRIES AND RIVER BOATS OF THE PERIOD.

A BEAUTIFUL, PERFECT COPY OF AN OLD-TIME LITHOGRAPH RARELY FOUND TO-DAY IN GOOD CONDITION

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR PERCY R PYNE 2ND

near Seventh Avenue. I remember the flocks of sheep that were driven through the streets, and all traffic ceased on the avenue to let them pass. The Knickerbocker stage stables were at Twenty-third Street and Eighth Avenue, where the Grand Opera House stands. It was a four story building with wide high doors opening on Eighth Avenue. A statue of Father Knickerbocker stood in a niche in the front. This statue is now in the possession of the Shepherd family. Does any one remember McMillan's skating rink on Fifth Avenue and Forty-sixth Street, and the New York Club's rink at Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, and Beekman's Pond east of the Arsenal in Central Park, between Fourth and Fifth Avenues, and the old dead tree in the centre, which was "hunk" for all our games on the ice?

I remember the departure of the Seventh Regiment for the war in 1861, and the ovation on its march down Broadway was the grandest ever given to any body of troops in New York. The City Hall Park, which extended down to Ann Street, and the Battery Park were full of recruiting booths, with a drill ground.

The old custom of calling on New Year's Day, which was universally observed, was an interesting feature of city life. Nearly every one kept open house to receive friends, who came in carriages, and if the snow was on the ground sleighs were used. I have seen whole stage loads and sleighfuls of people going their rounds. Those who did not receive simply hung a small basket on the door knob to receive cards.

The Elysian Fields at Hoboken was a great resort for baseball and other outdoor sports. The clubs were the Gothams, Eagles, Mutuals and a number of amateur teams. The club-house of the New York Yacht Club was established there, and the races were started from that point.

* * * * * *

Here follow some personal first-hand recollections of rare historical value, from old friends:

The average young person in New York will find it hard to realize that some of our busiest streets were not long ago popular residential localities inhabited by the middle and well-to-do classes, that an air of almost Bronx-like stillness pervaded them after dark, and that sleighs were a common sight in winter for almost four months. Agreeable sections were old Greenwich Village, comprising, roughly, from Chambers and Hudson Streets, Seventh and Greenwich Avenues to Fourteenth Street, and the section bounded by Bleecker Street, Second Avenue, Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue.

Old readers may recall the two residences of R. and L. Stuart, occupied by them up to the '70s, alongside of their sugar refinery, corner Chambers and Greenwich Streets; the little wooden church at Franklin Street and West Broadway, later a vinegar factory; the famous North Moore Street school; St. John's Park (key, $10 a year); "St. John's in the Fields Church" (1804), and the Saturday morning dole of bread by bequest, to a specified number of people; Laight Street Baptist Church; and where now the grim and frowning warehouses stand on Beach and Laight were fine broad houses overlooking the heavily wooded parks, Captain John Ericsson of *Monitor* fame lived at 36 Beach Street until his death in 1889. St. John's Park was laid out in 1821. The houses built at the same time, but antedating the introduction of Croton water in 1842, had no bathrooms, an absence very common to some of the best houses in the city, and often unsupplied later, because it must be confessed that our forebears were not as clean as we are. The parlor doors were solid cherry, and they, with beautiful black mantels with flesh-colored tissue and veinlike streakings, were removed by owners previous to demolition or relinquishment to tenement purposes (pine and slate being substituted), and the others now adorn many country mansions in nearby suburbs.

It will seem almost incredible to those comparatively new to the city, but old-timers will confirm the statement, that the town in the two localities mentioned was filled with beautiful trees, even if it had execrable and filthy pavements. Let one picture the sweet, quiet seclusion of St. John's Park, the graveyard on the present site of the park at Leroy and Hudson Streets, Abingdon Square, the narrow and Dickenslike Varick, Vandam, Bedford, Commerce, Barrow and other streets, the intersection of West Fourth and West Eleventh Streets, all so still that the growing grass between the cobbles could almost be heard, while a generally bucolic air prevailed.

Washington Square, guarded on one side by the gray, dignified New York University, demolished in 1894; the aristocratic Waverly and Washington Places behind, and a stone church on the next corner; the Auchmuty mansion and the New York Society Library, established 1754 and now standing farther up University Place. The other sides of the square were the present houses, built mostly in the '30s, and occupied by Commodore Vanderbilt, Mrs. Hicks Lord, Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, the Coopers, De Forrests, Rhinelanders, De Peysters, and throngs of other Dutch descendants, whose overflow extended up Fifth Avenue and intersecting streets, giving the locality the title of the Knickerbocker neighborhood, which it bears to this day, because many of the residents proudly defy all powers but death to remove them.

John H. Aspinwall occupied a beautiful house at University Place and Tenth Street. Annexed to it were huge stables and an art gallery built above. At present the whole structure is devoted to the sale of second-hand furniture. The then very fashionable University Place Presbyterian Church, still standing, was opposite. C. H. McCormick, the inventor of the harvester and reaper, lived on the southwest corner of Eleventh Street and Fifth Avenue; August Belmont at corner of Eighteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, now Constable Building; Professor S. F. B. Morse, 5 West Twenty-second Street; General Winfield Scott in Ninth Street; N. P. Willis and Governor Lucius Robinson in Third Street. Chester A. Arthur died in 34 West Twenty-first Street, William Cullen Bryant in 24 West Sixteenth Street. Dan Bryant in his palmy days lived in Fifteenth Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. At Twenty-first Street, on the southwest corner, stood a marble church. Opposite was the Union Club, which bought the site in 1854 for $60,000, and sold it in 1901 for $650,000. The Brevoort Hotel of the '60s was beautifully encompassed with trees and entertained many noble and aristocratic visitors from abroad.

Dr. Bellows preached at Sixteenth Street and Union Square West. Brentano's first venture as a newsdealer was in a basement dining-room in a house near by, among the first relinquished to business. Up to 1865 all the houses surrounding the square were private, and one of the most notable was that of a Roosevelt on the southwest corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street, an uncle of the ex-President, from whom the latter derived much of his fortune. Of brownstone, heavily trimmed, with great scrolled consoles at parlor windows and broad-topped balustered stone fences surrounding front and sides and enclosing the stoop, it was an impressive structure. The young Theodore lived in 28 East Twentieth Street. Two houses, still standing, 35 East Nineteenth Street, and 53 East Twentieth Street, sheltered till they died, in the '70s, Horace Greeley, and Alice and Phoebe Cary, the gentle poetesses. The Hon. John Bigelow lived on Gramercy Square; a great hotel of the name faced it, and nearby lived the Hon. Hamilton Fish and Samuel J. Tilden. Irving Place was also select, along with Stuyvesant Square, with the then two-steepled St. George's Church, the quaint Friends' Meeting House and School, and these squares with a few changes bid fair for a long time to resist the encroachments of trade.

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Broadway, 1856: West Side, Fulton to Cortlandt Street

ANOTHER RARE STEPHENSON LITHOGRAPH, PRINTED BY BOELL AND MUCHILUI, GILSEY BUILDING, 169 BROADWAY. 1856.
ASIDE FROM THIS STEPHENSON VIEW, NO DELINEATION OF THIS SECTION OF BROADWAY IS NOW AVAILABLE. MOST OF THE HOUSES PAID FOR THE SIGNS WHICH APPEAR ON THE BUILDINGS, WHICH GUARANTEES THE CORRECTNESS. THE FIGURES IN THE FOREGROUND ARE ESPECIALLY INTERESTING AND ARE TYPICAL OF THE TIME. NOWHERE ELSE DO WE FIND SUCH EXCELLENT STREET SCENES AS IN THESE VIEWS OF STEPHENSON S.

When we consider the roar of traffic and the hurrying thousands now at all hours to be heard and seen in these sections, it is only those who recall forty years ago that can bring to memory the placidity of the almost rural surroundings; all the houses had plots of grass enclosed, and the streets were tree-canopied.

Great things surely occurred in the general vicinity of Astor and Lafayette places between about 1848 and 1855, because within this period were erected the Dutch Reformed Church, corner of Great Jones Street and Lafayette Place; Grace Church, Astor Library, Mercantile Library, St. Nicholas Hotel, Grand Central (enlarged from the Southern), Cooper Union, Bible House, Centre Market and Seventh Regiment Armory building, and the new Historical Library on Second Avenue. Plimpton, the inventor of the roller skate, erected on East Ninth Street, between Second and Third Avenues, a building, and demonstrated to the fashionables of the day that he could manufacture the richest upholstered furniture equal to that previously procured from abroad. His descendants still occupy the premises (1913).

Preaching continued in Dr. Spring's Church, Park Row, Nassau and Beekman Streets, until 1857; at the North Dutch Church, William and Fulton Streets, and also at St. George's, Beekman and Cliff Streets, until 1868. In 1860 Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler resigned the pastorate of the Market Street Reformed Dutch Church because he could not influence his congregation to sell the site and seek uptown quarters. Trinity, St. Paul's, and the John Street Methodist Churches, being historic in association, still remain.

Christian Science was still unthought of and the Catholic Church was still few in numbers and just beginning to give promise of its present importance. The latter's chief edifice was St. Patrick's, a modest structure then in Mulberry Street, and in nowise suggesting the present imposing Cathedral on Fifth Avenue to which it removed some twenty-odd years ago.

Freight cars were pulled by four or six horses from Twenty-seventh Street Depot to White and Centre Streets, and as they passed through the Bowery men and boys would climb on the rear. The company hired men with clubs who would pounce out upon these men and boys and pound their legs and knees and clear the cars.

Song peddlers would string about four rows of cords, 100 feet long, on the City Hall iron fence and attach songs by small wooden pins to the cord. Rich and poor used to stop and read and sometimes buy at a penny apiece.

Apple women selling Washington pies also lined the fences here and at Battery Park and Union Square. William M. Tweed had these fences removed.

Every boy had to "belong" to a fire engine company in those days, and if he got into the wrong bailiwick he was sure to get a black eye.

Who doesn't remember 9, Old Rock, on Marion Street; 33, Black Jake, on Houston Street; 3, Forest, in Eleventh Street (I believe), and the fights they used to have in the Haymarket, Seventh Street and Third and Fourth Avenues?

There used to be a bell tower between the City Hall and the new Court House.

The old Bowery Theatre, next to the Atlantic Garden, was run by Fox (G. L.) and Lingard, and when they quarrelled Lingard opened the New Bowery on the next block. The new theatre burned down later.

The school principal was an autocrat, and the boy who never got licked by him was considered no good by his fellow pupils. In the morning we prepared our hands by rubbing rosin on them, and then the whipping would not pain us, and if we pulled three or four hairs from our eyelashes and laid those on the rosin, that was a sure preventive of pain. When the principal discovered the rosin we would get it around the legs, too.

The *Sun* was a four-page paper with a continued story each day. The New York *Ledger* was the ladies' paper, and we boys revelled in Marryat's, Captain Mayne Reid's and Beadle's ten-cent novels. These last we had to hide from our parents. We would take turns at buying Beadles as they came out and pass them around.

Boys always left school in bunches, for if they went alone they were sure to be held up by toughs.

In those days the leaders from roofs were all on the fronts of houses, and there was a groove in the sidewalk to the gutter at every house, and sometimes the sinks of houses were run into these leaders, so that on wash-days a sudden gush of soapsuds would flow over the sidewalks.

Households still had candle snuffers and bellows. Camphine and alcohol were used for lamps. Letter carriers charged one cent for delivery, and often letters were refused. Those were the days of copper cents and filthy postage stamps, and every storekeeper had a "bank note detector." Sometimes the bank note would be good when received, and before paying it out the bank would have failed. We had bills of denominations of one, two, three, four, five and six dollars.

To get a telegram was an event and usually meant sad news. No telephone, no electric light, no trolleys, no heat in cars, no hot water in houses, no furnace heat, yet those were good days and a dollar went farther than it does to-day. When Barnum's Museum on Broadway and Ann Street burned, the whale was killed and lay for two days in the gutter.

* * * * * *

Joseph Haydock speaks of M. Julien and his wonderful concerts at the Crystal Palace and how he succeeded in burning that down one evening when performing the Firemen's Quadrilles. It was my privilege to listen to those quadrilles and they were "something grand." The Palace, however, didn't burn down one evening, but one bright afternoon, October 14, 1858. An old fire laddie, I was present at that fire in company with Mr. Ely Bates, ex-chief, retired, and 84 years young, then foreman of Guardian Engine Company No. 29.

At that time we were working on the Rutgers Institute buildings, east side of Fifth Avenue, directly opposite the old reservoir, being brothership mechanics (bricklayers). Suddenly an immense, very black cloud of smoke and bright flame shot up fully fifty feet in the air. Bates shouted, "Come quick, boys; run for it!" His first impulse was to run out Amity Hose carriage, and I think it was 39 engine, both on exhibition. Quick as we could we got outside of our overalls, slid down four ladders and cut for the entrance on the Sixth Avenue side; but, good Lordy, we never reached it, not by 100 feet, and were driven back by the fierce heat. In twenty minutes by the watch that elegant structure of iron and glass was level with the ground. The rapidity of the flames was due principally to the large area of the floors and stairways, constructed of yellow pitch pine timber, and the great amount of combustible material the building contained. So intense was the heat that the iron, glass, silver and other metals fused; the large granite capstones of the old reservoir adjoining crumbled, scaled and burst from their beds in chunks larger than beer kegs, falling to the earth. Mr. Bates yet insists it was the quickest, fiercest and hottest fire that ever occurred in New York City.

This Amity Hose carriage was a most beautiful creation, very light and airy. All the mountings were of sterling silver, even to the handles at the end of its tongue. I can best describe its beauty by the remarks of one old fire fighter to his chum: "I say, Jakey, isn't she the queenie? All she needs is silver wings and she would fly." The engine was a good second at that.

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The Jefferson Guards

THIS IS A VIEW OF ANOTHER OLD-TIME CRACK REGIMENT — THE 38TH JEFFERSON GUARDS, N. Y. STATE ARTILLERY. A BUST PORTRAIT OF THE COLONEL WITH FLAGS AND CROSSED CANNONS IS SHOWN IN THE MARGIN OF THE ORIGINAL. THE BACKGROUND SHOWS THE CITY HALL AND HALL OF RECORDS AND THE MEN IN THE FOREGROUND ARE DRAWN FROM LIFE, THE FACES BEING PORTRAITS AND EASILY RECOGNIZABLE.
LITHOGRAPHED BY F. FRITSCH. EXTREMELY RARE.
FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. PERCY R. PYNE, 2ND.

Who remembers the large wooden observation tower, said to be 150 feet in height, that P. T. Barnum was largely interested in, but which proved an utter failure, few caring to climb its many steps? It stood just north of the Palace. And how about the great fun we used to have in those side shows those days?

A terrible calamity early in the '60s was occasioned by the explosion of the boiler in the four-story brick and iron building in Hague Street, near Pearl Street, in the morning shortly after the employees to the number of about 100 men and boys had commenced work. If any are alive who were at the fire which ensued they surely will remember it as one of the most appalling calamities that have ever befallen old New York.

The destruction was so complete that the ruins were only about thirty feet high; the building was about 100 feet square, and to add to the horror fire broke out in the ruins.

There were three of us who belonged to Engine Company 4, located in Great Jones Street, who responded to the fire alarm: William Story, Uzal P. Barker and myself, who on our arrival at the ruins set to work in extricating those that were entombed in that pile of bricks, stone and iron; and while prospecting as to where to commence our work we heard the voice of a boy that was buried about thirty feet distant under the ruins, who proved to be Frederick Tyman, and after a hurried examination we concluded that the only way to reach him was by tunneling under the ruins, which we did by working by relays on our hands and knees, passing the bricks and iron from one to the other until we reached him; and then, to our chagrin, we found a steel shaft about one and three-quarter inches in diameter which extended up in front of the boy's head. We then had to clear away a space large enough to sling a sledgehammer and break the shaft.

We found Tyman lying between two beams, and he was not seriously injured. When we got to Tyman we found another boy lying between the same two beams, whose name was Tindale, who was not seriously injured. They were both brave boys. We frequently had to put a stream of water over them, as fire threatened them, of which they always gave us notice. This day's work was the hardest and most trying that I ever experienced in my long service in the Volunteer Fire Department. It took us from 8.30 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. to accomplish this task, which I shall never forget.

When the candle factory at First Avenue and Fourth Street burned down in 1864 I can never forget how near I came to being run over when the firemen came down First Avenue on the sidewalks with their machines, as the road was blocked by a herd of cattle going to the slaughterhouses in Fifth Street, where Public School 25 now stands. I can feel my back yet where I "caught it" when as a boy I strayed out of the house of Live Oak Hose 44 in Houston Street, up in the bailiwick of Engine 7, and forgot that I had a 44 badge on my shirt. My legs alone saved my scalp. What a joke on 44 when the city erected the large lamp-post in Houston Street Square with the number 44 on top of each lamp, and Engine 7 boys put a tin 7 on top of each 44. Those were happy days and will never come back. They are pleasant memories all right.

LARGE FAMILIES THE RULE IN THE '50s AND '60s

HARD LUCK OF THE ELDEST BOY

In these days of so-called race suicide it is refreshing to know that our fathers and mothers were not averse to the trials and responsibilities—with its pleasures—of a large family.

When the oldest boy in the average huge family of the '50s and '60s—8 to 12 being the rule and not the exception—reached about 12 he became, so to speak, the father and nurse of the younger brothers and sisters, as their care in a measure devolved on him, he being a sort of packhorse of the family. Woodsheds were in plenty, and that combustible, generally cheaper than coal, was brought in and sold by the cord from New Jersey and Long Island. Some houses had chutes in the centre of the sidewalks, pitched at an angle of 45 degrees toward the cellar, and through these the boys thrust the logs, with the tedious necessity of frequently descending in order to break the jam, which when released pursued the wretches as they fled backward. Armed with a bucksaw and an axe of age to suggest its service in the Crusades, and attired with sweat and growlings, he proceeded to make firewood.

He also put in the coal and shovelled snow from the walk, when he was not spading the garden or cutting grass. As storekeepers delivered no goods, on Saturday mornings in particular, it was his curse to accompany his mother to Washington, Fulton, Tompkins, Clinton or some far distant market always preferred by her, and carry home the purchases in a basket of unholy weight and size, and then he was assigned to window cleaning or some such gentle task. There was very little respect entertained for a boy, and he was economical in the entertainment of any for himself.

When chairs and bedsteads were of a condition dangerous for repose of others, they were assigned to the room of the boys, who slept two or three abreast and the same number in depth. Frequently in the dead of night the parents, hearing a tremendous crash overhead, would comfort themselves with the confidence that it was only the bed had broken down, and the boys were not wakened by the father until early morning, when he would count and disentangle them with words or something harder.

They were not especially partial to water on winter mornings and would dry-curry their hair and sneak in to buckwheat cakes, but when mother would discover that the ice in the wash pitcher was unbroken, father would break forth and the boys would try to flee, because the old gentleman had a strong arm in chiding, fulfilling the Scriptural injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," and the "mites" got it. The clothing of the cubs was awfully and wonderfully made. When those of dad grew mirror-like in shininess of wear they were taken apart, turned, and some things for the boys were slammed together.

It seems as though he was laid out on a large sheet of paper, his form pencilled in outline, and then chance, skill or Providence did the rest, and if the clothes didn't fit, why, he had fits of another character. He was rarely entrusted with an entire bosom

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Megarey's Rare Print of Lower Broadway in 1825

THIS SHOWS AN AFTERNOON VIEW OF LOWER BROADWAY IN 1825. THE HOUSES ON THE LEFT WERE OCCUPIED BY THE KENNEDY, WATTS AND LIVINGSTON FAMILIES, AND WERE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE BEST TYPE OF DWELLING AT THAT TIME. DURING THE REVOLUTION SIR HENRY CLINTON, SIR GUY CARLETON AND GENERAL LORD HOWE LIVED IN NO. 1. ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR, LIVED HERE FOR A TIME, AND WASHINGTON ALSO, WHILE THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE WAS BUILDING. THIS SECTION WAS THE CENTRE OF FASHION, THE STREETS ADJACENT (BOWLING GREEN, STATE AND GREENWICH) BEING ALSO THE HOMES OF THE WEALTHIER CLASS. ROBERT FULTON DIED IN A HOUSE IN THE REAR OF NO. 1. THE COSTUMES, CARRIAGES, ETC., ARE TYPICAL OF THE DAY.

THIS IS ONE OF THE FAMOUS MEGAREY PRINTS NOW RARELY SEEN.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. ROBERT GOELET.

shirt, but wore a "dickey," a heart-shaped piece of starched linen over his chest, furnishing an excellent handle for companions to drag him around the street when both of his hands were occupied in carrying the dough pan to the corner bakery, where "family baking" was conducted between 10 A. M. and 3 P. M.

Remnants from his father's clothes furnished caps, all hatters being practical and making up the former from people's own material. These were of marvellous creation, one type in particular, when the remnants were small, being built like a Chinese pagoda, flaring outward to a hexagon-shaped crown or terrace, and surmounted by a huge button, or worse, a tassel. To guard against the wind they were made to fit tight, and when removed by considerable effort, they emitted a slight suction report and left on the head a livid ring, as though some one had made an ineffectual attempt to scalp the wearer. Another horror of his life was the uncomfortable "comforter" which his fond mother used to knit of worsted to keep his neck warm, which he would dutifully wear on leaving home, only to change to his waist so as to keep his throat clear for "hollering" exercise, because, anyway, all his colds were contracted through wet feet in the absence of the habit of wearing rubbers.

A. T. STEWART'S & BROOKS BROS.' FIRST STORE, 1850

A very good illustration of the tremendous growth of New York in the last fifty years is shown in the present size of Wanamaker's stores at Broadway and Ninth Street, and Brooks Bros.' at Twenty-second Street. Both of these stores had their origin in Catharine Street.

Wanamaker really succeeded the great business of A. T. Stewart & Co., and although Stewart was easily the greatest merchant of his day, John Wanamaker does not suffer by comparison. The following contribution is pertinent:

The old Walton House in Pearl Street was built of brick brought from Holland. The gardens of the house ran down to the river at the foot of Water Street. In those days there was no Front Street or South Street. These two streets were filled in long after and were what is called made ground. Pearl Street, from Beekman Street to Maiden Lane, had nothing but dry-goods stores in it, and if you wanted a spool of cotton or some muslins you had to go there to be supplied. A. T. Stewart had his dry-goods store in Catharine Street, and on the corner of this street and Water Street were Brooks Brothers, now in business at Twenty-second Street and Broadway. How proud the small boy was in getting his first suit of clothes made here! His blue jacket, nankeen vest, and a small plaid pair of pants were the last word in style, the only annoyance being that there was but one pocket, and that an outside one, in the jacket.

This is a picture of the city at the breaking out of the Civil War. Many of the hotels, etc., are no longer in existence, but the picture of the town is admirable:

"I first visited the city in June, 1861. I stopped at the old Dey Street House, still standing, and radiated from that place, visiting the Astor House, Taylor's Saloon and other sights, including the Ball and Black store and the old post office in Nassau Street. I was accompanied on my trip to the metropolis by Simeon R. Codman, then of Pottersville, N. Y., who weighed 410 pounds. We went to Barnum's Museum, of course, and saw Hannah Battersby, who was known as Barnum's fat woman. My companion 'obliged' by stepping on the platform with Hannah, and he so far outfatted her as to receive an immediate offer from the management. During our stay we shopped about for our meals, and patronized among other places Leggett's in Chatham Street and Crook's Hotel, which was, and the building still is, in the same locality. The bill of fare was excellent and in view of the present-day prices * it seems as though the food was almost given away. In the basement at the northeast corner of Chambers Street and Broadway was an oyster saloon kept by David Decker, as I recollect it.

"I went to a Broadway theatre; Laura Keene was in the play and there was a georgeous transformation scene. Greenwich Street was quite a wholesale district and I visited and purchased goods at several houses.

"I went uptown, saw the ruins of the Crystal Palace, and visited some important public work then under construction, but I do not recall what it was. I do recollect that I went on a horse-car, probably of the Third Avenue line, up to about Forty-second Street.

"I next saw New York in September, 1862, and enjoyed its hospitality in the barracks which occupied City Hall Park, where the Union soldiers were housed on their way to the seat of war. My stay was brief and I saw nothing but lower Broadway, packed with cheering people, as we marched to the Battery and took water transportation to the South. I still recollect the evil smells as we passed through Kill van Kull and Staten Island Sound.

"Returning to the city in September, 1863, I stopped at Earle's Hotel in Canal Street (corner of Centre), kept by the father of 'Affinity' Earle, and a good hotel it was. My most interesting experience was, as the guest of a friend whose office was at 110 Pearl Street, under hotel direction, to go out to Broadway and down to Pearl and then follow Pearl to find him. If any readers have not done this stunt, let them try it and they will know how I felt. After having arrived I was taken uptown to his residence in then elegant Thirty-fourth Street by my friend

* The same as at Putnam's, given elsewhere.—EDITOR.

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The New York Hospital, 1804

TWO EVENTS IN THE SOCIAL HISTORY OF NEW YORK, IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE LAST CENTURY, STAND OUT WITH UNUSUAL DISTINCTNESS. ONE WAS THE FOUNDING OF THIS HOSPITAL, AND THE OTHER WAS MR. PINTARD'S HISTORICAL SOCIETY. TO BE A MEMBER OF EITHER ORGANIZATION CONFERRED THE NECESSARY SOCIAL RECOGNITION DEMANDED OF THE TIMES, AND THE SAME CONDITION STILL EXISTS. THE HOSPITAL WAS SITUATED ON THE WEST SIDE OF BROADWAY, BETWEEN READE AND WORTH STREETS, AND WAS A FAMILIAR SIGHT AS LATE AS 1867.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR FRANK LORD.

in a stage that traversed Wall Street and Broadway. The New York Central Railroad station was then in Chambers Street.

It was not until May, 1867, that I finally landed in the city permanently. I naturally gravitated to Earle's Hotel, and spent my first evening at Niblo's Garden when 'The Black Crook' was playing. I was seeking employment, and when my prospective employer the next morning asked me point blank where I had spent the evening, I was at a loss to reply. I however told him the truth and was overjoyed to hear him say it was the finest thing he ever saw. I became so much habituated to 'The Black Crook' that I saw it whenever it was in town. Once, seeing in the *Sun* about twenty-five years ago the usual 'Black Crook' advertisement, I left my office in lower Broadway, took a street car, went to Niblo's, bought my ticket, and saw the curtain rise on the first act of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'! The 'Crook' was at the Academy of Music, and that was my last effort.

"I heard Charles Dickens (1867) in Steinway Hall, and Mme. Parepa Rosa about the same time in Atlantic Garden in the Bowery, and I knew Samuel Benedict, the old-time jeweler at 2 Wall Street. He was the father of Mr. Read Benedict, of Benedict Bros., now corner Cortlandt Street.

"In the days following the war the basements along Broadway above and below the Metropolitan Hotel were largely occupied by 'halls' where drinks were dispensed by girls. I recollect seeing one called the Dew Drop Inn, and there were others having like attractive names."

THE OLD POST OFFICE IN NASSAU STREET

A curious character in this establishment was "Old Man Moyer." He could decipher an address in almost any language and was also the only "Dead Letter Office" we had in those days. He opened all undeliverable letters, read their contents, and was frequently the means of solving their destination. He was a marvellous linguist and a very learned man.

There was also a huge pie counter inside the rotunda, much patronized by everybody, at which the famous Washington pie was greedily devoured.

COST OF LIVING IN '63

A comparison of to-day's prices in the average restaurant with the Putnam House in '63 shows that we have real ground for complaint at the high cost of living. The following is an old bill-of-fare. The old Putnam is still standing on Fourth Avenue, surrounded by the new skyscrapers of the present day, but must of necessity give way to the march of modern improvements.

PUTNAM HOUSE

357, 359 & 361 Fourth Avenue

Between Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh Sts. Opposite the Harlem and New Haven Depot

LAWRENCE R. KERR, Proprietor

The proprietor of this popular Lodging House and Dining Saloon is prepared to accommodate citizens, travellers, and business men, with Pleasant Lodgings and Meals at All Hours, in a style equal to any other establishment in the city. He would call attention to the following extensive and economical

BILL OF FARE

Breakfast and Tea

Beef Steak	7 cts.	Broiled Chicken	25 cts.
Pork Steaks	7 "	Wheat Cakes	5 "
Veal Cutlets	7 "	Buckwheat Cakes	6 "
Mutton Chops	7 "	Fried Eggs, each	3 "
Lamb Chops	7 "	Boiled Eggs, each	3 "
Ham and Eggs	19 "	Poached Eggs	13 "
Fried or Boiled Ham	13 "	Milk Toast	9 "
Fried Sausages	7 "	Dry Toast	6 "
Fried Fish, all kinds	7 "	Fried Potatoes	3 "
Porter House Steak	25 "	Tea and Coffee, each	3 "
Tender Loin Steak	15 "	Coffee and Cakes	6 "
Sirloin Steak	13 "	Bread and Milk	9 "

Dinner

Roast Beef, Veal, Lamb, Pork; Corned Beef, Pork; Pork and Beans and Meat Pie, each	7 cts.	Roast Turkey, Goose, Duck and Chicken, each	15 cts.
Lamb Chops	13 "	Chicken Pie or Fricassee	13 "
		Beef Soup	6 "

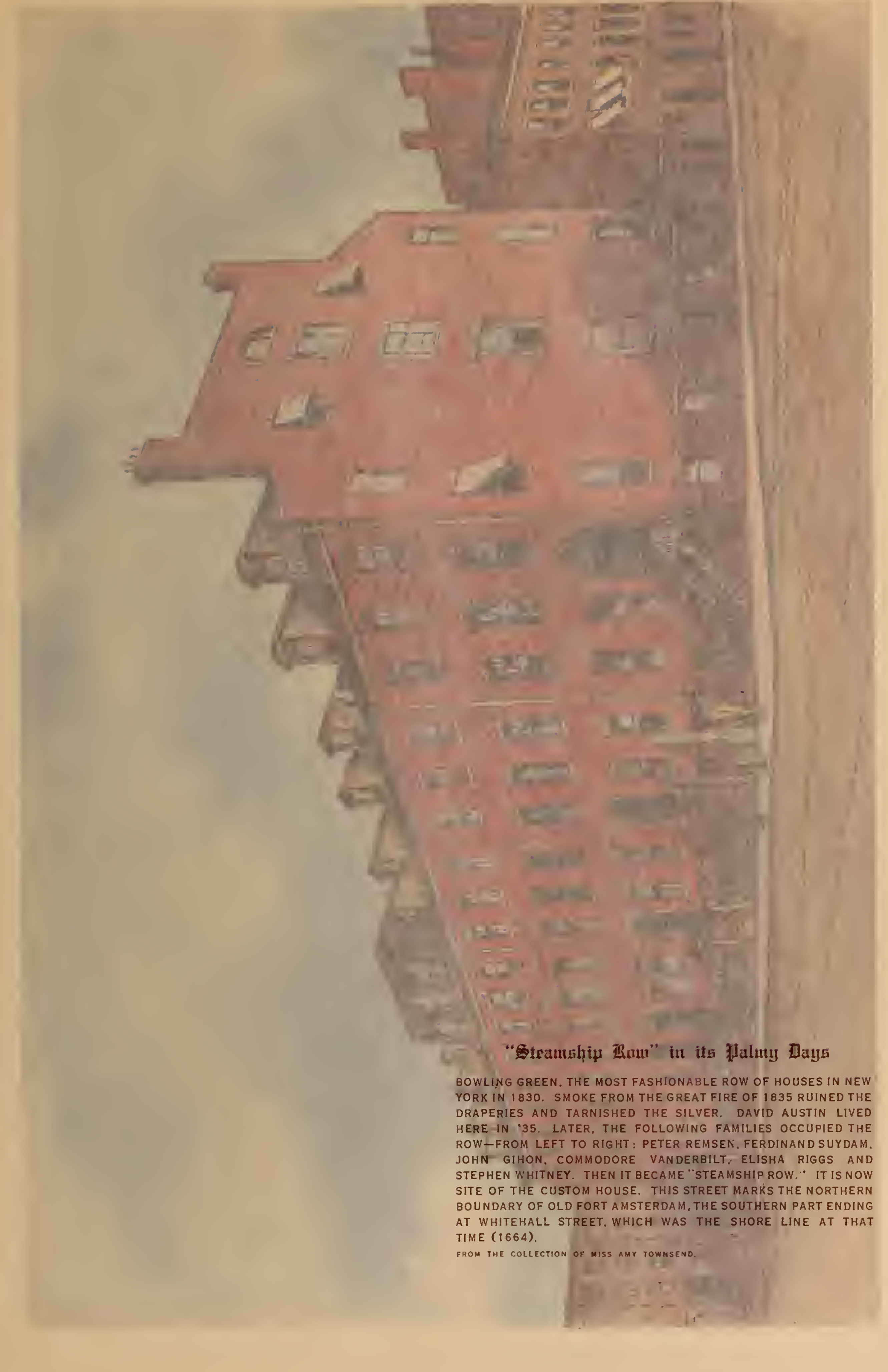
To Order

Sirloin Steak	13 cts.	Veal Cutlet	13 cts.
Tender Loin Steak	15 "	Raw Oysters	13 "
Porter House Steak	25 "	Fried Oysters	13 "
Broiled Chicken	25 "	Pickled Oysters	13 "

Dessert

Plum Pudding	6 cts.
Plum Pie	6 "
Pies and Puddings, all kinds	6 "

Lodgings, 25 cents per night. Open at All Hours.



"Steamship Row" in its Palmy Days

BOWLING GREEN, THE MOST FASHIONABLE ROW OF HOUSES IN NEW YORK IN 1830. SMOKE FROM THE GREAT FIRE OF 1835 RUINED THE DRAPERIES AND TARNISHED THE SILVER. DAVID AUSTIN LIVED HERE IN '35. LATER, THE FOLLOWING FAMILIES OCCUPIED THE ROW—FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: PETER REMSEN, FERDINAND SUYDAM, JOHN GIHON, COMMODORE VANDERBILT, ELISHA RIGGS AND STEPHEN WHITNEY. THEN IT BECAME "STEAMSHIP ROW." IT IS NOW SITE OF THE CUSTOM HOUSE. THIS STREET MARKS THE NORTHERN BOUNDARY OF OLD FORT AMSTERDAM, THE SOUTHERN PART ENDING AT WHITEHALL STREET, WHICH WAS THE SHORE LINE AT THAT TIME (1664).

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MISS AMY TOWNSEND.

COST OF LIVING IN '63

A comparison of to-day's prices in the average restaurant with the Putnam House in '63 shows that we have real ground for complaint at the high cost of living. The following is an old bill-of-fare. The old Putnam is still standing on Fourth Avenue, surrounded by the new skyscrapers of the present day, but must of necessity give way to the march of modern improvements.

PUTNAM HOUSE

357, 359 & 361 Fourth Av[illegible]

Between Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh Sts. Opposite the [illegible] New Hav[illegible]

LAWRENCE R. KERR, [illegible]

The proprietor of this popular Lodging House and Dining S[illegible] [illegible]red t[illegible] [illegible]date citizens, travelers, and business men, with Pleasant Lodgings and Meals at [illegible] in a style [illegible] to any other establishment in the city. He would call attention to the following [illegible] and econ[illegible]

BILL OF FARE

Breakfast and Tea

Beef Steak	7 cts.	Broiled [illegible]	25 cts.
Pork Steaks	7 "	Wheat [illegible]	5 "
Veal Cutlets	7 "	Buckwh[illegible]	6 "
Mutton Chops	7 "	Fried [illegible]	8 "
Lamb Chops	7 "	Boiled [illegible]	8 "
Ham and Eggs	19 "	Poached [illegible]	13 "
Fried or Boiled Ham	13 "	Milk To[illegible]	9 "
Fried Sausages	7 "	Dry T[illegible]	6 "
Fried Fish, all kinds	7 "	Fried [illegible]	8 "
Porter House Steak	25 "	Tea and [illegible]	8 "
Tender Loin Steak	15 "	Coffee [illegible]	6 "
Sirloin Steak	13 "	Bread [illegible]	9 "

Dinner

Roast Beef, Veal, Lamb, Pork; Corned Beef, Pork; Pork and Beans and Meat Pie, each	7 cts.	Roast [illegible], Duck and Chick[illegible]	15 cts.
Lamb Chops	13 "	Chick[illegible] [illegible]assee	13 "
		Beef [illegible]	6 "

To [illegible]

Sirloin Steak	13 "	Veal [illegible]	13 cts.
Tender Loin Steak	15 "	Ra[illegible]	13 "
[illegible]	25	Fri[illegible]	13 "
[illegible] Chicken	25 "	Pi[illegible]	13 "

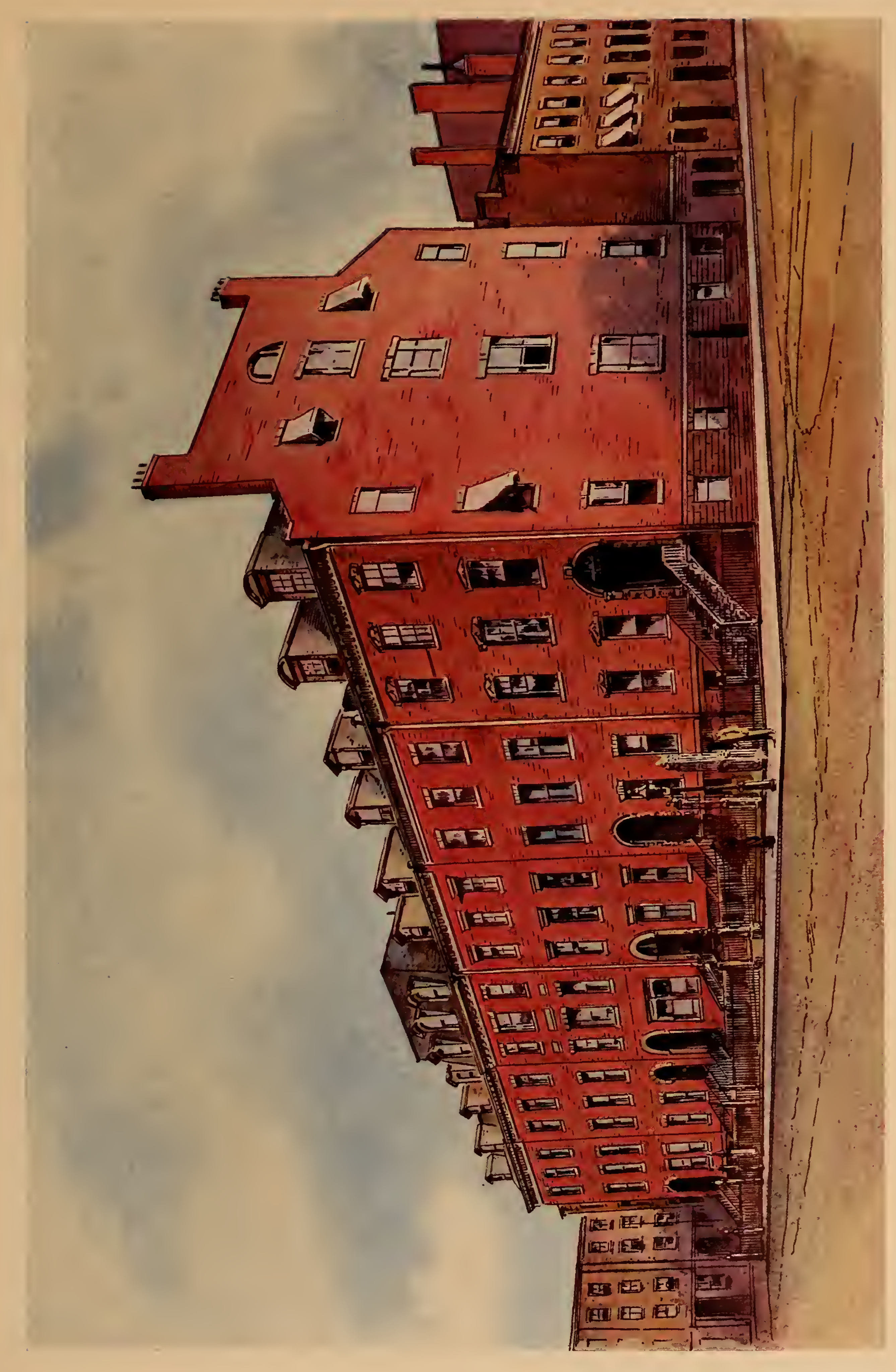
Plum Pudding [illegible]

Plum Pie [illegible]

[illegible], all kinds [illegible]

[illegible]gs, 25 ce[illegible] per night.

Open at Al[illegible] Ho[illegible]rs.



SITE OF THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDING

CIVIC CENTRE AND SURROUNDINGS, IN THE '60s AND BEFORE

The wonderful changes projected in the neighborhood of the City Hall lend an additional interest to the following account of that neighborhood fifty years ago. It is certainly a remarkable transformation.

"Steel columns now sprout heavenward where in the '40s the Mechanics' Institute School stood, near Chambers Street and Third Avenue. Many can call to mind the old building with the boys on the top floor, the girls on the second, Mr. J. B. Snook, the architect of the Grand Central Depot, 1873, on the first, and the woman who sold penny pies in the basement. Benjamin Mason was the principal, with Tracy and Metcalf, assistants. The system of education was simple; the pupils were well grounded in the three Rs, and the only frill was the singing lesson once a week, when Professor Andrews came in to train, with violin and voice, the students for the annual exhibition at the Broadway Tabernacle. While this school closed on Christmas, it was no festival day; no trees, no presents, and Santa Claus came only on New Year's Eve. Some must be still living who can recollect Dick Ware, Abe and Frank Bassford, George Long, Dan Pentz, Gilbert Wright, the Earle boys, Henry and Ed Heath, and Mayor Woodhull's son. Mayor Woodhull lived in Beekman Street, north side, between Park Row and William Street. A few doors east was a private school. Opposite it now stands a police station. The Mayor's son was killed by falling from the roof of their house while flying a kite.

"On the corner of Cliff Street was St. George's Church, whose clock supplied time for the neighborhood. Dr. Spring's Brick Church was then at the triangle, Park Row, Beekman and Nassau Streets. There was no post office then, at the south end of the park, but a large iron gate. On the Fourth of July the militia paraded; the park was filled with booths, and at night there were fireworks set off in front of the City Hall. In those days there was an iron fence around the park, and at a point nearly opposite Frankfort Street was a triangle, each leg about two feet, shut out of the park by the fence. It was understood that it was for lack of title. In war times there was an encampment of Union soldiers in the park.

"About 1865 there was at Battery Park an encampment of Confederate soldiers, unkempt and ragged, who sold souvenirs to their curious, staring visitors —brass army buttons with the palmetto and the letters 'S. C.' (South Carolina). In those days not only the City Hall fence but the fence around St. Paul's churchyard was hung with sheets of songs, martial in spirit. Among them were 'John Brown's Body,' 'Ellsworth's Avengers,' 'Marching Along,' 'Just Before the Battle, Mother,' 'Ever of Thee,' 'Nellie Gray,' 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching,' 'Year of Jubilee,' etc. On lower Broadway was an old jewelry store, known as Link's, where, during the war, a colored boy was shel-

tered, as riots frequently occurred nearby. Afterward, Mr. Link opened a jewelry store where John Daniell's now stands at Broadway and Eighth Street.

"The hotels below Chambers Street were American, corner of Park Place, afterward burned with loss of life; Astor, Franklin, Globe, City, etc., all on Broadway. Retail stores were on Maiden Lane; the wholesale district east of Broadway from Pine Street. At the corner of Broadway and Beaver Street was the large boarding house of the Misses Mix and Trip. Whitehall Street and State Street were residential. Where the Custom House now is lived some of the wealthiest citizens.

"The Harlem Railroad had its headquarters at Tryon Row, where the Brooklyn Bridge entrance now is. A small room where the Municipal Building now is being erected was its depot, ticket office and waiting room. The cars stood out in the street. When it was time for a train to start, the cars were drawn by horses up to Fourth Avenue, where the locomotive was attached. The train then went through the tunnel at Thirty-fourth Street. The roundhouse was where the Seventy-first Regiment Armory now is. From Twenty-first Street to Yorkville, Eighty-sixth Street, was a country road, rail fences, a few houses, all frame and of no pretension.

"To reach Castle Garden in those days you passed over a bridge. Grisi and Mario sang 'Norma' there. The old Winter Garden was built in the late '50s. The Lafarge House, covering the present Broadway Central, was built, and through it was the entrance to Tripler Hall, where Jenny Lind sang after singing at Castle Garden under Barnum's direction. The hotel and hall were magnificent for those days. In this hotel Jim Fisk was murdered. On the site of Tripler Hall was built the finest theatre New York had yet seen. It was intended for Laura Keene, but when finished it was found that W. E. Burton had the lease. A theatre was then built for Laura Keene on the other side of Broadway, where she coined money. Burton did not make a success, the sympathy of the public being with Miss Keene. She had a fine company: Joe Jefferson, Sothern, Agnes Robinson, Dion Boucicault and others. There was produced the 'American Cousin,' which had such a remarkable run. Julian's Band came over in the early '50s and gave its first performance at Castle Garden. There he heard the katydids, which suggested his composing the polka by that name.

"Mr. Hart was principal of Public School 3 in the early '40s. Old Man Patterson with his Scotch dialect followed Hart. Schuyler Colfax was one of the pupils about that time; so was George Melville, late an admiral in the United States navy. Among others were Bill Poole, Charley Lozier, and many other representative men. Southerland used to correspond with his schoolmates when he was a very old man. Who about that time does not remember also Ben Whitney, the orator of the school?

"Houston Street had one fine school, No. 13. Who remembers one principal, Miss Anna Hazard, now long gone? The fine old horse-chestnut tree standing in front of 172 East Houston Street was a long-remembered landmark. Old residents will recall the old German shoemaker named Stroebele who always hung his

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Fulton Street in 1849

AN EXTREMELY INTERESTING VIEW OF FULTON STREET, SHOWING THE HERALD BUILDING ON THE CORNER OF NASSAU, AND THE FIRST OFFICES OF THE NEW YORK SUN, UNDER MOSES Y. BEACH. IN ONE OF THE BUILDINGS OPPOSITE, KNOX THE HATTER OPENED HIS FIRST SHOP AND KEPT A "MUSEUM" OF HATS MADE BY HIM, WORN BY FAMOUS MEN SUCH AS WEBSTER, CLAY, LINCOLN, GRANT, SHERMAN, ETC.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR ROBERT GOELET.

shoes out on wooden hangers. He lived opposite Lincoln Hall, where Eberle, in the early '70s, was proprietor. There was Cheshire of East Houston Street, dealer in twines; old man Boehnert, sewing machines; Oechs, Saxony worsteds; old Market's confectionery, corner of the Bowery and Great Jones Street, all now pleasant recollections. The bank at Bowery and Houston Street was crowded with people waiting to see the first Third Avenue elevated train go by. There was a school at Second Street and Avenue A, called the St. Nicholas Academy. An old pump stood in those days on First Avenue, where any passerby might stop and get a cool drink. The houses of that neighborhood were equipped with old-fashioned knockers. Dr. Charles Monnell had a drug store at the corner of First Avenue and Houston Street, which is still standing. At Orchard and Houston Street an honest grocer, Schmidt, sold nearly everything by weight—onions, potatoes, apples, etc. At Houston near the Bowery, where St. Augustine's Church now stands, was an old cemetery, surrounded by a stone wall. Edward Ridley's Sons' great store at Grand and Allen Streets was the Saturday night promenade for ladies shopping. The Christmas crowds of to-day, it is claimed, are the nearest comparisons. In those days Second Avenue was shaded on both sides by huge trees, long since cut down.

"One of the old residents recounts with joyful recollection going to the Concert Hall, under the care and guidance of Artemus Ward, to see Maggie Mitchell in 'Fanchon.' All he remembered afterward of the play was the chicken flying in. Ward regaled his small companion with a lunch at one of the many basement restaurants like Crook and Duff's about Nassau and Fulton Streets, frequented by newspaper men and artists. At that time the present building on the southwest corner of Fulton Street at Broadway was a high and very fine office building, without the present mansard roof, and, of course, with no elevators. My first visits to the new Central Park, about 1860, were made in the little green cars; the bodies turned on the trucks when the end of the route was reached at Broadway and after wearing ship they started uptown. On the northwest corner of Broadway and Canal Street was the San Francisco cigar store, and as a small boy just about to read I never could remember whether it was San Francisco or Fran Sancisco. One of the great events of my boyhood was the marriage in St. Paul's Church of the dwarfs Tom Thumb and Lavinia Warren, engineered by that prince of advertisers, P. T. Barnum.

"What a sight on South Street were the majestic figureheads and massive bowsprits of great sailing vessels overhanging the roadways, and the little jibbooms nearly in the windows of the sail lofts and shipping offices on the west side of the street. From the yards hung big canvas signs announcing the sailing, while the street was placarded with big posters of the Sutton and other lines. The sights, sounds and even the smells of that part of the town were alluring to the boys of the day, delightful in their suggestion of the sea and the unknown lands beyond it. The little Old New York that ended with Twenty-third Street was a pleasant town, and many of the old timers would like to revisit it."

NEW YORK A MILITARY CAMP

CONFEDERATE PRISONERS AT THE BATTERY

Fairs, etc., for the Benefit of Soldiers' Widows—Street Scenes in the Days of the Civil War

During the dark days of the Civil War, New York was a busy city. Troops from all over the country gathered here to entrain for the front. The City Hall Park was one vast encampment for Union soldiers. Prisoners from the South were confined in Battery Park till exchanged or otherwise disposed of. Regiments were continually coming or going, sanitary fairs were constantly being held, and other efforts made to alleviate the condition of the widows and children of the soldiers. The following sketch is a good pen picture of those trying days:

"The soldiers' barracks were standing in the Battery, which was then enclosed in a tall iron spiked fence with gate openings. From State Street and Whitehall to the Staten Island Ferry all kinds of refreshments were sold from stands backed up against the fence and owned mostly by old Irish women, who smoked their dudeens in perfect composure before the passing crowds. The Confederate prisoners were a feature that impressed itself upon one's memory. They were there in '65 in great numbers, probably on their way South. The barracks were hung in mourning after Lincoln was shot, and his dead body in its funeral carriage passed along Battery Place around the Bowling Green and up Broadway to the City Hall, where it lay in state.

"The Battery then had a little beach that sloped gently into the water. About a hundred feet or more beyond the beach was a ledge of rocks, where the granite wall now stands. It has all been filled in since except the basin where the rowboats still are. There were a number of trees in the park, of which the weeping willows stand out conspicuous in memory. There were baseball grounds and a crack team, known as the Mohawks. A fellow named Taaffe was their pitcher. Old Bob Peach was then the crack rower of the world. He beat everything in sight and out of sight. He opened oysters then, as he does now, and at intervals grappled for the drowned.

"Do you recall the primary school on Stone Street just east of Whitehall Street? A Mr. Duffy, a tall, lank man, with a long, red beard, was principal. P. G. Duffy taught the highest class.

"At the old Post Office building at Cedar and Nassau Streets there was a tower from which a bell rang fire alarms, indicating by the number of its strokes the location of the fire. The children in winter used to coast down Exchange Place from Broadway to Broad Street at the peril of their lives. The ice floes used to pack so tight in the East River that people walked across in safety to Brooklyn. Gangs

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Madison Square: The Worth Monument, 1850

THE ABOVE SHOWS THE EXERCISES ATTENDING THE DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT TO WILLIAM JENKINS WORTH IN MADISON SQUARE. HE WON FAME IN THE WAR WITH MEXICO. THE PICTURE IS INTERESTING AS SHOWING TYPES OF CITIZENS, SOLDIERY, LOCAL BANDS AND REGULAR TROOPS.

IT IS ALSO VALUABLE AS SHOWING THE TYPE OF PRIVATE RESIDENCES WHICH THEN LINED THE SQUARE. THE PRESENT SITE OF THE METROPOLITAN TOWER IS SHOWN AT THE RIGHT FACING YOU, AND THE LEFT IS 26TH STREET. THE BLANK SPACE BEHIND THE MONUMENT WAS THE LOW-LYING BUILDINGS OF THE HARLEM RAILROAD DEPOT—NOW MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

FROM A RARE OLD LITHOGRAPH ISSUED TO COMMEMORATE THE EVENT.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. J. CLARENCE DAVIES

of Italians with picks and axes were employed to chop solid blocks of dirty ice out of Broadway below Fulton Street at night.

"The city was wide open then. Chatham Street was an abomination; so was lower Greenwich Street. Policy shops were all over the First Ward; even the children knew of them and what they meant. Politics was red hot. Bloodshed, even murder, was not of uncommon occurrence. The city, comparatively, is now a garden of the Lord.

"About that time two boys distinguished themselves at the explosion of the *Westfield,* a Staten Island ferryboat, that blew up one Sunday in July as it was about to leave the slip. They were wharf rats and were named Rat Conners and Red Jack Barry. They saved a number of lives, and the newspapers of the day were full of their praise. Another Barry of the old First Ward and a contemporary of Red Jack has fared better than his namesake. He is now a Major-General of the United States Army and in charge of West Point.

"Maybe some of the old New Yorkers will remember Lamartine Place, now West Twenty-ninth Street. A gentleman who lived at 21 Lamartine Place was pointed out in the draft riots as Horace Greeley, and the rioters very nearly killed him before the mistake was discovered. A copy of the *Sun,* issued Thursday, July 16, 1863, contains a brief account of this happening. I wonder what the readers of the *Sun* to-day would say if the paper appeared with such headlines as this one does, as 'Third Day of Mob Rule,' 'More Murder and Destruction,' 'Negro Killed and Hung Up,' 'Houses Robbed and Burned,' etc."

THE "HERALD'S" HOAX AND THE MOON HOAX

About thirty years ago all New York was horrified by a circumstantial account of an escape by wild beasts in Central Park. The front page of the *Herald,* with flaring headlines describing the onslaught of the infuriated beasts upon unprotected citizens, created the most intense excitement. Business men sent hurried messenger boys with instructions for none of the family to leave the house. Schools were deserted, and for several hours the city was in a veritable panic.

When the article was read to the end it was discovered to be nothing but a figment of imagination. One of the reporters had woven the story out of whole cloth, but not until the last paragraph was the trick disclosed.

Another similar hoax some years before, in which the moon was visited, created equal excitement. We quote from the latter the following:

> Up Fulton Street at the corner of Nassau Street was the publishing office of the *Sun.* Moses Y. Beach, the publisher, had just issued a wonderful story about the moon, written by a Mr. Locke. The story stated that Sir John Herschel had, by means of his large telescope at Cape of Good Hope, brought the moon to within thirty miles of the earth, and he could see plainly enough what the inhabitants were busy about and how their buildings were constructed. The story was so admirably written that it deceived thousands of people, and Cyrus W. Field, of ocean cable fame, made a bet against its truth of a fine lunch at the old Rainbow Hotel (burned down forty years ago).

SOCIAL CENTRES OF YESTERDAY

Memories of Once Fashionable Quarters

The Battery, State Street, Bowling Green, Wall Street, Hanover Square, Queen Street, Park Place, St. John's Park, Bond Street, St. Mark's Place, Washington Square

THE BATTERY AND STATE STREET, BOWLING GREEN AND BROADWAY

After the close of the Revolutionary War and the troublous years which followed the readjustment to the new order of things, the social world was more or less unsettled. Gradually order came out of chaos and the leading families settled in lower Broadway and State Street, but soon business compelled removal farther north.

Events moved so rapidly in old New York that society was sadly harassed to find a location which promised any degree of permanency. Although the Battery was then and still is to-day one of the most charming sections of the city, its popularity as a residential neighborhood was short-lived. After the old Fort was dismantled and the new administration came into power, they erected the Government House on its site when the city was for a brief period the capital of the United States. General Washington gave all his state functions in the new structure, himself residing in the Kennedy House at No. 1 Broadway. Society then clustered around lower Broadway facing Bowling Green and overflowing into Wall Street, Hanover Square, Pearl and Pine Streets. With the removal of the seat of Government to Philadelphia and subsequently to Washington, society moved a little farther north, stopping for a brief period at Greenwich Street, which for a time rejoiced in the sobriquet of Millionaires' Row. Business, however, began its relentless march and soon the social life moved up to College Place. Broadway up to Warren Street was also a delightful residential section. Sunday mornings in those days were certainly ideal. There were, perhaps, a dozen churches within easy walking distance of College Place: Trinity at the head of Wall Street, St. Paul's at Vesey Street, Dr. Mason's in Murray Street—the doctor being one of the most popular divines of the day—the Brick Presbyterian just across the Park, St. George's Chapel farther down on Beekman Street, the Methodist Church in John Street, the North Church on Fulton Street, the Middle Dutch on Nassau and the French Church on Garden Street.

At the tolling of the bells, our grandfathers and grandmothers came from all the neighboring streets and Broadway, the Park and adjacent thoroughfares taking on an air of sprightliness and vivacity during churchgoing hours that was certainly unlike anything we know of to-day. The men, in tall beaver hats, tight trousers, high rolling stocks, varicolored waistcoats and carrying stout canes, made a picturesque accompaniment to the wide-spreading crinolines, snow-white pantalettes, huge bonnets and brightly colored parasols of their wives and their cousins and their aunts. Service over, they repaired to their homes, sometimes taking an afternoon stroll into the woods and amid the streams that began where Canal Street is now.

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Fourth Avenue and 22nd Street

ST. PAUL'S METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WHICH FORMERLY STOOD ON THE CORNER OF FOURTH AVENUE AND 22ND STREET, NOW OCCUPIED BY THE UNITED CHARITIES BUILDING. A VERY RARE AND INTERESTING LITHOGRAPH, OF WHICH ONLY TWO COPIES ARE KNOWN TO EXIST — THE OTHER OWNED BY MR. ROBERT GOELET. DR. McCHESNEY WAS THE PREACHER AT THE TIME THIS VIEW WAS MADE, AND IS AFFECTIONATELY REMEMBERED BY MANY OLD FAMILIES

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR J CLARENCE DAVIES

PARK PLACE

Park Place, before its extension, was rightly styled a "place," for it was shut off on each end by the Park on the east and by the college grounds on the west. The grounds were situated on the west side of Church Street; the buildings were of brick, stuccoed, fronting south, with rear yards extending to Murray Street; the chapel, library and lecture rooms, etc., were in the centre, the projecting wings being the residence of the president and professors; and in the front was an extended open space, with fine old trees, mostly sycamore. The removal of the building was effected in 1857, two or three years after the extension of the street.

(*From an old Scrap Book in possession of Mr. R. Fulton Cutting*)

I propose now to make a start from these grounds and to take a stroll through this old place, beginning on the north side of Church Street. The first building was at one time the residence of Mr. Vanbrugh Livingston. To him succeeded Col. Trumbull, the well-known painter of portraits and historic subjects. In the year 1828 Mr. Gould Hoyt was the occupant. Of Mr. Hoyt's family the only surviving member is his eldest son Henry, who married the daughter of Judge Wm. A. Duer, once president of the college. There were besides his two sons, Lydig, who married Miss Livingston, and Gould, who married the daughter of Gen. Winfield Scott; and two daughters, Mrs. William Redmond and Mrs. Sears, of Boston.

At the adjoining house, No. 25, resided Mr. Joshua Waddington, who, after a long residence, retired to the country. It was then occupied by Mr. L. P. de Luze, who married a daughter of Thomas Ludlow Ogden, and it afterwards came into the possession of the eminent surgeon, Dr. Valentine Mott. Mr. Waddington was an Englishman and was married to a sister of Thomas Ludlow Ogden and Abraham Ogden. He was engaged in mercantile pursuits, and was associated with Alexander Hamilton and other prominent citizens in the establishment and direction of the Bank of New York, the first of our banking corporations. The late W. D. Waddington was his only son. His daughter, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, the widow of Jeremiah Van Rensselaer, M.D., and Mrs. S. Cornell Ogden, are now living.

In the adjoining house lived Alderman Augustus Lawrence with his daughters; next, Mr. Peter Schermerhorn. I can recall his four sons: Jones, who married the daughter of Philip Hone, once Mayor of New York; Augustus, married to Miss Cooper; Edmund H., and Wm. C. Schermerhorn, married to Miss Cottinet. And here I must pause to offer a passing tribute to the memory of Augustus Schermerhorn. He was my classmate in Columbia College, and looking through the vista of years, I see in him the purest and most refined youth I have ever encountered. The qualities which win respect and affection at college attracted throughout his life, cut too short, all who were brought within his influence. Two children survive him; one, Augustus, unmarried, and a daughter, married to Mr. Tilden Auchmuty.

Beyond, though perhaps not in succession, and at different periods, there lived Mr. Garret Abell, Mr. Thomas Suffern, Mr. Augustus Lawrence, Jr., Mr. Nehemiah Rogers, Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Champlin and Mr. Whitehouse, an Englishman, father of Henry, who became the Bishop of Illinois, and Edward, long known and respected in the banking circles of Wall Street.

At No. 15 in early days resided Mr. Lewis, among whose children were Horatio Gates Lewis, who married Mrs. Ludlow Ogden, counsellor at law, in his early life associated in

business with Gen. Alexander Hamilton after his retirement from the army and return to professional pursuits. Mr. Ogden was for many years a Trustee of Columbia College and Vestryman of Trinity Church, a position now held by his grandson bearing the same name. No. 11 was occupied by Mr. Ogden before his removal to No. 13 and afterwards by Mr. Henry Laight and his sister, Miss Maria Laight, and in the year 1828 by Mr. Eleazer Parmly, who practised there the profession of dentistry with a skill and knowledge unknown before in the city.

In the year 1815 there lived in the same vicinity Dr. James McNevin, who married the widow of Mr. Thom, whose daughter, Miss Anna Thom, married Thomas Addis Emmet, nephew of Robert Emmet, the Irish Patriot, and son of Thomas Addis Emmet, a distinguished counsellor at law in our city, whose monument may be seen in St. Paul's Churchyard.

Nearby resided Mr. John McKesson, whose son, bearing the same name, married Miss Suffern. Next, Mr. Main, the father of Dr. Austin Main, who married a daughter of Mr. Allison Post and resided for many years in Paris.

On the corner was Mechanics' Hall, in which lodged at different periods many respectable occupants.

In the innocent period to which I look back, there were no such convenient memories as now exist, combining perfect knowledge as to the people of the right sort, with complete ignorance as to even the existence of those of the other sort, though just as near by. On the contrary, there was a friendly feeling prevailing throughout the neighborhood; a knowledge and interest in all that was going on, especially births and deaths, and important events occurring between those final periods, such as marriages and christenings. At funerals, the houses adjoining were opened to receive the overflow of the house of death, and colored servants with napkins around the arm stood, as I well remember, at the respective doors ready to do the honors with the grace peculiar to the race, and within doors were comfortable sittings, and on the sideboard was the decanter with the old Madeira ready for support and comfort on occasions so melancholy.

The immediate neighborhood had also many well-known families. Mr. Philip Hone's house was around the corner on Broadway, between Park Place and Barclay. He had for next-door neighbors Mr. Philip Lydig, Mr. Kilian Van Rensselaer and Mr. William Schuyler. Dr. Mason's church, one of the most popular divines of the day, was on Murray Street, and was well attended by all the surrounding neighborhood. With the Brick Presbyterian Church directly across on Park Row, and St. Paul's on the corner of Broadway and Vesey Street, the neighborhood was well calculated to provide for the spiritual as well as the social needs of the vicinity.

Long before the College moved trade had made serious inroads on the old street, and before the stately old buildings were finally demolished, most of the old neighbors had gone farther uptown—some as far as Bond Street, and some even to Washington Square.

With the fountain playing in the Park just at the entrance to the Place, with the tall sycamores and elms in the College grounds, and the handsome shade trees which lined both sides of the street, quaint old aristocratic Park Place was for many years one of the show places of the town. But its period of tranquillity was doomed to an early demise. Business crept along Broadway up and down the side streets and soon society fled northward—this time a long distance—to St. John's Park. There they seemed secure from further encroachment and soon this favorite locality became the centre of the city's social life.

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Burning of Barnum's Museum, 1868

IT IS DOUBTFUL IF ANY BUILDING IN NEW YORK AT THAT TIME WAS BETTER KNOWN THAN BARNUM'S MUSEUM, AND WHEN IT BURNED DOWN IT FURNISHED A FITTING CLIMAX TO THE LONG LIST OF SENSATIONS WHICH IT HAD ALREADY CREATED. A DEAD WHALE LAY IN THE STREETS FOR TWO DAYS AFTER THE FIRE, AND A MARBLE STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA PERCHED BLITHELY AMONG THE BLACKENED RUINS FOR A WEEK.

SO THOROUGHLY DID BARNUM EXPLOIT HIS CATASTROPHE THAT IT ULTIMATELY BECAME A TRIUMPH. THE MUSEUM STOOD ON THE CORNER OF BROADWAY AND ANN STREET, WHERE THE ST. PAUL BUILDING NOW IS.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR HENRY MORGENTHAU.

ST. JOHN'S PARK

The streets immediately adjoining the Park and the church were the most favored localities. Varick Place took the lead. At No. 1 lived Mr. John Aspinwall; No. 2, Mr. Philip Henry; No. 3, Mr. G. R. Berry, James Loved, Willie Gorg; No. 4, Mr. G. T. Plum; at No. 6, Mr. P. V. King; 7, H. W. D. Olson; 8, Samuel Coleman; 9, Moses Henriques; 10, Alexander Frazier; 11, Mr. J. L. Pratt; 12, Mr. John Wordsworth; 13, Mr. Abraham Van Nest; 14, Mr. S. S. Benedict; 16, Mr. James Adriance; 18, Ezra Wheeler, and 20, Ebenezer Hoyt.

On Beach Street, among others, were Mr. George Griffen, Mr. C. G. Smedberg, Mr. Wm. Kemble, Mr. Daniel Lord, Jr., Mr. George de Forrest, and Mr. Robert Hyslop.

The Park at that time stretched from the Church to Hudson Street, and, as can be seen from our illustration, was a delightful spot with its tall sycamore and chestnut trees and its abundant flowers. For a long time this neighborhood held undisputed sway as the leading social centre, but with the sale of the Park to the New York Central Railroad for a freight station, its glory rapidly departed and once more migration resumed its northern march.

Depau Row on Bleecker Street between Thompson and Sullivan—convenient to the Park—was a very distinguished block. Mr. A. T. Stewart, the great dry-goods merchant, lived at No. 6; Mr. H. A. Schiff, Mr. T. O. Fowler, Sylvie de Grasse Depau in No. 2, and Mr. P. M. Wetmore in No. 1. For a long time Depau Row was one of the show places in town. Its architecture was in decided contrast to anything else in the city and it retained its social prestige for many years.

St. John's Chapel itself, on Varick Street, was completed in 1807, at an unparalleled cost for that day. The ground upon which it stood was part of King's Farm, granted by Queen Anne to Trinity Church. St. John's was modelled after St. Martin's in the Fields of London, as had been St. Paul's at Broadway and Fulton Street. The organ, which was built in Philadelphia, was captured *en route* by the British cruiser *Plantagenet* in the War of 1812, and was in London for several years until a ransom of $2,000.00 was paid. (We append a rather quaint account of this incident copied from the daily press of that period.) The church bell and the clock were imported from England before the War of 1812.

(From the Weekly Register of Baltimore)

Contemptible.—Many of the little craft captured by the *Plantagenet*, of seventy-four guns, are ransomed at the price of from one to two hundred dollars each. A great business this, for a ship of the line! Among its captures was a vessel with an organ for one of the Episcopal churches in New York. Now, a gentleman might suppose that this article would have passed harmless. No; no; they who robbed the church at Hampton, demanded and received for its ransom $2,000. I ask emphatically—and let every one answer the question—Is there any officer in the American navy that would do this thing? The commander of a row-boat pirateer would despise it.

BOND STREET

This short street, running only from Broadway to Third Avenue, made up by the prominence of its occupants for any physical deficiency. The famous Samuel Ward lived on the corner of Broadway and Bond. The first Circulating Library in the city was organized in this street, by the ladies of the Sunday School of Grace Church.

Great Jones Street, a block above and which is included in the Bond Street district, contained the residence of Mr. Philip Hone, Mayor of the city in 1824, and whose delightful "Diary" has given us the most accurate picture of New York social life in the early years of the nineteenth century. Next to him lived his brother, Mr. Robert Hone. These homes were the rendezvous of all the leading men and women of the day in society and letters, and Mr. Philip Hone also entertained nearly every visitor of prominence who came from abroad. His "Diary" is at once the most informing and illuminating book of its time, and a perusal is even at this late day replete with interest to the student of old New York.

Up from Bond Street came Lafayette Place, the site chosen by John Jacob Astor after his removal from Broadway. His home stood south of where the old Library was—now about 417 Lafayette Street. On the corner of Astor Place and Lafayette was the home of his married daughter, Mrs. Woodbury Langdon. This building was torn down in 1875 to make room for J. J. Little's Printing House.

Along Lafayette Place was a row of houses flanked by a line of columns. This later became celebrated as "Colonnade Row" and is still standing (1913), but in a rather dilapidated condition.

But again business encroached and the social centre moved to St. Mark's Place on the east and to Washington Square on the west.

ST. MARK'S PLACE IN THE FIFTIES

The hand of Time has fallen heavily upon beautiful St. Mark's Place, as it has fallen on all the former residential sections of the city, and where some of our most representative families once lived, the moving picture and garish cafés now hold full sway, and make it difficult for even memory and imagination to restore the splendors of yesterday.

Fifty or sixty years ago St. Mark's Place was at the height of its glory. Mr. D. Anthon lived on the corner of Tenth Street and Second Avenue. He was for many years the rector of old St. Mark's Church and died in charge of that parish. On the northwest corner of Eleventh Street and Second Avenue Mr. P. G. Stuyvesant had his residence, and two doors north lived Mr. D. Ellis, whose five sons fought in the Battle of Bull Run, two of whom were afterwards killed during the war. The garden of Mr. Bruen, who lived in the granite house now occupied by a café, was well-nigh famous, and extended to near Ninth Street, on the corner of which lived Dr. Rippen. Mrs. N. W. Stuyvesant lived on the east side of Second Avenue between Eighth and Ninth Streets; on the corner next to her dwelt Benjamin Winthrop, and near Ninth Street Mr. Hamilton Fish had his home. He was among the first to leave the neighborhood, and built a very fine residence on the block between Seventeenth and Eighteenth Streets on Second Avenue, the ground of which is now occupied by the Lying-in Hospital built by the late Mr. J. P. Morgan. The fine house of Mr. Eugene Keteltas occupied the corner of St. Mark's Place and Second Avenue, which until within the past year was occupied by Miss Alice Keteltas. Next to the Keteltases lived Mr. Reuben Withers. At number 145 Stuyvesant Place, which was part of St. Mark's Place, lived Mr. Joseph Kernochan, and at number 127 lived Mr. Schuyler Livingston. Mr. Gerard Stuyvesant resided at number 124 Second Avenue, or number 126 as it now is, in which house the present Mr. A. Van Horne Stuyvesant was born. This old mansion has now fallen from its once high estate and is a moving picture theatre. The Mortimer family lived next door, and just below was the

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An Important View from Brooklyn Heights

THE SKY LINE OF NEW YORK AS SEEN FROM BROOKLYN HEIGHTS IN 1825, SHOWN ABOVE, IS A VASTLY DIFFERENT THING FROM WHAT WE SEE TO-DAY; AND THE HOMES ON THE HEIGHTS IN BROOKLYN WERE ALSO STRANGELY DIFFERENT. THE SHIPPING IN THE RIVER IS EXTREMELY INTERESTING, AS ARE ALSO THE PIGEONS AND RURAL AIR OF THIS HOME ON THE HEIGHTS. THIS IS ONE OF THE FAMOUS AQUATINTS BY BENNETT, OF WHICH VERY FEW COPIES EXIST. THE ORIGINAL COPPER PLATE RECENTLY DISCOVERED IS OWNED BY MR. HARRIS D. COLT, WHO HAS HAD IT CLEANED AND FRAMED FOR HIS COLLECTION.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. HERBERT L. PRATT.

Brown home. In Stuyvesant Place were the residences of L. W. Wells, Mr. George Kinney, Eli Benedict, H. W. Livingston, I. H. Abeel, G. J. Leeds, W. B. Brewster, M. M. Quackenbos, P. L. Chauncey, William Hoze, J. E. Edgar and C. O. Halsted. Ah, surely, those were palmy days for old St. Mark's!

WASHINGTON SQUARE

The North Side of Washington Square still bids defiance to the encroachments of trade, the advent of cliff dwellers, and the hordes of aliens who disport themselves in the park, where formerly only the blue bloods were permitted to mingle. Three sides of the quadrangle have already surrendered, but the fourth remains obdurate. It is pathetic—this last desperate stand of the Knickerbockers—but at the same time inspiring.

They and their families are not unused to such experiences. They can remember their grandmothers' talk of Bowling Green, State Street, College Place, St. John's Park, Bond Street, Lafayette Place and other strongholds of fashionable society—all of them long ages ago abandoned and surrendered to the ruthless onslaught of commerce.

Time was, and not so long ago, when Washington Square was the *ultima thule* of all things fashionable. It was the home of all that was most desirable in New York Society. It contained more families bearing old names than any other section of the city, and, in fact, to live in Washington Square was tantamount to a select niche in the inner shrines of New York's most exclusive circles. And to this day there still remain some of the best known names in the city—De Forest, Tailers, Rhinelanders, Heckschers, Stewarts, Duncans, etc., etc.

Some few years ago the old New York University Buildings were finally removed to make room for a business building. When the University was new, all the four sides of Washington Square were occupied by substantial three and four story brick houses of ample width. Stately trees lined the streets and the Square itself was a place of endless delight with its tall sycamores and velvety lawns. Here came the Seventh and other regiments to have their open air parade and exhibition drills. Such occasions were gala days in the old Square, the memory of which is graciously cherished.

A man on an income of thirty or fifty thousand dollars a year in those days was considered very wealthy. The coachman and footmen were not above acting as butlers and waiters on occasion, and the nursemaids would turn to and help the other servants on occasions of hospitality. The groom did many other things than merely tend the horses—he brought wood for the fires, cleaned windows and made himself generally useful. Six servants were considered sufficient for a well-appointed household, and there were no such niceties of distinction in household service as exist to-day. Most of the houses had their own stables and gardens attached and all the work incident to their upkeep was performed without outside assistance. The rooms above the stable made comfortable quarters for the coachman and his family, with accommodations for others when needed.

Elaborate country residences in addition to the town house were not imperative then as they are to-day. A short visit to Newport during the season in a modest rented cottage was sufficient, interspersed with an occasional trip to Europe. Far Rockaway and Long Branch were considered fashionable resorts nearby, while Saratoga, Richfield Springs and the Hudson River were eminently proper as social centres.

An idea of the importance of Rockaway as a fashionable resort may be gained from the fact that a subscription was completed for building a Marine Pavilion at Rockaway, as an

elegant place of summer resort. Some seventy gentlemen subscribed five hundred dollars each, the list including such names as Prime, Ray, King, Hone, Cruger, Howland, Suffern, Coster, Hoyt, Schermerhorn, Crosby, Whitney, Newbold, Gihon, Parish, Thorne, Grinnell, Suydam, Kissam, Heckscher, Cutting, Livingston, Stuyvesant, etc., but notwithstanding these names and the expectations of success, this resort, though established according to the plan and being a delightful place, never prospered. New Yorkers of fashion, including most of the subscribers, soon after abandoned Rockaway as too near the town.

The summer season was short—August being the only real holiday month. Vacations from business were practically unknown, and the schools kept open through July. A few weeks during the worst of the heated term were about all that was expected, and by September vacation would end.

The denizens of the Square to-day on the North Side can recall those days quite clearly. It is not ancient history to them. Some have changed with the times. Others have remained about the same.

But the north is not the only side of the Square. On the south tower great loft buildings, occupied by the factories of garment makers where imposing private residences formerly stood. On the west, impertinent apartment houses and studio buildings flaunt themselves, their newness seeming to scoff and jeer at the old, like naughty lads ridiculing a prophet's baldness. But it is a question whether this stiff newness is more painful than the old broken-down buildings bordering the south, decrepit and ancient, occupied by saloons, cheap table-d'hôtes and rooming houses.

Nor is the present the only side of the Square. In "Cyril Greene" Mr. Theodore Winthrop gives another side—the bleak desolation of winter days when the old park began to degenerate from its former estate. In later days came the breadline, though since discontinued, when the derelicts of society came to receive the pittance of charity from those more fortunate. And soundly sleep those who were buried there long before Washington Square became fashionable, whom all of these changes have failed to disturb, for, like others of New York's squares, this was a pauper burial place.

The Washington Arch was erected in 1889 during the Centennial celebration for which Mr. William Rhinelander Stewart deserves due credit as originator. It serves as a sort of dividing line at which Goths and Vandals of downtown New York swerve to the east and west and leave Fifth Avenue unmolested.

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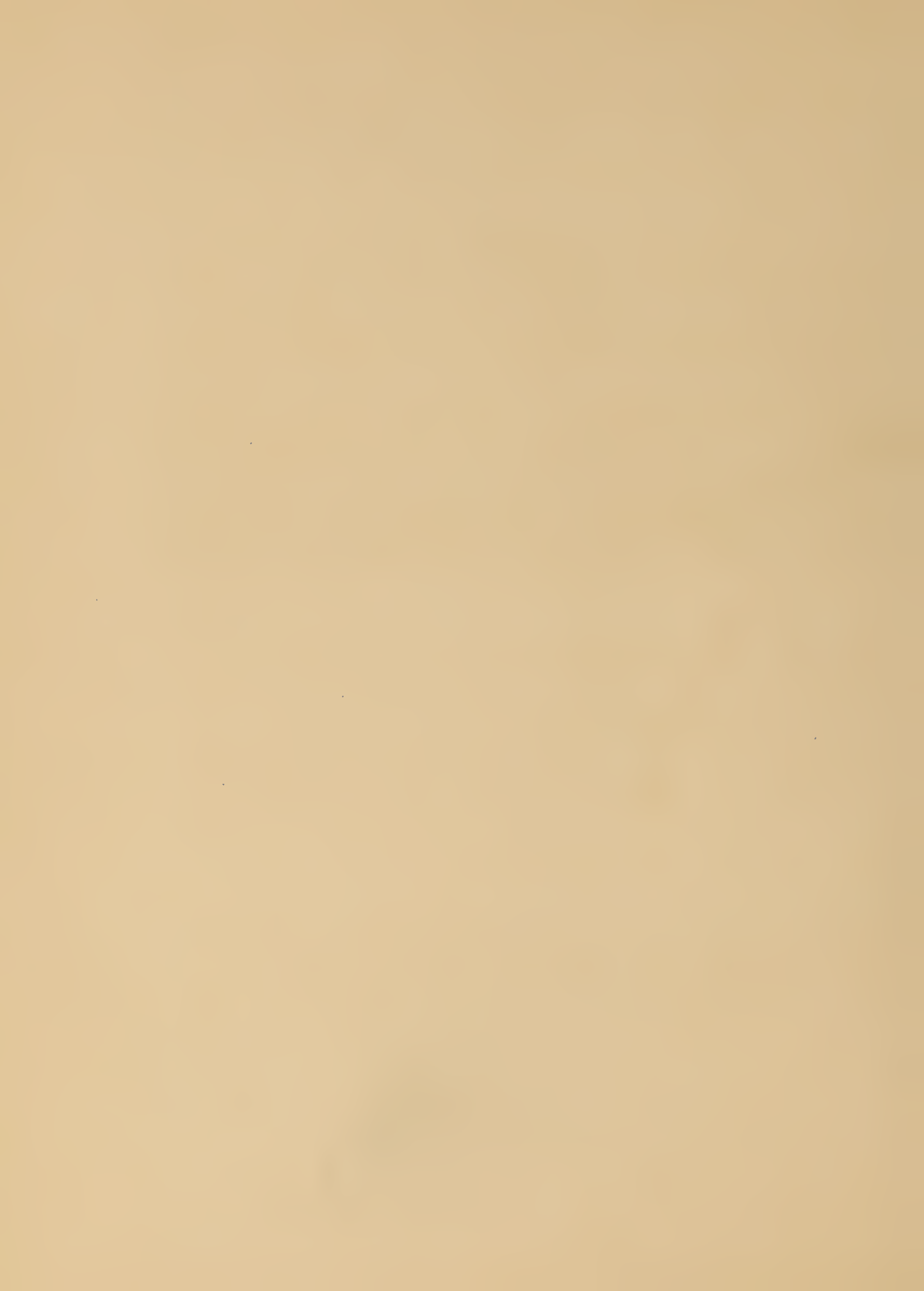
John Street Methodist Church, 1768

THIS IS THE CRADLE OF METHODISM IN AMERICA. THE ORIGINAL BUILDING STOOD ON THIS SAME SITE BACK IN 1768. THE CHURCH WAS STARTED IN A SAIL LOFT AT 120 WILLIAM STREET BY BARBARA HECK, WILLIAM EMBURY AND CAPTAIN WEBB, AND WAS THE FIRST OF THAT DENOMINATION. IT IS ONE OF THE VERY OLDEST CHURCHES IN AMERICA.

ALMOST ACROSS THE STREET, AT 15-21, STOOD ALSO THE FIRST THEATRE BUILT IN NEW YORK—THE "ROYAL." MAJOR ANDRE PERFORMED HERE IN PRODUCTIONS OF HIS OWN DURING THE REVOLUTION, AND "HAIL COLUMBIA" WAS PLAYED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HONOR OF WASHINGTON; BY FYLES, ITS COMPOSER. JOE JEFFERSON MADE HIS FIRST APPEARANCE HERE, ALSO.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. N. F. PALMER



SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF GREENWICH VILLAGE

By Euphemia M. Olcott

The contact of our family with Greenwich Village dates back to the days of my great-grandfather, the Rev. John M. Mason, D.D., of the Presbyterian Church in Murray Street, who lived for some time at what became the corner of Eleventh Street and Sixth Avenue. I never saw him, but visited the house in my childhood, when it was occupied by an old Mr. Pringle, who was a friend of the family. My mother was born away out in the country, on Lovers' Lane on the Oothout Farm, where her grandfather had rented a house to take his family out of the reach of cholera, then prevalent in the city. She was born on the third of August, 1819—a contemporary of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. Her birthplace was a frame house with hip roof. In after years a brick front was put on and the hip roof was straightened up with bricks. The house was divided into two, and became either 32 and 34 West Twentieth Street, or 34 and 36—I am not sure which. Only a dozen years ago, when business made its inroads into that section, I discovered workmen razing the building, and the next one having been previously demolished, I could see the outline of the old roof and some of the original clapboards. Much to the amazement of the laborers I asked for and secured some pieces of these clapboards and distributed sections of them at our family dinner table on the next Thanksgiving Day. My mother grew up at the corner of Fulton and Nassau Streets, her father being the Rev. John Knox, D.D., whose pastorate of forty years was in the Collegiate Dutch Church. She often visited in Greenwich Village, both at her grandfather's and at the home of Mr. Abraham Van Nest, which had been built and originally occupied by Sir Peter Warren. But she never thought of going *so far* for less than a week! There was a city conveyance for part of the way, and then the old Greenwich stage enabled them to complete the long journey. This ran several times a day, and when my mother committed her hymn,

> "Hasten, sinner, to be be wise,
> Ere this evening's stage be run,"

she told us that for some years it never occurred to her that it could mean anything in the world but the Greenwich stage. Mr. Van Nest's house was as dear to my young days as to those of my mother. It was a square frame house on a slight elevation in the midst of land bounded by Fourth and Bleecker, Charles and Perry Streets. It was the country residence of a gentleman, with flower and vege-

table gardens, a stable, a cow, chickens, pigeons and a peacock, all dear to childish hearts. And likewise

> "In that mansion used to be
> Free-hearted hospitality."

From its doors many children had married and gone forth before my time came, and the mother I never knew. But "old Mr. Van Nest," a faithful elder in our church, one especially liberal in his ideas of what the ministers ought to receive, and his daughter, Miss Katherine Van Nest, made many young hearts happy, not only the returning grandchildren, but those who, like myself, could present only claims of friendship with kinship. A large hall ran through the house and a large mahogany table stood there, and this was *always* furnished with a large silver cake-basket full of delicious sponge-cake, a batch of which must have been made every morning, I am sure, by the colored cook. And from this basket we were urged—no! we never needed *urging*—we were permitted to help ourselves—*and we did.* This was just for ordinary days, but yearly, at least, there was a children's party where mirth and jollity reigned and all old-fashioned games were played and every child carried home a charming little gift. A party dress then was—I remember one such very distinctly from my pride in its acquisition—a red merino, short enough to show the white pantalettes which went down to our ankles, and over it a dotted Swiss muslin apron with straps over the shoulders. And we felt just as fine as the more bedizened little creatures of to-day—and I yield to no generations, before our days or since, in the good times we had.

It was in 1843 that my mother married, her father then being resident at the corner of Fourth and Mercer Streets. There I was born in 1844, and when I was two months old I was carried to her home, where I still reside. This is in Thirteenth Street, west of Sixth Avenue. There was a drugstore, kept by Mrs. M. Giles, on the corner, and beyond that lot began a row of dwelling houses of which my father bought the fifth, but latterly business has absorbed four of these, so that we are now the first residence on the block. It was *very* far uptown in those days—there is a letter still extant which predicts that my mother will never see her old friends, for they cannot go so far up—and it was thought *very* narrow, being only twenty feet wide. Oilcloth was in those days laid in the halls, but my grandfather advised against it, saying, "Throw down a strip of carpet, Helen; you won't stay here five years." She stayed sixty-five, until she was within two months of ninety years, when she went to her home above. Nine children were born there, one of whom made a very brief stay in this world—but eight of us grew up, four boys and four girls, a natural, wholesome, noisy, merry set of youngsters, whose old-fashioned ways would doubtless amaze the succeeding generations. Just to mention one thing—no Sunday paper has ever been delivered at our door.

The location, considered from a sanitary point of view, has always been excellent; in fact, it was a knowledge of this that determined its choice. The Croton water was in the house, and even a bath-tub, but no stationary tubs for a good many years, and well do I remember seeing the maids on Monday afternoon carry-

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New York's First Hotel. About 1789

ON THE SITE OF THE RESIDENCE OF MR. PETER DELANCEY ON BROADWAY, ABOVE TRINITY CHURCH, WAS ERECTED THE FIRST REGULAR HOTEL IN OUR CITY. IT WAS AN IMPOSING STRUCTURE FOR SO YOUNG A METROPOLIS, AND FOR A LONG TIME WAS THE LARGEST AND MOST CONSPICUOUS BUILDING IN NEW YORK. IT IS A NOTED FEATURE IN ST. MEMIN'S PANTOGRAPH (PUBLISHED IN PARIS, 1798), WHICH WAS THE FIRST "SKY LINE" VIEW OF NEW YORK. A REFERENCE TO THE QUAINT OLD LITHOGRAPH ABOVE SHOWS THAT IT WAS JUSTLY ENTITLED TO THE FAME WHICH IT ACHIEVED, BOTH AS A BUILDING AND AS A HOTEL OF THE VERY FIRST RANK. PRIOR TO THIS TIME TAVERNS AND PRIVATE HOUSES WERE THE ONLY PLACES TO WHICH A TRAVELLER MIGHT REPAIR FOR SHELTER, AND THE CITY HOTEL WAS A VAST IMPROVEMENT. AFTER A LONG CAREER OF UNUSUAL PROSPERITY, DURING WHICH TIME IT WAS THE SCENE OF THE FAMOUS "BACHELORS' BALL," THE ONE GREAT SOCIETY EVENT OF THE SEASON, AND ENTERTAINED NEARLY ALL THE DISTINGUISHED VISITORS TO NEW YORK, OFFICIALLY AND SOCIALLY, IT WAS TURNED INTO AN OFFICE BUILDING, THE PARK VIEW HOTEL, OR ASTOR HOUSE, MUCH FURTHER UPTOWN, 1835, SUCCEEDING TO ITS PATRONAGE AND PRESTIGE. THE WELL-REMEMBERED BOREEL BUILDING SUCCEEDED THE OFFICE BUILDING. NOW THE SITE OF THE MAGNIFICENT TWIN OFFICE BUILDINGS, TRINITY (No 111) AND UNITED STATES REALTY (No. 115).

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. J. C. BREVOORT.

ing out the round tubs and emptying them into the gutter, and great was our glee if the water soused a great black pig from its siesta—for these creatures roamed at large and were the only scavengers of any consequence.

Well do I remember also the introduction of gas and how we followed our father from room to room as he triumphantly lit each burner. It was a frolic after that on winter evenings to shuffle across the carpet and light the gas with an electric spark from the tips of our fingers, I being the one most usually successful in this feat.

Our back yard—about 40 x 60 feet—contained a peach tree, an apricot tree and a grape-vine. These bore plentifully and our peaches took a prize one year at the American Institute Fair. We also had beautiful roses and many other flowers. From one back window we could look up to Fifteenth Street and Sixth Avenue, where a frame Lutheran church stood, the singing of whose hymns we could distinctly hear on Sunday afternoons. The frame church was replaced by a stone one, but that was long since swept away by the onrush of business. Where the armory now stands, there was a marble yard, and it was one of our pleasures to pick up bits of the marble and use them for sharpening the then necessary but now obsolete slate-pencil. Just above Fourteenth Street on the west side of Sixth Avenue was a plot of ground, surrounded by a high wooden fence—and in this was a building from which I first learned the French word "crêche." It was, of course, a day nursery and we used to stop at the fence and watch the little tots whose blue-checked gingham aprons I can still see. Ours was a neighborhood of young married people with constantly increasing families—the news of "a new baby at our house" being frequently heralded. We all knew each other and played together in the little court-yards, on the balconies or on the front stoops. Paper doll families experienced all the vicissitudes of our own families, pin wheels at certain seasons were exposed on the balconies and sold for pins, small fairs were gotten up for charities, valentines were exchanged, and when the great revival of 1857-8 surged through the city, there were neighborhood children's prayer meetings held from house to house. When more active pursuits were craved, there was always opportunity to jump the rope or roll the hoople, and several of us achieved the coveted distinction of running entirely round the block, through Sixth Avenue to Fourteenth Street, thence to Seventh Avenue and back to Thirteenth Street without letting the hoople drop. Farther afield was Union Square, to which our nurses accompanied us—a high fence surrounded it and dogs were excluded. I do not recall any pump there, but in "The Parade Ground" (Washington Square) I frequently turned at the pump and quenched my thirst from the public tin cup without any fears of germs or any disastrous results. In my grandfather's backyard at Fourth and Mercer Streets there was also a pump—and to this day I do not understand physics well enough to know *why* was poured a dipper full of water *into* the pump before we could draw any, but we were always rewarded with a copious flow.

Fourteenth Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues I have seen with three sets of buildings—first, shanties near Sixth Avenue from the rear of which it was rumored a bogy would be likely to pursue and kidnap us. I remember the man from whom we fled; he was a chimney-sweep of somewhat fierce aspect but I doubt extremely that he had any malicious propensities. These shanties were followed by fine brownstone residences, and at the corners of Fifth Avenue lived Mr. I. M. Halsted, who had a garden, Mr. Myndert Van Schank, chief eigineer for years of the Croton Aqueduct, Mr. Moses N. Grinnell, and Mr. Hemming, and perhaps earlier, Mr. Suffern. Some of these, however, I think came when there had ceased to be a *village*. Later on came business into Fourteenth Street—but I am passing the village period and getting into the time of the Civil War. I must not begin on those memories for they would never end, and there was no longer any Greenwich Village.

The old days were good, but I believe in every step of progress, and in spite of din and roar, in spite of crowds, in spite of the foreign population crowding into what long continued to be the American section of the city, I *still* lift my head with St. Paul and say, "I am a citizen of no mean city."

HOW THE NEWS OF THE FALL OF VICKSBURG REACHED GREENWICH VILLAGE

The Civil War covered the most impressionable part of my life. Well do I remember being roused by the "Extras" in the night which proclaimed the original attack upon Sumter. I sprang from my bed, and from the third story hall saw my mother gazing up from the second, asking, "Do you hear? It has come." Then followed the four years of such living as we hope and believe our country will never see again. Of course, every day saw the enlistment of relatives and friends—of course I stood in the street and saw the Seventh and the Twenty-second regiments of the N. Y. militia go off—with *many* friends of my own age going with them. I may say parenthetically that, after fifty years, I saw, from the same spot in Lafayette Place, the Seventh Regiment start over the same route, the veterans either on foot or in carriages. And from the old Oriental Hotel, kept by the same ladies, floated the *same* flag—with the *stars* all there, saluted alike by veteran and the boys of to-day.

In those days there was great intimacy between our family and the Roosevelts, and we always witnessed parades from the house of Mr. C. V. S. Roosevelt, grandfather of "Teddy," at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Broadway, with a garden stretching down towards Thirteenth Street, through whose green gate we entered when the stoop was crowded by the public. From those windows I saw the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII, and from that roof I gazed upon the immense mass meeting which expressed the loyalty of the North, which was memorably addressed by Henry Ward Beecher, and the scarcely less

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Wall Street About 1845

HERE WE HAVE AN INTERESTING VIEW OF WALL STREET AT AN IMPORTANT TRANSITION STAGE. AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF 1835, THIS STREET WAS REBUILT IN A MUCH MORE SUBSTANTIAL MANNER —THE BUILDINGS HAVING A MORE OR LESS ARCHITECTURAL MERIT AND IN KEEPING WITH THE GROWING IMPORTANCE OF THE STREET AS A BUSINESS CENTRE. THE SOUTH SIDE STILL SHOWS AN ALMOST UNBROKEN ROW OF PRIVATE DWELLINGS, AND A TREE STILL ADORNS THE SIDEWALK WHERE NOW STANDS THE BANKERS' TRUST COMPANY.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. N. F. PALMER.

eloquent George W. Bethune, D.D. I remember how on that day we gazed a little doubtfully at the mother of President Roosevelt—lovely and dear always—because, forsooth, she came from Georgia!

The call of the President for 75,000 troops met with instant response, and from all sections of the country we kept hearing of relations and friends who were expecting speedily to advance "On to Richmond." Alas! it took the disastrous Bull Run and many similar events to make us realize that it was not a three months' war. Many, many friends never came back, and when, years afterwards, I heard Joseph Cook say, "I belong to a decimated generation," I knew that he and I were contemporaries.

But there were victories—as I write these words, the fiftieth anniversary of Gettysburg is being celebrated. All through the first, second and third days of July, 1863, we kept getting word of success. On the night of the Fourth we were on our roof, watching the skyrockets, *not* then concealed by skyscrapers, and the sound of extras arose. "More news from Gettysburg," we cried, and hastened down, my father being the first to get to the street. From the front door he shouted, "It isn't Gettysburg—*Vicksburg* has surrendered"—and of course our joy knew no bounds. Then followed an illumination—how often I think of it as I go along the "great white way"—for electricity was then only harnessed to telegraph wires and a little tallow dip in each pane satisfied our ideas of brilliancy.

On the nineteenth of that July I left New York with a merry party for a summer outing in New Hampshire. At Bellows Falls we had to wait for a train from Boston, and when it came, there were extras again. And lo! they told us of the draft riots in New York, which had been so peaceful that morning. My father was still in the city, and of course he did patrol work, as every one else did who was on the right side.

I have not spoken of the great fair of the Sanitary Commission, and I am not sure in which year it occurred, but all women and girls consecrated their time and their money, with what results the world knows. Nor have I mentioned how boys and girls alike scraped lint and rolled bandages and made "Havelocks" during classes in school—and doubtless sent them off laden with germs which would make the surgeons of to-day shudder and turn pale. So we lived—and at last the troops *did* get to Richmond and the day of great rejoicing came. And after the assassination of our President, ah me! I sometimes think the gay and happy young people of the next generation have not known what living means, even if they did have a bit of a taste of war during that hot summer when we liberated Cuba and took upon ourselves the responsibility of the Philippines.

GREENWICH VILLAGE IN HISTORY

An Old-time Beauty Spot on Manhattan Island—Still Lovingly Referred to by Its Former Residents as "the Village"—Many Prominent New Yorkers Born There.

Admiral Sir Peter Warren was in New York in 1744. He had then returned from Martinique, where he had captured many French and Spanish prizes with his squadron of sixteen sailing craft. These were sold for him by Stephen De Lancey & Co., and netted him a considerable fortune, and it is said that he bought his Greenwich farm of three hundred acres with a part of the money. At any rate, the rise of Greenwich is attributed to Sir Peter, who married the daughter of his sales agent, Susannah De Lancey. Abingdon Square, with its little park, is a memento of the Warren farm, the oldest of Sir Peter's three daughters having married the Earl of Abingdon for whom the Square is named. Abijah Hammond became the owner of the farm after the death of the vice-admiral, and in 1819 Mr. Van Nest purchased from him the mansion, with the square bounded by Fourth, Bleecker, Perry and Charles Streets. In 1865 the house was torn down, and most of the present houses were erected on its site.

No more bewildering confusion of street formation exists anywhere than in this section of the city, where was once old Greenwich. An example is Fourth Street, which crosses Tenth, Eleventh and Twelfth Streets at very nearly right angles. Other streets start all right, run for a block or two with regularity, and then take unreasonable turns, or else bring one up before a brick wall. This condition may be attributed to the fantastic ideas of the owners of land in that section in the early period of the city's growth. When a short cut from one place to another was desired they cut a lane, and perhaps another to some part of the farm land, leaving, with what improved conditions the city has made in street-making there, a tangled network of the old and the new that will not assimilate.

Greenwich Road followed the line of the present Greenwich Street, along the shore front, and led to Greenwich Village. While in dry weather most of the route was good ground, in wet weather, especially in the region of the Lispenard salt meadows, which then lay north and south of the present Canal Street, and of the marshy valley of Minetta Creek (about Charlton Street), it was difficult of access. An inland road was therefore approved in 1768 from the Post Road (the present Bowery) to what is now Astor Place, then to Waverly Place, then to Greenwich Avenue. Two sections of this road exist to-day: Astor Place, and Greenwich Avenue between Eighth and Fourteenth Streets. The rest is obliterated.

The open space at Astor Place is a part of the road to Greenwich known as Monument Lane, or "road to the Obelisk," because at its northern extremity,

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State Street and the Battery, 1820

THE HOUSES IN THE FOREGROUND WERE THE RESIDENCES OF THE COLE FAMILY, ARCHIBALD GRACIE, JONATHAN OGDEN, ROBERT LIVINGSTON. DURING THE EARLY PART OF THE LAST CENTURY IN THE CORNER HOUSE FULTON MADE HIS PRELIMINARY PLANS FOR THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL STEAMBOAT, THE "CLERMONT." NO SECTION OF NEW YORK WAS MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN STATE STREET, COMMANDING, AS IT DID, A BEAUTIFUL VIEW OF THE BAY, AND FOR A LONG TIME IT WAS THE MOST FASHIONABLE REGION IN TOWN.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. J. H. JORDAN.

or where is now Eighth Avenue and Fifteenth Street, General Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, had a memorial erected to him. The lane extended from the Bowery to Washington Square, turned northwest and skirted Greenwich Village. At Jefferson Market, where Greenwich Avenue joins Sixth Avenue, the reader will find the last section of the inland road.

No more healthful location exists in New York than what was once the site of the village. The epidemics of virulent diseases that attacked the old city found no lodgment in Greenwich. This healthfulness is due to the fact that the underlying soil of the district to a depth of at least fifty feet is a pure sand, and provides excellent natural drainage.

Bank Street is reminiscent of the yellow fever epidemic in 1798, in that the Bank of New York and a branch of the Bank of the United States purchased two plots of eight city lots each in Greenwich Village, far away from the city proper, to which they could remove in case of being placed in danger of quarantine. In 1799 two houses were erected on them, and in September of the same year the banks were removed to the village, and gave the name to the present street, which was then a lane. The year 1822 saw another influx of population to Greenwich Village because of its healthfulness. "The town fairly exploded and went flying beyond its borders, as though the pestilence had been a burning mine. The city presented the appearance of a town besieged. From daybreak till night one line of carts, containing merchandise and effects, were seen moving toward Greenwich Village and the upper parts of the city. Carriages and hacks, wagons and horsemen, were scouring the streets and filling the roads. Temporary stores and offices were erecting. Even on Sunday carts were in motion, and the saw and hammer busily at work. Within a few days thereafter (September) the Custom House, the Post Office, the bank, the insurance offices and the printers of newspapers located themselves in the village, or in the upper part of Broadway, where they were free from the impending danger, and these places almost instantaneously became the seat of the immense business usually carried on in the great metropolis." This epidemic "caused the building up of many streets with numerous wooden buildings, for the uses of the merchants, banks, offices, etc." An old authority says that he "saw corn growing on the present corner of Hammond (West Eleventh) and Fourth Streets on a Saturday morning, and on the following Monday Sykes and Niblo had a house erected capable of accommodating three hundred boarders. Even the Brooklyn ferryboats ran up here daily."

Three remnants of Greenwich Village are the two old frame dwellings at the southwest corner of Eleventh Street and Sixth Avenue, and the triangular graveyard near the corner, the second place of burial owned by the Jews on the island. When Eleventh Street was opened almost the whole of the Jewish burial ground was swept away. The street went directly across it, leaving only the corner on its south side and a still smaller corner on its north side.

A walk through the heart of this interesting locality—the American quarter, from Fourteenth Street down to Canal, west of Sixth Avenue—will reveal a moral and physical cleanliness not found in any other semi-congested part of New

York; an individuality of the positive sort transmitted from generation to generation; a picturesqueness in its old houses, "standing squarely on their right to be individual" alongside those of modern times, and above all else, a truly American atmosphere reminiscent of the town when it was a village.

Elsewhere in this book we have given an extended account of Richmond Hill, Aaron Burr's home in old Greenwich Village. Perhaps the next most notable name which would occur to us would be Thomas Paine, who lived at 58 Grove Street, where he wrote his famous pamphlets "The Age of Reason" and "Commonsense." The latter contribution to the then current literature touching on questions pertaining to the Revolution did more than all other efforts to unite and solidify public opinion on the question of final separation, which up to that time had only been considered by a few of the most virulent radicals.

Another old landmark was the New York University Building, where Theodore Winthrop wrote his "Cecil Greene."

The Richmond Hill Theatre, Aaron Burr's old home, was not the only contribution to the New York stage made by Greenwich Village. At Greenwich Avenue and Twelfth Street there was the once popular Columbia Opera House. Polly Smith, who was known to everyone as the village tomboy, won the Adam Forepaugh prize of ten thousand dollars for the most beautiful girl in America. She then changed her name to Louise Montague and made a big hit at Tony Pastor's and as the captain's daughter in "Pinafore." Leonard Dare, a trapeze performer, lived in Abingdon Square before she went to London and married into the nobility. Johnny Hart, a famous old minstrel, was also a resident. His brother Bob was the prize drinker of the neighborhood, but when he was sober (and broke) he gave temperance lectures and passed the hat for collections.

There were many other old characters in the village that can be easily recalled—Crazy Paddy, who never missed a fire and who was a familiar figure sprinting down the street in front of the "Department"; Johnny Lookup, who had an uncontrollable penchant for attending funerals and considered it his bounden duty to accompany the remains of any villager to its last resting place. Then there was Susy Walsh, the school teacher, who was so pretty that all the boys hung around her desk waiting for the chance to carry her books home.

Old-timers recollect the Jefferson Market Bell Tower and the bell they used to ring for fires; all had a book that gave the location of the fire as indicated by the strokes of the bell, and all would run with the machine. Then there was the old slaughter-house on the southwest corner of Bank and Hudson Streets, where the boys used to look over the old-fashioned half door and see them hoist up the beeves with block and fall, and hit them in the head with an axe. Directly opposite on the northwest corner was the old Village House where the "boys" used to play billiards, drink "Tom & Jerrys" and swap stories.

West Tenth Street was called Amos Street, and where the brewery now is, between Greenwich and Washington Streets, stood the old state prison where many were hanged. In the ice house of Beadleston & Woerz's they still point out the old beam used for this function of the law. West Eleventh Street was called Ham-

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Fifth Avenue Hotel, 1859

THE ONLY KNOWN COPY OF BURFORD'S LITHOGRAPH OF THIS FAMOUS HOSTELRY ISSUED AT ITS OPENING. CONSIDERABLE ARTISTIC LICENSE IS SHOWN IN THE VAST CROWDS IN THE PICTURE, AS THE LOCATION AT THAT TIME WAS SO FAR UPTOWN AS TO BE ALMOST IN THE COUNTRY. NEVERTHELESS, THE SCENE IS CHARACTERISTIC, AND THE VARIOUS COSTUMES, VEHICLES, ETC., ARE CORRECT. IT WAS THE FIRST BUILDING IN WHICH AN ELEVATOR WAS INSTALLED. NOTICE THE TREES AND PRIVATE HOUSES STILL STANDING ON BROADWAY AS FAR UP AS 34TH STREET.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. PERCY R. PYNE, 2ND.

mond Street, and what is now Fourth Street Park, at the end of Fifth Avenue, was the old Washington Parade Ground, where all the troops drilled and paraded to their hearts' content. The grounds were surrounded by a high iron railing and there were large iron gates which were opened for the entrance of the troops and closed to keep the crowds out while the regiments were parading.

Delamater's iron works and foundry were at the foot of West Thirteenth Street, where the boys used to dive off the big derrick into the clean water of the Hudson—not dirty as it is now. The old Hudson Street burying grounds (St. John's) were at Leroy, Clarkson, Hudson and Carmine Streets, and at one end was the caretaker's old-fashioned house, who cultivated quite a large farm on the unused portion of the cemetery. It is now called Skelly's Grove on account of the tough characters that infest the vicinity. The old marble yard, where they cut huge blocks of marble with swing saws, was on Bank Street between Hudson and Bleecker Streets.

The different social clubs held their receptions and dances, and the politicians in turn held forth in the old Bleecker building, situated in Bleecker Street. In this hall Frederick House, now Judge House, was nominated for the Assembly, and John W. Jacobus—"Wes" Jacobus—formerly Alderman of the Ward and leader of the district, later U. S. Marshal, held forth as boss of the political meetings. Other unique features of interest were the Tough Club, the oyster boats at the foot of Tenth Street, Jackson Square and Tin Can Alley. In his father's bakery at the corner of Jane Street and Eighth Avenue John Huyler, of Huyler's candy fame, started his fortune. In connection with the bread business they started making old-fashioned molasses candy, and from that modest beginning sprang the immense present candy enterprise. The bakery is still standing. A curious feature of the village is the Northern Dispensary, which occupies a whole block. The block is triangular in shape and is about eighteen or twenty feet on each side. It is bounded by a small park, by Christopher Street and by Waverly Place on the other two sides. It may seem strange that this building is bounded on two sides by Waverly Place, yet such is the case, Waverly Place being a street with three ends. Gay Street is also located in the Ninth Ward.

JENNY LIND AND THE GREAT P. T. BARNUM

There have been famous entertainments in New York, but for lasting renown and world-wide notoriety the appearance of Jenny Lind at the Castle Garden in 1853 still shines as the one particular star in all the firmament of dramatic and musical annals during the Nineteenth Century. Mr. Barnum was conceded to be easily the most adroit advertiser the world had ever known, but to have his achievements still talked of three-quarters of a century later is certainly something of which to boast.

Nevertheless the tour in question would be considered a notable success even in these times. Here are the receipts for the tour, excluding those for charity, which numbered twelve. The total number of concerts was ninety-five, and the gross receipts were $712,161.24. As the average receipts were over $10,000 per concert (and more in case of charity), the total money receipts were not far from $850,000. This for a tour lasting less than a hundred nights is rather impressive. Nineteen cities were visited, but strange to say Chicago, Cleveland and a score of well-known places were not represented, for the simple reason that at that time they were not of sufficient size to warrant a visit. Havana, Richmond and Charleston, however, loomed large in the receipts.

Castle Garden, where the first concert was held, was perhaps the most desirable auditorium that could have been found. For many years the Battery was the sea-breathing spot of the city and in proportion to the population it was much more frequented than is Central Park at the present time.

Philip Hone's "Diary" describes Castle Garden as "the most splendid and largest theatre I ever saw—a place capable of seating comfortably six or eight thousand persons. The pit or area of the pavilion is provided with some hundred small, white tables and movable chairs, by which people are enabled to congregate into little squads, and take their ices between the acts. In front of the stage is a beautiful fountain, which plays when the performers do not."

Castle Garden was originally erected as a fortification during the War of 1812. It was named Fort Clinton. It was not connected with the mainland, being reached by a bridge about 200 feet in length. In 1822 the Federal Government ceded it back to the city, when it was renamed Castle Garden. For a long time it was the most noted amusement resort in the country. Then it became a landing place for emigrants, and finally the site of the Aquarium, one of the noblest buildings in our city and one of the most deservedly popular. It was about 1866 that the intervening space was finally filled in and the Castle joined to the mainland.

It is still one of the most beautiful spots in our city, and presents a view of ever-moving marine life seen nowhere else in the world.

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Old Post Office in Nassau Street

ANOTHER PARTICULARLY INTERESTING VIEW OF THE OLD MIDDLE DUTCH CHURCH, AS IT ALSO SHOWS THE OFFICES OF F. S. WINSTON & CO., IN CEDAR STREET, DIRECTLY OPPOSITE. MR. FREDERICK S. WINSTON, OF THIS FIRM, SUBSEQUENTLY BECAME PRESIDENT OF THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, WHOSE MASSIVE BUILDING NOW COVERS THE SITE OF THE OLD CHURCH. A DELIVERY WAGON OF LIVINGSTON WELLS & COMPANY'S EXPRESS IS SHOWN IN THE FOREGROUND. THE DRIVER WEARS A SILK "TOPPER," AS DO THE GENTLEMEN IN THE TWO-WHEELER.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. C. OWEN WINSTON.

RICHMOND HILL

HOME OF AARON BURR

On the block between Varick and Charlton Streets in the early part of the last century there stood a quaint old-fashioned tree-embowered mansion, around which clusters more of delightful romance and heart-breaking tragedy than has fallen to the lot of almost any other house in old New York. This was the home of Aaron Burr, a dashing officer in the Revolutionary War, Senator of the United States, and Vice-President.

Burr came of distinguished ancestry, his father and grandfather being presidents of Princeton College. At nineteen he was side by side with Montgomery at the storming of Quebec and bore the body of the dead General from the field at the risk of his own life. Quarrelling with Arnold, whom he accused of incompetency, he returned to New York and joined the staff of Washington. When the British descended upon New York and General Knox's brigade was apparently surrounded, it was Burr who led it in safety to the main body in Harlem. He commanded a brigade at the Battle of Monmouth, routed the enemy at Hackensack and performed heroic service at Valley Forge during that terrible winter. A serious sickness that completely prostrated him led to his retirement from active service in 1779.

His home life was ideal. His wife died early, leaving an only daughter, Theodosia, whom he regarded with almost idolatrous affection. His commanding talents soon placed him at the head of his profession and his income was regarded as stupendous for the times. His party had showered many civic honors upon him and the Presidency seemed easily within reach. Such was the enviable position of the Master of Richmond Hill on that terrible morning of his duel with Hamilton in 1804.

After the fatal meeting at Weehawken, Burr returned to his home to partake of breakfast. He greeted cordially a favorite nephew who had come to visit him from Canada, and chatted gaily with him on topics of the day. By no word or action did he betray the exciting incidents of a few hours previous and the young man proceeded downtown entirely ignorant of the frightful calamity that had engulfed his beloved uncle.

Hardly had he reached the business section ere he noted groups of excited men gathered here and there. Broadsides rapidly appeared on walls and windows and news of the fatal duel travelled like wildfire. The scene was dramatic in the extreme—Hamilton, Washington's most trusted friend, Hamilton, the framer of the Constitution, the genius of the Revolution, lay dead, the victim of an assassin's bullet. No such outburst of outraged public feeling had ever before been witnessed. And as the news spread, the excitment increased. Business was

suspended and for days nothing was talked of but the duel. The whole city took part in Hamilton's funeral and the death of no other man of that period except Washington called forth such expressions of profound sorrow.

Duelling was common in those days and no one was more greatly surprised at the sudden change in the public opinion regarding it than was Burr himself. In the twinkling of an eye he saw himself torn from his proud position, stripped of his fortune and denounced as a cowardly murderer. In a few days he was indicted for that crime and that same evening under cover of darkness entered a barge at Richmond Hill, which bordered the river, and escaped. Of the series of calamities which pursued Burr to the end of his long life and his death in poverty and misery on Staten Island we need not here speak. The dreadful fate that befell his beloved Theodosia alone would seem atonement for all his sins. The vessel on which she sailed from Carolina after a visit to her husband's people was wrecked and she fell into the hands of pirates; her end can better be imagined than described.

Before Burr's possession of Richmond Hill, it had been the scene of many notable gatherings. Built by Paymaster General Mortier of the British Army, it was the scene of may brilliant gatherings during the British occupancy. It was the headquarters of General Washington in 1776 and Vice-President Adams lived there in 1788. It was frequently the scene of lavish hospitality and the most distinguished men from all lands were among its guests. Talleyrand spent many a quiet hour idly turning over the pages of a favorite book and more than one volume was afterwards discovered with his annotations and initials on the margin of the pages. Like its last possessor, it was doomed to fall from its high estate, and many an old New Yorker, viewing the degradation of its later days, was glad when the encroachments of business finally compelled its demolition.

Its downward career began by its conversion into a theatre known as the "Richmond Hill Theatre." Thomas Apthorpe Cooper, the tragedian, was in the opening company. The first of the Hollands, the first of the Thornes and the first of the Mestayers, all famous theatrical names, were in the company; also, no less a poet than Fitz Greene Halleck wrote the dedicatory address.

A circus troupe played there briefly in 1832. Then came Italian opera, the director being Antonio Bagioli. In 1836 its name was changed and it became Miss Nelson's Theatre. Miss Nelson was at that time Mrs. John Brougham in private life. In 1840 it passed through a short spell of bad luck as Tivoli Garden, with concerts, etc. In 1843 it passed under the control of the indefatigable but not always successful Tom Flynn, who called it the National Theatre. Still the hoodoo clung, and in 1846 it was rebuilt and opened as the New Greenwich Theatre, with "Romeo and Juliet" as the initial play, Mrs. W. W. Crisp appearing as *Juliet*. This lady's husband, then an excellent orator, was later destined to display his fine oratory in Congress and was Speaker of the House for a time.

In 1847 still another change of name was made, this time to the New York Opera House, and in 1848 its doors closed for good until the building was demolished.

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Curious Bridge at Broadway and Fulton Street, 1868

THIS STRUCTURE WAS ERECTED TO RELIEVE CONGESTION OF TRAFFIC AT THIS BUSY CORNER AND WAS KNOWN AS THE LOEW BRIDGE. EVERY FEW MINUTES A PHOTOGRAPHER WOULD BLOW A FISH HORN AND RING A HUGE BELL. PEOPLE WOULD NATURALLY STOP AND HE WOULD THEN TAKE THEIR PHOTOGRAPHS.
KNOX THE HATTER, DID NOT LIKE THE BRIDGE AND COMPELLED ITS REMOVAL A SHORT TIME AFTER ITS ERECTION.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF COL. E. M KNOX

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

Some five miles north of Varick Street still stands a stately Colonial mansion on Washington Heights from which, in days gone by, could be seen an entrancing view of the solemn Palisades on the west, the rolling hills of Westchester to the north and the blue waters of the ocean to the east. A short distance from the house stood a picturesque group of trees—one for each of the original States, and they stood in the grounds of "The Grange," the home of Alexander Hamilton, one of New York's most illustrious sons.

Of all the men who rendered service to the cause of Independence, Washington alone excepted, Alexander Hamilton easily came first. His remarkable achievements in the field were no less conspicuous than his subsequent brilliant administration of affairs of state, and the country owes him an unending debt of gratitude for his part in framing the Constitution and establishing the public credit.

We have already alluded to the frightful consequences which Burr suffered as a result of the duel. The same blight to a certain extent fell also across the fair acres of "The Grange." Hamilton left a large family of young children, a wife whom he had married after a most romantic courtship and between whom there existed the most tender affection. He was at the very zenith of his career at the time of the fatal meeting, being less than forty-seven. The death of Washington had left him easily the foremost citizen of the Republic and his wonderful genius as a statesman and financier gave promise of a future that would dim even the brilliancy of the past.

The duel put an end to all that. Not only did the city lose its most illustrious citizen but the country at large its most able counsellor. His beautiful widow survived him nearly half a century, though her life was at an end when she crossed the threshold of William Bayard's home, whither he had been carried from the scene of conflict, and gazed upon him for the last time.

Hamilton was buried with every pomp and circumstance which the city could bestow, and his remains rest in the churchyard of old Trinity. "The Grange" is still standing but the broad acres of old are cut up into streets and covered with apartment houses. The memorial trees are fast disappearing and will soon all be gone. The Bayard house at 82 Jane Street in old Greenwich Village stood till early in 1890.

ELLIS ISLAND A POWDER MAGAZINE AS LATE AS FORTY YEARS AGO

The magnificent structures on Ellis Island to-day, through which hundreds of thousands of emigrants of all nations pass every month, bear small resemblance to the location in 1868. That is not so very long ago, but at that time Castle Garden was supposed to be adequate for the handling of this business, and Ellis Island was occupied as a storage point for powder. The proximity of this station with its direful possibilities was constantly the theme of complaints to the daily papers, and the following article from *Harper's Weekly* accurately reflects the attitude of the public mind toward this situation:

The New York *Sun* lately called attention to the startling fact that New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and the numerous villages on Staten Island, are now, and have been for a long time, in imminent peril of being at once destroyed by the explosions of the magazines on Ellis's Island, which lies in New York Harbor, about half-way between the Battery and the New Jersey shore. We have had a sketch made of the Island, and after some inquiries into the facts in the case, find that the fears of the *Sun* are well founded; the million and a half of people residing in the vicinity of the City Hall of New York are daily and hourly in imminent danger of being blown into atoms!

For more than forty years Ellis's Island has been a fortified post and magazine of the Government. Fort Gibson, which is situated on it, is one of the last of the chain of defenses of the harbor, and mounts twelve forty-two-pounder guns. The magazine buildings, six in number, are built of solid masonry with slate roofs. The capacity of the buildings admits of the storage of 5000 barrels or at least 1000 tons of powder. There are at this time stored on the Island about 3000 barrels and a very large number of shells; while in the vicinity and even nearer to Jersey City (in fact, within a few rods of the Depot of the Jersey Central Railroad) are the powder-boats of Messrs. Smith & Rand, Dupont, and Hazzard, usually containing at least 5000 barrels, or more than 1000 tons. Thus, on the Island and in its immediate vicinity are stored at least 1500 tons of powder!

It has been clearly demonstrated by a simple arithmetical calculation, based on actual experiments, that the gas generated by the sudden combustion of 1500 tons of powder would exert, at a distance of eight miles, a pressure of 200 pounds to the square yard. Within eight miles of Ellis's Island lies all of Jersey City, all of Brooklyn, and all of the populous part of New York below Central Park. Every building in either of these cities has a frontage of at least 150 square yards, and would, therefore, in case of an explosion, receive a sudden shock of 30,000 pounds, before which the stoutest wall would instantly give way.

. . . There is not the slightest necessity for accumulating this amount of powder in such close proximity to the most populous city in the country; and safety imperatively demands that Mr. Gideon Welles, of the Navy Department, familiarly called "Father Welles," by whose authority the powder is there, shall awake to the danger, and at once remove the combustible article from our doors.

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Old Greenwich Village

THIS SHOWS THE FAMOUS JEFFERSON MARKET AND ONE OF THE MANY BELL TOWERS SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE CITY, WHICH RANG THE ALARM FOR VOLUNTEER FIREMEN, AND ALSO GIVES A GOOD VIEW OF LOWER SIXTH AVENUE BEFORE THE ADVENT OF THE ELEVATED RAILROAD, AND A GENERAL IDEA OF OLD GREENWICH VILLAGE.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. E. H. SAUER.

BEGINNINGS OF CENTRAL PARK

Washington Irving, William Cullen Bryant, Olmstead and Vaux Early Figures

Andrew J. Downing, in letters to the *Horticulturist* in the autumn of 1855, pointed out the lack of open public spaces and places for common recreation in New York, and urged the necessity of providing for a Great Park. This was the actual beginning of Central Park, the birth of the idea, and Downing should be forever remembered with gratitude.

The commission was aided by an advisory park board, which included Washington Irving, as President, William Cullen Bryant and George Bancroft. This commission first met on May 29, 1856. Action by the commission being held to be dilatory, the legislature in 1857 appointed a new board, which invited designs, and in this year, on April 1, from thirty-three plans submitted, that of Frederick L. Olmstead and Calvert Vaux was approved, and the work was begun. By the original design the northern boundary of the park was fixed at One Hundred and Sixth Street, but in 1859 it was transferred to One Hundred and Tenth Street.

There is a prevalent idea that Central Park is an accidental work of nature, whereas it is an intentional work of art. Five hundred and twenty pounds of gunpowder were exploded in blasting for it, and should the material carted in its construction be placed in the then used one-horse carts, and these be placed in procession, it would encircle the world on its equator and there would yet remain six thousand miles of carts.

But these astonishing figures constitute in slight part the Park's claim to consideration. It is the first landscape park ever created by a municipality for the benefit of the public; its historic place in the development of landscape art is of the greatest importance, while its wondrous beauty is beyond praise.

The condition of the site before park operations were commenced seems incredible to us of the present day. They have thus been described by Gen. Wingate, an eye-witness:

> "For the most part, it was a succession of stone quarries, interspersed with pestiferous swamps. The squatter population of 5,000 lived upon the city refuse drawn daily in dog carts to feed fowls and domestic creatures and to supply the adjacent bone-boiling establishments. The locality swarmed with chickens, geese, dogs, cats, swine, horses and cows, which destroyed every bit of verdure, tearing up roots and soil until the rocks were laid bare. There was an air of utter desolation, made more repulsive by the odors of decaying refuse. Gen. Viele says he was forced to go armed when making his surveys, and to carry an ample stock of deodorizers. In short, it was a combination of Hell's Kitchen, Jackson's Hollow and Barren Island, filled with shanties occupied by scowling slatterns, ragged, dirty children, drunken, quarrelling men and innumerable mongrel dogs and yelping curs of low degree."

Jones's Wood, at Sixty-fourth Street, was originally chosen for the site, but later the change was made to the present location, which was infinitely preferable.

This was certainly not an inviting spot from which to create such a work of natural beauty as the Park now is.

The chronic war between hackmen and fares waged as bitterly fifty years ago as it does to-day. The rates of cabs were regulated then as now by ordinances, but with this very remarkable and luminous difference, that where a disagreement arose between the stranger and the driver as to the distance traversed, the dispute was ordered "to be referred to the street commissioner, who would decide." The rates were as follows:

For taking a person any distance not exceeding one mile	$ .25
For taking a person any distance not exceeding one mile and within the lamp and watch district	.50
For conveying one or more passengers around the fourth of Apthorp's tour, with the privilege of detaining the carriage two hours	3.50
(The Apthorp Apartments now occupy the site of the Apthorp Mansion.)	
For conveying one or more passengers to Harlem and returning, with the privilege of detaining the carriage two hours	4.00

The above are extracts from the Co-operative laws of 1839.

The "lamp and watch " district was that part within which the city supplied lights and watchmen and extended to about Great Jones Street in 1848.

It was curious also to note that in those days the question of more and better "rapid transit" was continually to the front. The local government was bitterly assailed for its failure to provide more streets and street cars in the districts north of Twenty-third Street in sufficiently short time to suit the real estate speculators and dealers. The mayor, of course, came in for a round share of this denunciation and the whole city government was denounced as incompetent, dishonest and favoring private interests. It is a curious fact that practically the same abuse is bestowed on the present mayor for his failure to provide additional subway lines, as were applied to his predecessors for failing to provide additional car lines.

It is also remarkable that, if you drew a line thirty miles from the City Hall in any direction to-day, the line would still be within shorter distance of that locality than was Sixtieth Street in those days. It is safe to say that anywhere beyond Twenty-third Street took from an hour and ten minutes to an hour and a half to get downtown. The Harlem boats, to which reference has already been made, were, however, an exception and frequently made the trip within one hour. In the rush hours, like our present Subway, they were crowded to the guards, frequently carrying three and four thousand passengers on a trip. The round trip fare was seven cents. With the opening of the elevated road in the early seventies, the usefulness of these boats was ended.

First Office of the Western Union Telegraph Co.

AN INTERESTING VIEW, CORNER OF WALL AND BROAD STREETS, DURING "BLACK FRIDAY," 1873. THE BUILDING ON THE RIGHT IS THE OLD WILKES BUILDING, FIRST HOME OF THE WESTERN UNION COMPANY AFTER ITS ORGANIZATION BY HIRAM SIBLEY AND ITS REMOVAL FROM ROCHESTER IN 1860. FOR MANY YEARS IT WAS KNOWN AS "KIERNAN'S CORNER," AND HAD A LARGE CLOCK, IN THE SHAPE OF THE WORLD, ON THE WALL STREET SIDE.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. WILLIAM BAYLIS.

The chronic war between hackmen and fares waged as bitterly fifty years ago as it does to-day. The rates of cabs were regulated then as now by ordinances, but with this very remarkable and luminous difference, that where a disagreement arose between the stranger and the driver as to the distanee traversed, the dispute was ordered "to be referred to the street commissioner, who would decide." The rates were as follows:

For taking a person any distance not exceeding one mile ....$ .25
For taking a person any distance not exceeding one mile and within the lamp and watch district .... .50
For conveying one or more passengers around the fourth of Apthorp's tour, with the privilege of detaining the carriage two hours 3.50
(The Apthorp Apartments now occupy the site of the Apthorp Mansion.)
For conveying one or more passengers to Harlem and returning, with the privilege of detaining the carriage two hours 4.00

The above are extracts from the Co-operative laws of 1839.

The "lamp and watch " district was that part within which the eity supplied lights and watehmen and extended to about Great Jones Street in 1848.

It was curious also to note that in those days the question of more and better "rapid transit" was continually to the front. The local government was bitterly assailed for its failure to provide more streets and street cars in the districts north of Twenty-third Street in suffieiently short time to suit the real estate speculators and dealers. The mayor, of course, came in for a round share of this denunciation and the whole city government was denounced as incompetent, dishonest and favoring private interests. It is a curious fact that practically the same abuse is bestowed on the present mayor for his failure to provide additional subway lines, as were applied to his predecessors for failing to provide additional car lines.

It is also remarkable that, if you drew a line thirty miles from the City Hall in any direction to-day, the line would still be within shorter distanee of that locality than was Sixtieth Street in those days. It is safe to say that anywhere beyond Twenty-third Street took from an hour and ten minutes to an hour and a half to get downtown. The Harlem boats, to whieh reference has already been made, were, however, an exception and frequently made the trip within one hour. In the rush hours, like our present Subway, they were crowded to the guards, frequently carrying three and four thousand passengers on a trip. The round trip fare was seven cents. With the opening of the elevated road in the early seventies, the usefulness of these boats was ended.

WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAPH
COMPANY
WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAPH
COMPANY
DIRECT WIRES
GOLD STOCKS
BONDS
BANKERS
AND
BROKERS
WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH

NEW YORK INTRODUCES BASEBALL TO THE WORLD

ALSO STARTS THE BEGINNING OF ORGANIZED BASEBALL

McGraw and his doughty Champions, together with the million or more fans in our city will be glad to know that little old New York originated the national game.

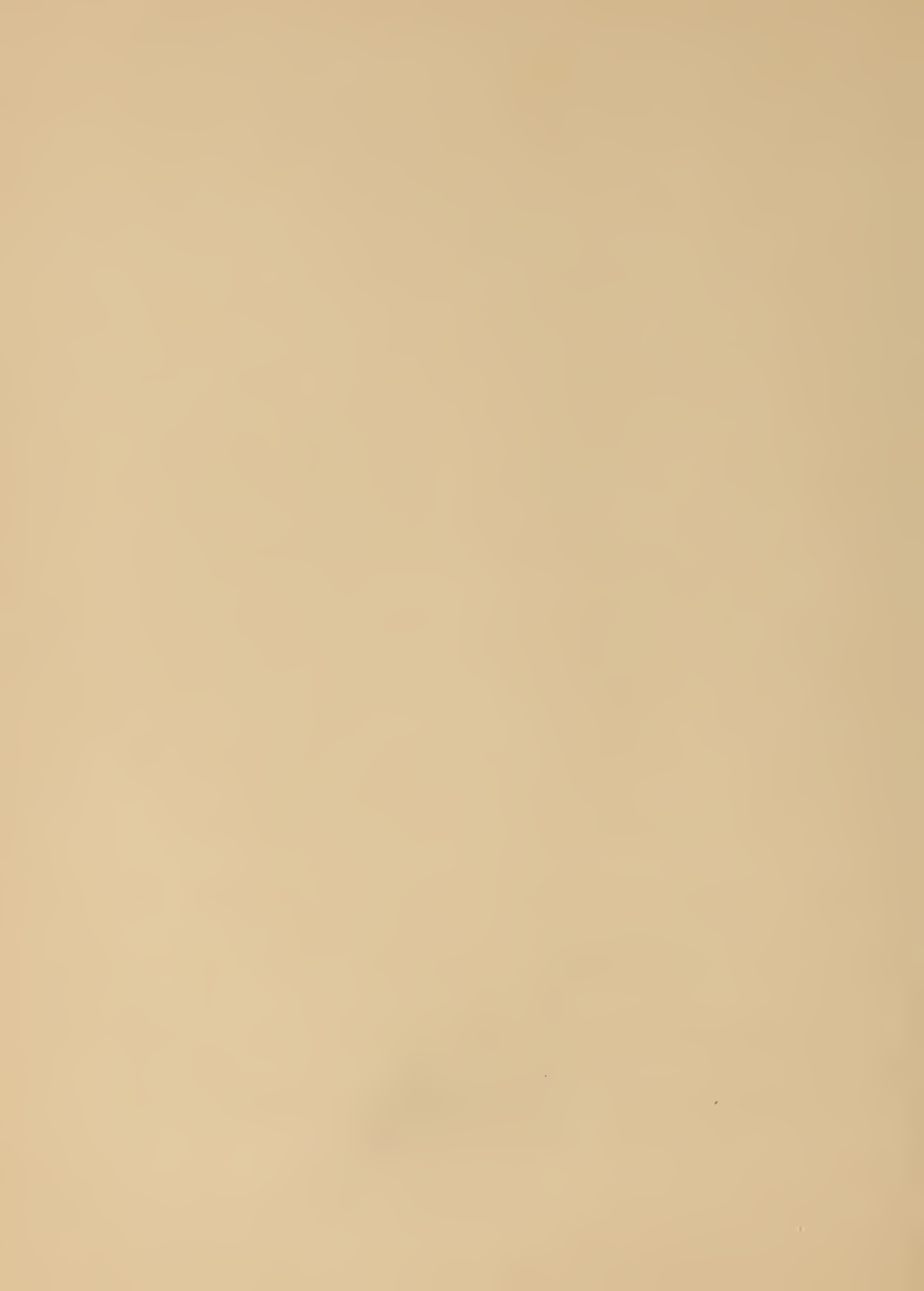
In 1842 and '43 a number of gentlemen used to get together afternoons to play baseball, the progeny of English rounders and American genius, on a plot of ground in Twenty-seventh Street, later occupied by the old Harlem Railroad depot. Retreating before the relentless northward march of the building contractor, they moved up to the north slope of Murray Hill, "between the railroad cut and Third Avenue." These informal meetings were so popular that in the spring of 1845 Alexander J. Cartwright, an enthusiastic player, proposed organization. So the famous old Knickerbocker Club came into being. As it was evident that the field on Murray Hill would not long be available, a party crossed the Barclay Street Ferry and explored the Jersey country for a playing ground, finally settling on the "Elysian Fields," scene of many a spirited battle.

The Knickerbocker rules adopted September 23, 1845, are probably the first official playing code the national game ever had. Omitting clauses of club government, the actual laws of play were:

"The bases shall be from 'home' to second base, forty-five paces; from first to third base, forty-two paces, equidistant. The game to consist of twenty-one counts, or aces (runs); but at the conclusion an equal number of hands (innings for each side) must be played. The ball must be pitched and not thrown for the bat. A ball knocked out of the field or outside the range of first or third base is foul. Three balls being struck at and missed, and the last one caught is a hand out; if not caught is considered fair, and the striker bound to run. If a ball be struck or tipped, and caught either flying or on the first bound, it is a hand out. A player running the bases shall be out if the ball is in the hands of an adversary on the base or if the runner is touched with it before he makes his base; it being understood, however, that in no instance is a ball to be thrown at him. (In 'rounders' a runner was out if hit with the ball by a fielder or if the ball was thrown into the hole at 'home' while he was off base.) A player running who shall prevent an adversary from catching or getting the ball before making his base is a hand out. Three hands out all out. Players must take their strikes in regular turn. (Here is the primeval expression for the modern 'batting order'.) All disputes and differences relative to the game to be decided by the umpire, from which there is no appeal. No ace (score) or base can be made on a foul strike. A runner cannot be put out in making one base when a balk (underfined) is made by the pitcher. But one base allowed when a ball bounds out of the field when struck."

And there is the germ of that bulky and baffling volume, the twentieth century rule book. It is primitive but understandable. Most of the essential details of the modern game are there, but imagine Mr. Tyrus Cobb claiming a "hand" out on his catch of a fly on the first bound, and Mr. F. Baker's emotions on being told that the ball he boosted out of the grounds was a foul because of the length of its flight.

In 1852 another club, the Gotham, was founded, and in rapid succession there sprang into being those names whose mere recital makes the oldster close his eyes



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in ecstasy. *Eheu fugaces,* how the years do drop away! In 1855 alone came the Eckfords, Excelsiors and Atlantics of Brooklyn, and the Unions of Morrisania, and so mightily did the sport thrive and prosper that by 1866 there were present at the tenth annual convention of the National Association of Base Ball Players, held at Clinton Hall, New York, December 12, representatives of 202 clubs and of associations comprising an additional 200 clubs.

Enterprise, Resolute, Eagle and Excelsior were popular names. There were the Mutuals of New York, the Orioles of Baltimore. Philadelphia had its Athletics, then as now renowned. New Jersey clubs were the Americus and Newark of Newark, Olympic of Paterson, Monmouth of Hoboken, Atlantic of Trenton, Liberty of New Brunswick, Champion of Jersey City, Resolute of Elizabeth, Sea Side of Long Branch, Kearny of Rahway. West Virginia had a Hunkidori Club, Kansas a Frontier, Oregon a Pioneer, and Ohio a Buckeye Club.

Gay, not to say gaudy, were the uniforms. The Knickerbockers wore blue woollen "pants," white flannel shirts with narrow blue braid, mohair caps, patent leather belts. Gotham was resplendent in red, white and blue. The Unions sported a tricolored web belt, the Eckfords had dazzling red stars on their white headgear.

And the scores! A Gotham-Eagle game at "The Red House" in Harlem resulted in six runs to two, a low-water mark from which they ran all the way to such lopsided figures as the Philadelphia-Athletics' 114-2 against the Jersey City Nationals and 162-14 against the Alerts of Danville.

There was no official championship and the rules of the national association, organized in 1858, did not recognize the title of "champion," but for several years Gotham flew a proud pennant and for a long period the Atlantics of Brooklyn claimed first place and displayed a "championship" banner on their clubhouse.

The Union Grounds in Brooklyn (Eastern District) and the Capitoline (Western) were the first regularly constituted ball fields at which admission was charged. The price for star games—as, for instance, the Mutuals and the Red Stockings (the Bostons)—was fifty cents for the so-called grandstand and twenty-five cents for the bleachers. After the third inning the exit gates were opened and admission to the field was only ten cents. The wooden fence which surrounded the Union Grounds had many knotholes and spaces, and all these free points of vision were eagerly seized upon by the enthusiastic fans. Small boys sold water at one cent per glass to the fence contingent, who were continually athirst by reason of the fierce sun which beat down upon them.

The Wrights, the Spauldings (now the great sporting-goods men), Dan Brouthers, Dickey Pierce, were among the stars in those days.

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The Howard Hotel, Broadway and Maiden Lane

ONE OF THE FAMOUS ENDICOTT LITHOGRAPHS OF A HOSTELRY WELL KNOWN AND LARGELY PATRONIZED IN ITS DAY
THIS VIEW SHOWS THE EAST SIDE OF BROADWAY, FROM MAIDEN LANE TO THE NORTH CORNER OF JOHN STREET, AND IS THE ONLY VIEW WE HAVE LEFT OF THIS SECTION. ONLY ONE OTHER PERFECT IMPRESSION IS KNOWN. THOMAS & ROE ARE GIVEN AS THE PROPRIETORS.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. PERCY R. PYNE, 2ND

NO CHRISTMAS IN YE OLDEN TIME

In compiling this work, the writer has met more than one person who combats the statement that Christmas as we know it to-day was a thing unheard of fifty or more years ago. He has been at considerable pains to investigate the facts and is forced to conclude that Christmas in the time of our grandfathers was scarcely observed at all. And it was not until the German element of our population had increased so enormously that the celebration became at all general.

On this point, Mr. Haswell also writes:

"Christmas was very slightly observed as a general holiday at the time of which I write (1860) and Christmas shopping and Christmas presents, except those of 'Santa Claus' for children, scarcely existed. New Year's Day was the popular winter holiday, the very old custom of paying New Year's visits being universal, as indeed it continued to be until 1874."

A letter to the *Sun* further corroborates this evidence:

"Mr. A. S. Kirkman asks for confirmation of his recollection that on Christmas fifty years ago or so the Protestant churches, excepting the Episcopalian, were closed and the public schools open. In regard to the schools my memory does not serve me, but I recall very distinctly that no services were held on that day in the Presbyterian and other churches and that the most of us children received our presents on New Year's Day. Only a few days ago I told my family about this condition and they could hardly realize it, so much have times changed. The prejudice against Christmas under the Puritans of the Commonwealth is well known. The feeling against any Christmas religious ceremony still exists in Scotland among certain of the Presbyterians. A. J. S."

Other authorities bear out the same contention, so it seems that we shall have to admit that St. Nicholas really made his appearance in New York with the advent of the Germans.

INTERESTING FORECAST OF REAL ESTATE VALUES SIXTY YEARS AGO

No subject is perhaps more interesting than the changes in real estate values in our city during the past half century. In the extracts which follow we reproduce some contributions addressed to the *Evening Post* in 1858, '59 and '60, by a retired merchant. We have since learned that he was a leading authority in his day. In these letters the writer entertainingly sets forth substantial reasons for his faith in a constantly rising market. His predictions have not only been realized, but the increase in some instances has so far largely exceeded his modest forecasts as to be almost laughable. In order to bring comparisons down to date, we have asked Mr. Joseph P. Day, the well-known real estate expert, to place in brackets, against some of the items, an estimate of to-day's values.

I wish to express through your columns a few predictions in regard to the future value of real estate in the city of New York, which have been made within the past week, by one whose judgment has for a long period been found by experience to be more reliable than that of any other man within the scope of my acquaintance. This person, while he has ever been much more sanguine in favor of the constant advance in real estate than most other men, has been found, in reviewing his opinions for the past thirty years, far behind the reality. His former opinions having been found so reliable gives me great confidence in his predictions for the future.

Fourth. He predicts that every lot fronting on the Central Park, 25 by 100 feet, will before 1870 bring $25,000, as there will be no residence in the world equal to it—a perfect garden of 750 acres, elegantly ornamented in part with fountains, flowers, trees and drives—between two great rivers, with Croton and gas in every room and in the centre of one of the greatest cities in the world.

Seventh. He predicts that lots around Mount Morris Square, between Fourth and Sixth Avenues, and One Hundred and Twentieth and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Streets (now selling at say $700, and about as dull sale as lots were at the same price in 1825, around Washington Square, which are now worth $8,000), will be more valuable in 1870 than lots will then be around Washington Square.

Eighth. He predicts that men of wealth, from all parts of the United States and Europe, will be drawn to New York, for the purpose of enjoying a residence around Central Park.

September 25th, 1858.

In your valued paper of the 24th instant, you allowed me to insert the predictions of an experienced man, regarding the future value of real estate in the city of New York.

I now ask your permission to give a few of the changes which have taken place during the past thirty years. In a former number I have recorded the predictions that the changes will be much greater during the ten years yet to come.

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The National Theatre

THIS WAS ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS EARLY THEATRES IN NEW YORK AND THE SECOND ONE TO ATTAIN ANY PROMINENCE. "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" WAS PRODUCED HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ANY THEATRE, WITH GEORGE L. FOX AND THE LINGARDS IN THE CAST.

THE "J. W. WALLACK, LESSEE," WAS THE FATHER OF OUR LESTER WALLACK. THE THEATRE STOOD AT THE CORNER OF LEONARD AND CHURCH STREETS AND WAS BURNED. IT THEN RELOCATED WHERE COWPERTHWAIT'S NOW IS AND WAS CONVENIENT TO THE THEN FASHIONABLE REGION OF PEARL, CATHARINE, MARION, DOVER AND PELL STREETS.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. WM. F. HAVEMEYER.

First. In 1824 St. Thomas' Church purchased eight lots on the corner of Broadway and Houston Street, at $1,100 each. The Vestry were unwilling and actually refused to embarrass the church with such a purchase. Finally, Messrs. David Hadden, Richard Oakley, and some others of the Vestry gave their individual bond, as a guaranty to the church, that if she would make the purchase the church should sustain no loss. This secured the lots to the church at an aggregate cost of $8,000—now they are worth $250,000.

Second. In 1843 lots on Fifth Avenue, from Thirty-fifth to Fortieth Street, could be bought at $500 (with $100 paid down). Now the same lots on an average will bring $10,000, and many of them over $12,000. [To-day worth $35,000 to $40,000.]

Third. In 1845 John Hunt, a millionaire, purchased on the corner of Thirty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue a lot at $2,400. Mr. Hunt was deemed insane, and this, and other similar purchases, were brought up in court as evidences of his insanity. The same lot is now worth $15,000. [To-day worth $750,000.]

Fourth. In 1847 lots in Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth Streets, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, were purchased by ex-Mayor Brady, at corporation auction sale, at $300 each. The same lots are now worth $6,000 each. [To-day worth $85,000 each.]

Fifth. In 1826 the late Zachariah Lewis, Esq., purchased four lots, corner of Eighth Avenue and Forty-second Street, at $150 each. The same lots are now worth $7,500 each, having been sold in 1854, together, for over $31,000. [Now worth $350,000.]

Sixth. In 1832 Mr. J. M. Welley sold three lots on Forty-seventh Street, near Third Avenue, at $133 each. Now they are worth $2,000 each.

Seventh. In 1850 Mr. C. O. Billings was offered by Mr. Wm. Paine eighteen lots, twenty-five by one hundred feet, at $1,700 each, viz.: eight lots on Fifth Avenue, and five on Thirty-sixth Street, adjoining—now worth $12,000 each. [Now worth $375,000 on Fifth Avenue; $85,000 on Thirty-sixth Street.]

These changes in the value of property, so recently experienced, would have been thought more improbable at the time the sales were made than the predictions now are as recorded in your paper of the 24th instant.

September 27th, 1858.

Your courtesy enabled me to express in your paper of September 25th, some predictions regarding the immense rise in value of real estate anticipated the next ten years; and in your paper of September 27th, I gave some facts illustrating the wonderful advance during the past twenty-five years. I then mentioned that St. Thomas's Church, in 1824, bought lots corner of Broadway and Houston Street, at $1,000 each, now worth, say, $50,000.

I wish now to say that there is not a lot of ground, now unoccupied, of good grade, on this island, between the Battery and Harlem River, and the North and the East Rivers, that is not intrinsically worth this day $1,100, for 25 by 100 feet, to any man who will at once improve it—and can be made at once to pay six per cent. per annum on that sum—and in ten years, if the past is any guide for the future, any of said lots will be worth more than twice that sum, and many of them more than $10,000 each.

In confirmation of this, there are now thousands of families wanting a home at $100 rent per annum. A two-story house, 20 by 32 of brick, can be built for $1,400—lot $1,100, is $2,500. Interest six, taxes, etc., one, is seven per cent on $2,500, is $175 per annum. This house will give four good rooms on each floor (with cellar under the whole), making ample accommodations for two respectable families, with four rooms to each family,

at say $87.50 each (say $7 a month). The houses can be placed on the rear of the lot, and will answer at a future day for extensions to larger houses to be built in front, in the same way as Mr. S. B. Ruggles built his small houses, some of which are now standing as tea-rooms on the rear of the large houses fronting on Union Square. The object of Mr. Ruggles, in this plan, was probably to keep down the interest on the lots till the waves of population could reach his property. This was as late as 1830. No prudent man then believed that lots so far out of town would ever be of much value. Indeed, the insurance companies were unwilling to loan much on mortgage above the park. Mr. Ruggles consulted his own judgment—disregarded the croakers—and has lived to see that lots which would not bring in 1830 $1,100 are now worth $10,000, and soon are to be taken for stores, at over $20,000.

That lots at One Hundredth Street will bring $1,000 is not now as improbable as it was in 1825 that lots around Union Square would ever bring $1,000 at that time. Madison Square was only sold by the acre. It was all hill and dale, bogs and swamps; nobody offered to sell it, and no one would hardly take it as a gift comparatively; now every lot around it is worth, on an average, over $10,000. [To-day from $125,000 to $175,000.]

In 1825 the lots on Houston Street, in rear of St. Thomas's Church, were all inclosed in a common coarse farm rail fence, and were let out for cow pastures. The whole block where the New York Hotel stands, on Broadway and Waverly Place, as late as 1830, was offered twenty times, without finding a buyer, for $20,000. Finally some one agreed to buy it at $20,000, and the owner got his eyes open by degrees, and kept advancing his price $5,000 at a leap, till at last he sold for $80,000, and now the land would, if unoccupied, bring $500,000. All this has been done while our population has been increasing from less than 200,000 to 800,000.

If the wave of 200,000 people in ten to twenty years has produced such results, what will 800,000 produce in ten years more? There is not a man in the city of New York at this moment insane enough to dare to record his opinion equal to what the reality will be. The able address of Dr. King, of Columbia College, at the opening of the new Chamber of Commerce, in August last, with the addresses on that occasion from Messrs. Griffith, J. D. Ogden, C. A. Davis, and other gentlemen, has opened to me a train of thought in relation to the future growth of New York, as boundless as ocean itself. I dare not intrude upon your columns what I feel and see. I only give you such predictions as the past will sustain. History itself must be doubted before these predictions can be overthrown.

This day I see before me hundreds of men going through Wall Street, not knowing what to do with their money. *All property, they say, is too high.* So these same men said in 1825, when they could have bought lots at $1,000 now worth $50,000. So they said in 1830—same lots at $2,000. So they have continued to say till at last lots below Twentieth Street are higher in proportion than those above. *This is what they have said.* Now, what will they say during the next ten years? Why, when they are offered lots at $1,000, they will say, "too high"; and so they will continue to say till they will see the same lots at $10,000. This is just what they have seen, and just what they will see again.

I call upon every capitalist to look into this subject, and to benefit the poor while he enriches himself. Let him buy lots and build small houses; this will aid the poor, and give him in ten years better than an investment of two per cent. per month, and far more safe and satisfactory. Buy anywhere on the island; on any spot of good grade a house will rent of the kind described. Look at Harlem, with 30,000 population above Yorkville,

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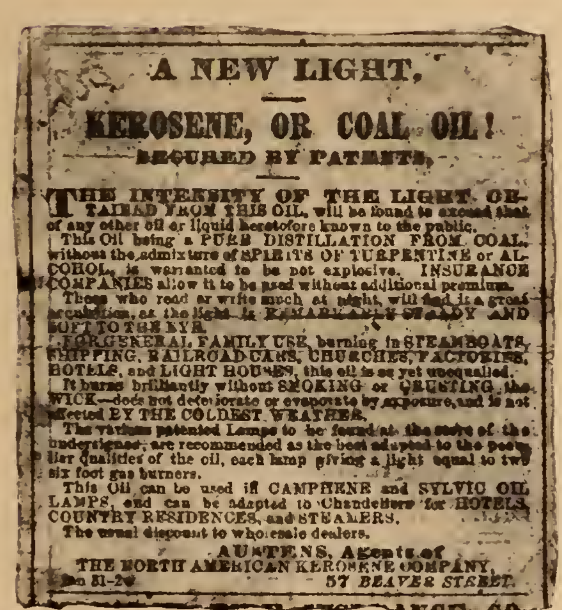
Site of Standard Oil Building, 1848



A NEW LIGHT,

KEROSENE, OR COAL OIL!

SECURED BY PATENTS,

THE INTENSITY OF THE LIGHT OBTAINED FROM THIS OIL, will be found to exceed that of any other oil or liquid heretofore known to the public.

This Oil being a PURE DISTILLATION FROM COAL, without the admixture of SPIRITS OF TURPENTINE or ALCOHOL, is warranted to be not explosive. INSURANCE COMPANIES allow it to be used without additional premium.

Those who read or write much at night, will find it a great acquisition, as the light is REMARKABLY STEADY AND SOFT TO THE EYE.

FOR GENERAL FAMILY USE, burning in STEAMBOATS, SHIPPING, RAILROAD CARS, CHURCHES, FACTORIES, HOTELS, and LIGHT HOUSES, this oil is as yet unequalled.

It burns brilliantly without SMOKING or CRUSTING the WICK—does not deteriorate or evaporate by exposure, and is not affected BY THE COLDEST WEATHER.

The various patented Lamps to be found at the store of the undersigned, are recommended as the best adapted to the peculiar qualities of the oil, each lamp giving a light equal to two six foot gas burners.

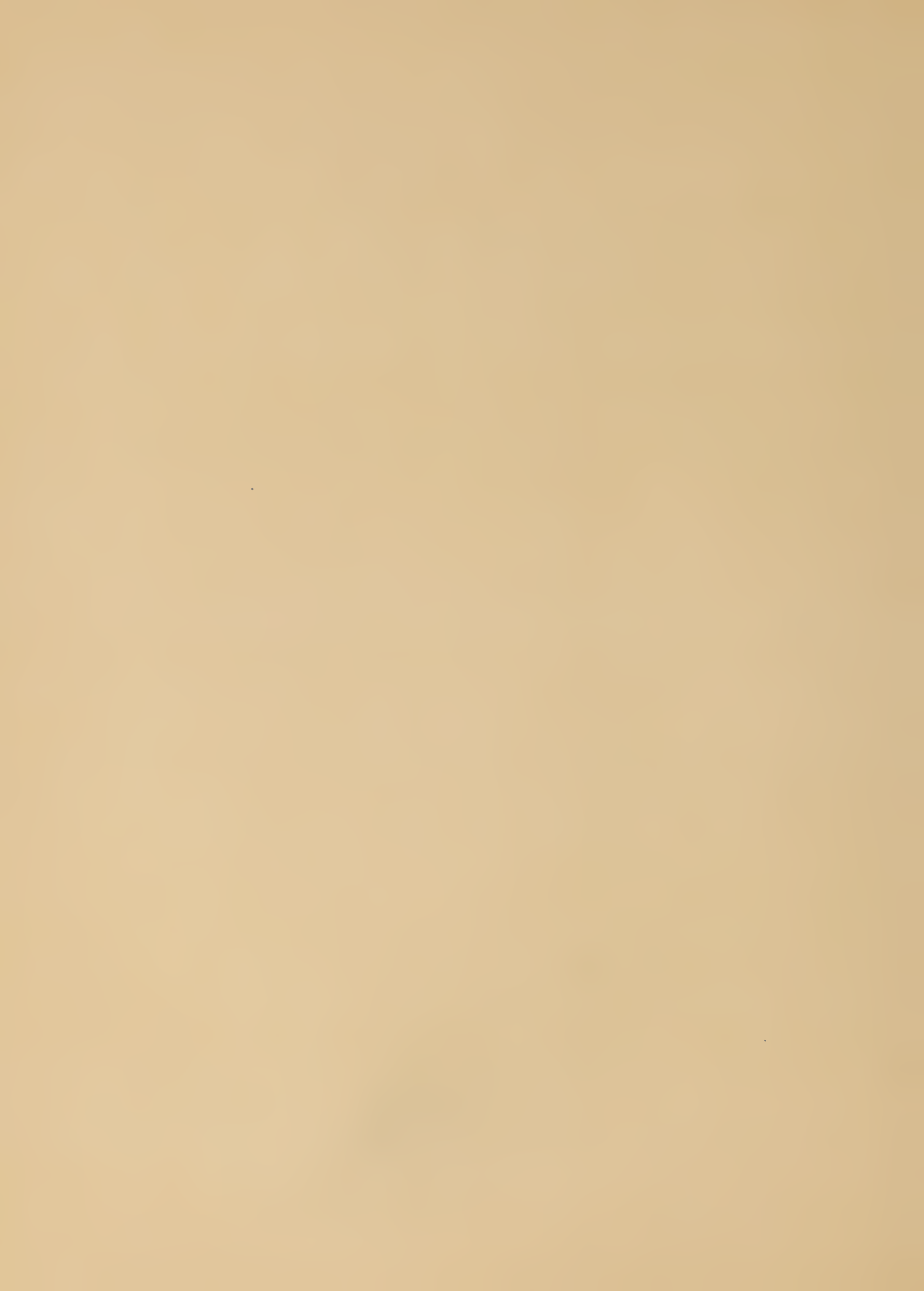
This Oil can be used in CAMPHENE and SYLVIC OIL LAMPS, and can be adapted to Chandeliers for HOTELS, COUNTRY RESIDENCES, and STEAMERS.

The usual discount to wholesale dealers.

AUSTENS, Agents of
THE NORTH AMERICAN KEROSENE COMPANY,
[illegible] 31-2[illegible] 57 *BEAVER STREET.*

SITE OF 26 BROADWAY, AS A COAL AND WOOD YARD. IN 1796 THE TOWN RESIDENCE OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON WAS HERE. ON THE LEFT IS THE FIRST ADVERTISEMENT OF KEROSENE OIL AS AN ILLUMINANT, PUBLISHED IN 1853.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER



between the two rivers, and not a house to be hired for suitable mechanics, etc., at such rent as they need. They have markets, schools, churches, Croton and gas, but no vacant houses. New manufactories are springing up, and the cry is, houses are wanted.

In 1825 the Erie Canal was finished. This gave the great impulse to real estate. Its influence was not fully felt till 1830, after which the Erie and Hudson, and Albany railroads were finished, all of which have increased the population and benefited real estate holders more than any other class. Who can estimate how much the value of the fifty thousand lots on this island, above Fortieth Street, would be increased by another Erie Railroad, or any other facility equal to it? The average advantage would be more than two thousand dollars a lot, which is fifty millions, and that would build two Erie railroads. The owners of real estate in New York could well have afforded to build the Erie Canal and all the railroads entering the city—at an aggregate cost of one hundred millions of dollars—twice over, even if they had never paid a cent income over the expenses, and then have been immense gainers by the operation in the rise of their real estate. The owners of real estate in this city had better contribute and pay all the debts of the road than to have it stop.

In Brooklyn, the corporation have graded streets and avenues, and covered them with railroads in every direction, a mile ahead of the population. The same corporation would have had every avenue on this island opened to Harlem River ten years ago. The Eighth, the Sixth, the Third, and the Second Avenues would then have been finished, with railroads through the island on each. But the government of New York—who can describe its utter inefficiency? Look at the Eighth Avenue railroad—there it is, about where it was five years ago—and there it will remain, a disgrace to the corporation. Who can estimate how many have been driven from our city by the influence of bad government? All the rise in real estate has been in *spite* of the city government—not by their *help*. One hundred millions would not pay the damage which this city has suffered the past twenty years from bad government.

I hope our worthy mayor and the common council will not accept any more dinner invitations until they get the streets cleaned and repaired, and the avenues graded, so that population may no longer be driven from the island.

October 2, 1858.

I herewith submit a statement of the value of real estate on Fifth Avenue, including one mile on the north side and one mile on the south side of the Central Park, as confirmed by auction sales of Messrs. A. J. Bleecker & Son, October 12, 1858, and by the opinions of well-informed judges:

Value of Lots on Fifth Avenue.

At 125th Street, $1,000. [To-day $20 000.]

At 124th Street, $800. [To-day $20,000.]

On 123d, 122d and 121st Streets, there are no Fifth Avenue lots, as the streets are all included in Mount Morris Square, consequently no price is given.

At 120th, 119th, 118th and 117th Streets, Fifth Avenue lots between these streets are worth $600 and corner lots $850. [To-day $17,500.]

At 116th Street—Messrs. Bleecker & Son sold corner 116th Street and Fifth Avenue at $1,500—inside avenue lots, $1,200. This street is 100 feet wide and graded from East River to Eighth Avenue. The street lots adjoining the Fifth Avenue may be quoted at $800.

At 115th, 114th, 113th, 112th, 111th and 110th Streets—as sold by Bleecker & Son—lots brought from $385 to $525 on the streets adjoining the Fifth Avenue. On the Fifth Avenue the corner lots brought, on 109th Street $1,600; inside lots, $1,025. On 111th, 112th and 113th Streets the Fifth Avenue corners sold at $1,400, and inside lots on the avenue, $1,025 to $1,115.

At 109th Street, lots on the street adjoining Fifth Avenue sold as low as $485 to $500, while corner of Fifth Avenue and 109th Street sold as high as $1,600, and the inside avenue lots as low as $1,025 and $1,060.

At 108th and 107th Streets the average was much the same, excepting that the corner lots sold as high as $1,650, and inside lots $1,100 on the Fifth Avenue.

At 106th Street—this is the north boundary of the Central Park. No auction sales on this street have been made; but private offers are made, which make it conclusive that lots on this street will bring to-day $2,500 and upwards, and the corners on Fifth Avenue $2,500—provided the park is not to be extended to 110th Street, which will probably be done.

We now come to Fifty-ninth Street, which is the southern boundary of the Central Park. On this street lots have sold at $7,000—25 by 100. [To-day worth $125,000 to $150,000.]

Lots on Fifth Avenue, between Fifty-second and Fifty-eighth Streets, are worth, of good grade, $5,000. [To-day $350,000.]

Lots on Fifth Avenue, between Forty-eighth and Fifty-first Streets, are worth $6,000, and on Forty-seventh Street, $7,000—at which sales have been made. [To-day $350,000.]

Lots on Fifth Avenue, from Fortieth to Forty-sixth Street, are worth $6,500 to $7,000 and upwards—and on Thirty-eighth and Thirty-ninth Streets, $9,000 and upwards.

Thus it will be seen that if the Central Park is to be the centre of the city, there must be great changes in the value of this property, north and south of the park.

The sale of lots, reported in your paper of the 12th inst., made by Messrs. Bleecker & Son, on the Fifth Avenue, north of the Central Park, is the best auction sale yet made. High as they sold, every lot will probably bring more than double within three years.

In 1850, all the lots on the Fifth Avenue for one mile south of Central Park were worth less on an average than lots now are worth on the same avenue for one mile north of the park.

Whoever is now unable to discover that all the lots between the park and 125th Street, and the Fifth and Eighth Avenues, of good grade, will within ten years be worth on an average $4,000 each, has no conception of what New York *is*, and what she is to *be*.

For example, lots on 120th Street and Fifth Avenue, three-fourths of a mile above the park, and fronting on Mount Morris Square, are valued at only $800; while lots on Forty-third Street, about the same distance below the park, are worth $6,000; and lots only a quarter of a mile above, on 110th to 113th Streets, between the Central Park and Mount Morris Square, adjoining the Fifth Avenue, are selling from $385 to $500; while lots on Fifty-second Street, on the Fifth Avenue, the same distance south of Central Park, are selling at $5,000. The time by horse-rail cars between these two extreme points is not over fifteen or twenty minutes, while the difference in the value of lots is as say $450 is to $5,000. And this difference in value actually exists, without taking into the account that the northerly side of the park is by far the most beautiful for private residences. And if the park is to be extended from 106th to 110th streets—which is almost certain—then lots on 110th Street, now selling at say $500, must be equally as valuable as 106th Street now is, viz.: $2,000.

Who dare predict how long it will be before lots fronting on the northerly side of Central Park will be worth more than lots on the south side? Look at the advantages of the former (which embrace town and country) over the latter.

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Lord & Taylor in Catharine Street, 1833

AMONG THE OLDER FIRMS IN NEW YORK LORD & TAYLOR STAND PRE-EMINENT. THE PICTURE SHOWN ABOVE REPRESENTS THEIR STORE IN CATHARINE STREET AT THE TIME WHEN THAT WAS THE CENTRE OF A FASHIONABLE NEIGHBORHOOD. IN THE SAME VICINITY WERE A. T. STEWART AND BROOKS BROS. IT WAS THE LEADING RETAIL THOROUGHFARE.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MESSRS. LORD & TAYLOR.

The south side of Mount Morris Square is bounded by 120th Street, and the north side of Central Park will be bounded by 110th Street. Between these two parks, only about the same distance apart as Union Square and Madison Square, lots 25x100 can now be bought (see Bleecker & Son's auction sale, October 14, 1858) from $385 to $500 each.

Where are the men who sneered at Mr. S. B. Ruggles when he would not sell lots around Union Square at $1,000—and who so wisely declared "they are too high"?

On the Fifth Avenue, above 125th Street, elegant improvements are already made (with a neat church) and are rapidly extending toward Harlem River. From the north side of the Central Park to Mount Morris Square, on the Fifth Avenue, there are only 224 lots; north of Mount Morris Square, and south of Harlem River, they are all now built upon, except eighty lots; add to this the few remaining lots south of the park, and you have all that remain of the Fifth Avenue between Washington Square and Harlem River, except those fronting on the park.

The third and Eighth Avenues, as soon as the cars run, will bring all this property nearer to Wall Street than Fourteenth Street was twenty years ago. One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street is mostly built up, macadamized from river to river, 100 feet wide, with Croton and gas, and is one of the most pleasant streets in the city. As an evidence of the rapid increase of this city, there are now two hourly steamers from 122d Street to Peck Slip, fare seven cents, and they often carry 3,000 passengers a day. Then there is the Second Avenue railroad, running to 122d Street. The Third Avenue railroad is graded and the rails will be laid to Harlem within a few months. The Fourth Avenue is now running to Harlem River. The Eighth Avenue will be running to Harlem as soon as the avenue is graded—the cars now running to Sixtieth Street—and the Sixth Avenue to Fifty-ninth Street. The Hudson River railroad stops at Manhattanville. The Ninth Avenue is next wanted. When these are all completed, Carmanville, Harlem, Manhattanville, Yorkville, etc., etc., will all be merged into the city of New York, as fully as Bank and Amos, and other streets are, which were known twenty years ago as "Greenwich." Indeed, the whole island is now included in the corporation of the city of New York, and all these old landmarks in the shape of local names will soon be gone forever.

In 1838, Mr. Mortimer erected his large stone mansion on Broadway, between Twelfth and Thirteenth Streets. That was then literally the country; no omnibus line would then go above Bond Street. Now it is so far down in town as to be used only as a hotel. . . .

The world has had almost an entire rest for one whole year, since the panic. In 1859 the inflation will begin; the increase of gold will then be felt.

October 5, 1858.

I took no offense at your mentioning to me that great care must be used in my statements, as you could admit nothing into your columns that could not be defended. On the other hand, it is the high character for reliability of your paper, and entire confidence in my statements, that induced me to wish to be heard through its columns. With these views, I now ask you to admit the following table of sales and present values of real estate, showing profits on the different sales from 65 per cent. in one year to 375 per cent. on longer periods.

In order that your readers may not only fully understand my premises, but may have the opportunity, with a few figures, of proving my results, I will state, that to enable me to prepare this table I am indebted to the politeness of the gentlemen in the Comptroller's office for copies of the actual sales made at auction by the Corporation, and for the estimate of the present value to Messrs. A. J. Bleecker & Son, of whom I requested the favor to furnish me,

for this purpose, with such estimates of the present cash value as they would consider as fair between buyer and seller. Upon their high character for fairness, and the general intelligence of your readers, I leave the estimate of the present value. For all the other statements I hold myself responsible. Pardon this preamble, and insert the following table:

Corporation Sales, April, 1847.

On what street.	*Between what streets.*	*[To-day.]*	*Then.*	*On what street.*	*Between what streets.*	*[To-day.]*	*Then.*
19th street	5th and 6th aves.	$60,000	$1,650	16th street	7th and 8th aves.	$20,000	$1,350
20th street	5th and 6th aves.	60,000	2,000	4th avenue	50th and 51st, corner		750
21st street	5th and 6th aves.	60,000	1,950			cor. inside $2,500 *each.*	
21st street, c.	5th and 6th aves.		2,475	4th avenue	50th and 51st, inside		450
17th and 18th sts.	6th and 7th aves.	30,000	2,350	50th street	3d and 4th aves.		400
18th street	6th and 7th aves.	30,000	1,200	51st street	3d and 4th aves.		350

Corporation Sale, March, 1850.

On what street.	*Between what streets.*	*[To-day.]*	*Then.*	*On what street.*	*Between what streets.*	*[To-day.]*	*Then.*
32d street	4th and 5th aves.	$60,000-$100,000	$1,500	8th avenue	65th street	$50,000	$400
43d street	5th and 6th aves.	75,000	1,200	64th street	Near 8th ave.	30,000	225
44th street	5th and 6th aves.	75,000	1,150	66th street	Near 3d ave.		700
45th street	5th and 6th aves.	75,000	775	Lex'ton ave.	65th and 66th sts.	35,000	800
51st street	Near 4th ave.	60,000	450	70th street	At 4th ave.	60,000-85,000	375
52d street	Near 4th ave.	60,000	400	3d avenue	70th st.	25,000	750
Lex'ton ave.	52d street	30,000	450	71st street	3d ave.	30,000	480
4th avenue	53d street	50,000	400	80th street	3d ave.	20,000	290
Lex'ton ave.	53d to 55th sts., avg.	30,000	420	3d avenue	80th st.	25,000	525
4th avenue	Near 55th st.	50,000	325	79th street	3d ave.	25,000	295
4th avenue	56th to 57th sts.	50,000	300	4th avenue	83d st.	50,000	400
5th avenue	56th to 57th sts.	35,000	575	83d street	4th ave.	50,000-75,000	275
5th avenue	58th st.	35,000	500	5th avenue	86th st., corner	250,000	850
58th street	5th and 6th aves.	60,000	220	5th avenue	86th st., inside	125,000	505
64th and 65th sts.	Bloomingdale		400	86th street	5th ave.	60,000	510

Corporation Sale, December, 1852.

On what street.	*Between what streets.*	*[To-day.]*	*Then.*	*On what street.*	*Between what streets.*	*Then.*
Lex'ton ave.	51st and 52d sts.	$35,000	$1,400	74th to 78th sts.	5th and 6th aves.	$750
	Corner		2,100	80th to 81st sts.	5th and 6th aves.	750
53d street	4th and 5th aves.	60,000-85,000	1,100	77th street	4th and 5th aves.	650
58th to 62d sts.	5th and 6th aves.	75,000	700	77th and 78th sts.	6th and 7th aves.	600
64th to 68th sts.	6th and 7th aves.		600			

Corporation Sale, February, 1857.

On what street.	*Between what streets.*	*[To-day.]*	*Then.*	*On what street.*	*Between what streets.*	*[To-day.]*	*Then.*
74th street	3d and 4th aves.	$30,000	$600	80th street	3d and 4th on ave.		$2,000
3d avenue	74th street	25,000	1,000	116th street	3d and 4th aves.	$20,000	500
80th street	3d and 4th on street	25,000	950	117th street	3d and 4th aves.	12,000	600

What is more remarkable is, that the tide appears not yet to have reached much above Central Park, as by the sales of February, 1857, lots sold on 116th and 117th Streets at $500 and $600, which Messrs. Bleecker & Son only now estimate at $600 and $700, being only about $100 advance; while during the same period lots in other locations, in the same sale, have advanced from $700 to $1,100 a lot. Another fact which deserves notice is, that all the lots, on an average, between Central Park and Harlem River, and the North and East Rivers, are now selling about as low as they sold in 1836—being the only spot in and around New York where property has not more than doubled in value since that period. Harlem River is soon to be the business center of this city. Who can doubt this, who has eyes that can see the great improvements going on in Westchester county?

Central Park is now more sure to be "down in town," ten years hence, than Union Park was at the time Mr. Ruggles proposed that improvement. At the time when Mr. Ruggles made his plans about Union Square, he had only a *lever* to work with of less than two hundred thousand population. If that lever has produced what is now before us, what will a lever of eight hundred thousand population produce in ten years more, especially when it is considered what our wealth now is, compared with what it was when there was not an omnibus on Broadway?

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Beekman House, near 50th Street and East River

BUILT IN 1763 BY A DESCENDANT OF WILLIAM BEEKMAN, WHO CAME FROM HOLLAND WITH PETER STUYVESANT IN 1647. IT WAS THE HEADQUARTERS OF GENERALS HOWE AND CLINTON DURING THE REVOLUTION. MAJOR ANDRE STAYED HERE THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS FATAL ADVENTURE, AND NATHAN HALE WAS BROUGHT HERE FOR EXAMINATION AFTER HIS CAPTURE. HALE WAS AFTERWARDS EXECUTED ON THE BEEKMAN FARM DOWNTOWN, NOT FAR FROM WHERE HIS STATUE NOW STANDS.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. GERARD BEEKMAN.

In conversation with Dr. King, of Columbia College, the other day, he told me that while he was in his own mind preparing his address to the Chamber of Commerce, he stood with perfect astonishment in the street, as he looked around and saw the changes within his own recollection. And he remarked that he had, after much reflection, reached the conclusion that it was time to sell below Twentieth Street, and invest this side of Harlem River. How fully is Dr. King's opinion confirmed, by the actual sales and estimates of present values as herein stated! There is not a city in the United States, or in the world, where property is so low as it is around New York, compared with its many incomparable advantages.

Almost every intelligent stranger from Europe, or from other cities, exclaims how low the property is around New York. How many are there among us who will look back five years hence with wonder that they should have lost the present golden moment to enrich themselves by the purchase of real estate at present prices, which are less than one-half what property brought in 1825, when lots on Broadway sold at $1,000, and now worth $50,000, provided the increase of wealth and population is taken into the account?

In conclusion, allow me to compare the present position of merchants with real estate holders. Where is the property of the merchants, and where is that of the real estate holder; where is the man, or the widow, or the orphan, whose funds were invested in railroad bonds and other kindred securities, and where are those whose investments were at 7 per cent. on bond and mortgage? The answer is within the reach of all—ruin, ruin to thousands of the former, while almost perfect security has been the joy of the latter.

At the time these corporation sales were made, there was not one man in ten who did not exclaim, "What prices!" "Are people deranged?" "The buyers will never take the deeds." "They will never pay down the thirty per cent." Every day now we hear similar opinions, and mostly from rich men who are crying over their "piles," were probably never five times above Fiftieth Street in their lives, and whose energy and enterprise, by high living and no exercise, was all destroyed years ago. Let every man who has a spark of enterprise at once go all over the ground above Central Park, between the three rivers—if he has no horse, go on foot—explore every lot, disregard the superannuated croakers, and see for himself. Rely alone upon your own eyes and your own head. A thousand lots can be bought to-day that promise twice the profit that was expected from those sold by the Corporation at the time of the sales. Look at the result with the merchant who, instead of increasing his business every year, has put his surplus profits into real estate.

ROMANCES IN REAL ESTATE

WHAT EARLY CENTURY ERRORS HAVE COST INDIVIDUALS

Farm near Madison Square Traded for one in Lewis Co.—Former now Worth $26,000,000, Latter $450—Broadway and Twentieth Street Corner Exchanged for House in Macdougal Street—A Chapter of Horrors

Mrs. Clarissa Moore, whose estate sold 25 Macdougal Street, a parcel which she took in 1835 in an even trade for the site of the Lord & Taylor store at Broadway and Twentieth Street, is not the only person that can be accused of bad judgment in real estate matters in the last century. There have been hundreds and hundreds of such cases, and as a consequence there are many persons in this city to-day who have good reasons to regret or criticize the foresight of their ancestors. It is nothing unusual for a man to point with a sigh to a Fifth Avenue corner or some other well located property and tell you that had his great-grandfather had more prudence he would be the owner of the property.

John Lindsley, head of the legal department of the Wood, Harmon Company, is one of the many in New York who have reason to lament an early century transaction. Had this deal never been closed he would be one of the wealthiest landowners in New York City to-day. He would be worth in real estate more than $25,000,000. He was separated from this tidy little sum in 1835, when William Lindsley, his grandfather, sold to a Lewis County farmer his holdings comprising the property bounded by Fifth and Sixth Avenues and Twenty-first and Twenty-third Streets. He traded it for a farm of 150 acres in the western part of Lewis County, New York, which the Lindsley family still owns and would gladly sell for $3 an acre, or $450.

Mr. Lindsley was a Scotchman. He was a marble worker by trade and came to this country about 1801. He had heard from friends the great opportunities that this country offered, so he concluded to emigrate.

Shortly after landing in New York he bought the two blocks between Twenty-first and Twenty-third Streets. The property was far outside of the city limits, which were below Canal Street. He laid the property out for farming and with his trade as a marble cutter earned for his family a comfortable living. On Sundays he took his family to Madison Cottage, later the site of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where he met farmers of adjoining sections.

New York did not then show any promise of developing into the great city that it is to-day. Its growth could hardly be noticed, and very few of the farmers that gathered at the Madison Cottage on Sundays ever expected the city to pass Canal Street. Even south of that street there was much open country. Broadway had no sidewalks above Chambers Street, and the stage to Madison Cottage,

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Albany Post Road, now "Automobile Row," Broadway, 1861

NO PART OF NEW YORK SHOWS GREATER IMPROVEMENT THAN BROADWAY AT THE JUNCTION OF EIGHTH AVENUE AND 59TH STREET. SINGULARLY ENOUGH, THIS SECTION OF THE CITY IS ALMOST WHOLLY DEVOTED TO AN INDUSTRY AMONG THE LARGEST AND THE NEWEST IN EXISTENCE. THE TOWERING GOODRICH BUILDING COMMANDS A SWEEPING VIEW OF WHAT WAS A FARM A FEW YEARS AGO.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. JOHN N. GOLDING

one of the few hotels outside the city, did not run more than once a day. The waterfront of the city, however, was well built up. Uncle Sam then led the world in merchant marine. The bay and rivers were well dotted with sailing ships.

After the War of 1812 the city took on great activity, but it was chiefly south of Canal Street and along the waterfront. The central sections it appeared then would never be any more than suburbs. This was not only the view of Mr. Lindsley, but also Mrs. Moore's, who was one of the shrewdest real estaters in the city at the time. Mrs. Moore's property was just across from Mr. Lindsley. It was unoccupied except for rubbish, which made it popular with the goats of the neighborhood.

Mr. Lindsley had owned the farm for some years, but it was no more valuable than it was when he bought it. He wanted to sell but nobody wanted to buy. Mrs. Moore also wanted to sell her corner. The fact that she wanted to sell did not help Mr. Lindsley in finding a buyer, for it was the general opinion that Mrs. Moore would not be so anxious to let it go if there was any chance of that section becoming a part of the city proper.

Finally in 1835 he struck up a deal with a Lewis County farmer who offered to trade farms. He pointed out to Mr. Lindsley that he was giving a farm of 150 acres for one of only about nine acres with the possibility of an enhancing of value as great there as down here.

This line of reasoning won Mr. Lindsley. He had a growing family and wanted them to grow up men. With the additional acres he could increase his crops and thereby his earnings. With this amount of ground he reasoned he could well afford to give up his trade of marble cutting, which did not prove very lucrative here because of the simplicity of the people.

With all this in his mind he decided he was doing the best thing for his family and sold the property and hiked off for Lewis County, firmly believing he had the better of the transaction. In the meantime, Mrs. Moore found a buyer for her property, the southwest corner of Broadway and Twentieth Street. Mrs. Moore struck up a deal with a school teacher who owned 25 Macdougal Street, which was then part of one of the best residential sections of the city. Many people of wealth and distinction lived there. Mrs. Moore wanted a house in that section as a residence and persuaded the school teacher that he was not making a mistake by taking her Broadway property.

The deal was closed and Mrs. Moore was commended by her friends for the great bargain she had made. It was not long before the school teacher realized his mistake. There was no revenue from the property and it took all his savings to hold it. When he put the property in the market for sale, he was asked with a smile why he was willing to let it go so soon. Nobody would buy it, so he was forced to hold it, for which he was afterward very thankful.

The expansion of business which started after the Mexican War had in these days reached great proportions, forcing all of the downtown merchants into the new district. Immigration was also a great factor. Most of the newcomers re-

sided in the old residential district downtown, and with the purchase of St. John's Park by the railroad most of the colony changed their location. These people then moved north, settling in Fifth Avenue, Broadway, Fourth Avenue and the adjoining streets. Property there was in great demand and farms were subdivided into building lots. The Lindsley farm and Mrs. Moore's corner were the centre of the new colony, which became the élite section of the city. Lots on Twenty-third street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues were then selling for $7,000 and $8,000 each. The Schermerhorns built a fine mansion on the north side of the street, recently torn down to make way for a loft building.

After St. John's Park lost many of its residents, the residential colony to the east, which included Macdougal Street, began to decline. Inside of fifteen years Mrs. Moore found herself in the midst of a growing negro colony. It is now one of the largest Italian settlements in the city. The house is the same, except that a store has been put in on the ground floor.

In the meantime the Lindsley farm in Twenty-third Street and adjacent property were increasing steadily in value. Many of the clubs now on upper Fifth Avenue were located there. After about thirty years as a locality of fine houses, business made its appearance and before long it had a considerable foothold in the section. Broadway and Twenty-third Street was then partly business. They were being developed as part of the shopping district, which was then south of Fourteenth Street.

In 1871 Lord & Taylor took Mrs. Moore's corner as a site for an uptown branch on a long lease. It was leased from the Goelet and Roosevelt estates, which still own the property. The property was valued last year by the city without the improvement at $1,255,000, and probably would easily bring $1,500,000 if offered for sale. The Macdougal Street property was sold a few weeks ago by Mrs. Moore's heirs for $10,000. Two years ago they refused an offer of $12,500 for the property. They wanted $13,000.

But this great difference cannot be compared with the fortune lost to the Lindsley estate by the deal of 1835.

The Lindsley farm on Fifth Avenue without its buildings was valued by the Tax Department last year at $20,324,500. The farm is covered with at least seventy-five tall loft buildings besides the department stores along Twenty-third Street. The realty on the south of Twenty-third Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, which up to sixty years ago was planted with potatoes and cabbages, was last year taxed for $8,733,000. With the improvements the city claimed the block was worth $9,708,000.

Had Mr. Lindsley held only part of this block, say the parcel covered by Stern Bros.' store, his estate would now be about $3,000,000 richer. Had he held the Sixth Avenue corner occupied by McCreery's his heirs would be richer by $2,000,000. The block bounded by Fifth and Sixth Avenues, Twenty-second and Twenty-third Streets, is valued at $15,104,000, and the block to the south at $5,223,000. With the improvements these two blocks are assessed at $26,277,500.

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Delmonico's, at Fifth Avenue and 14th Street

THE OLD MOSES GRINNELL HOUSE, CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND 14TH STREET, WHEN IT WAS OCCUPIED BY DELMONICO AS A RESTAURANT, NOW THE SITE OF THE SECURITY NATIONAL BANK.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR E. H. SAUER

The Lewis County property has fifty acres of clearing and the remaining 100 acres heavily timbered. It is still occupied by the Lindsley family, but this is not because of any sentiment attached to the place. They will let it go, timber and all, for $450.

These two incidents emphasize the fact that one cannot buy real estate blindly. There is as much need for looking ahead to-day as in the days of 1835, for there is no telling what to-day's transactions may mean to posterity.

The list of frugal Dutchmen who traded barren farms on Broadway for the richer and more prolific cabbage lands of Hoboken is a long and painful one. And the case of Mrs. Adolph Klein, a worthy German, is not unusual. The corner of Barclay and Church Streets in 1868 was offered her for $16,000, but, because the worthy dame had only $10,000 in cash and would not buy on mortgage, she refused the offer and bought in, say, Arlington, N. J., instead. The New York corner is now worth about $200,000, and Arlington——!

WHEN J. J. ASTOR ADVERTISED—HAD GOOD STORE TO LET IN 1813 ON SITE OF THE ASTOR HOUSE

Just one hundred years ago, in *The New York Gazette,* appeared the following advertisement:

"To let for one or more years, a pleasant situation and an excellent stand for a dry goods store, the corner house of Vesey Street and Broadway. Enquire for particulars of John Jacob Astor, corner of Pearl and Pine Streets."

The house advertised by Mr. Astor was one of five houses which at that time occupied the Broadway front now covered by the Astor House, built in 1835. Before the Revolution it was the home of John Rutherford. The adjoining one was occupied by Col. Axtell, a British officer, and later by Lewis S. Scott. The third house was owned by Rufus King, afterward United States Senator and Minister to England, and it was the first one in the block bought by Mr. Astor. Adjoining was Cornelius Roosevelt's home, later sold to David Lydig, while John G. Coster owned the Barclay Street corner, and this was acquired by Mr. Astor when preparing to build his hotel.

Philip Hone, who lived in the block above, mentions in his Diary under date of April 4, 1834, that John Jacob Astor had just returned from Europe and adds:

"He comes in time to witness the pulling down of the block of houses next to that on which I live—the window front from Barclay to Vesey Street on Broadway—where he is going to erect a New York palais royal, which will cost him five or six hundred thousand dollars."

NEW YORK ASSETS NEARLY A BILLION AND A HALF

This City Leads All Others in Value of Lands, Parks and Institutions—Nearly Seven Hundred Millions in Parks and Recreation Piers Alone—Statement of the Comptroller.

We have read so much of the little two and a half story red-brick city that was, that perhaps it will be equally pleasant to contemplate the thirty to forty story skyscraping city of the present.

The following figures regarding New York's Material Wealth are as of January 1, 1913.

By William A. Prendergast, Comptroller

The gross funded debt of the city is $1,122,690,042.75. Against this amount the city had in its sinking funds $302,625,678.53, leaving the net funded debt $820,064,364.22. Of this amount approximately $207,000,000 is represented by self-sustaining investments. The balance of the figures are contained in the following statement of the assessed valuation of the city's real estate for the year 1913:

Bath Houses	$2,546,250
Recreation Piers	1,400,500
Board of Education	116,134,350
Fire Department	8,287,965
Street Cleaning Department	1,040,075
Department of Water Supply, Gas & Electricity	66,934,724
Department of Docks & Ferries (Piers, Bulkheads and Land under Water)	106,424,690
Department of Bridges	97,723,500
Department of Correction	26,398,000
Department of Public Charities	28,280,350
Department of Parks	669,503,355
Armories	14,536,800
Department of Health	1,082,350
Libraries (City)	24,113,300
Police Department	7,149,300
Sewerage System	70,660,925
Fire and Police Electric System	1,385,000
Corporation Yards	578,600
Markets	6,669,300
Rapid Transit (Subway)	87,941,000
Public Buildings and Places, etc.	31,278,470
Board of Water Supply	2,990,276
	$1,373,059,080

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An Old-fashioned Garden in Chelsea Village

THIS INTERESTING BIT OF COUNTRY LANDSCAPE WAS TAKEN ONLY A FEW YEARS AGO AT THE CUSHMAN RESIDENCE, WHERE NOW STAND THE CHELSEA APARTMENTS, NINTH AVENUE AND 22ND STREET. THE CUSHMAN HOME WAS ONE OF THE LAST LANDMARKS OF A BEAUTIFUL SECTION OF OLD NEW YORK.

GINGER WINE

Here is the formula for a drink that was highly popular in our grandmothers' time. There is scarcely a New Yorker who cannot recall some reference to it, though he may not have been personally familiar with this old-time concoction. But it was immensely popular in the olden days and is described as a cheap, pleasant and salutary wine, so we have decided to give the recipe a place here.

The following valuable receipt is but little known, but will be found to be the best method of making this very cheap, pleasant, and salutary wine. To every gallon of water put two pounds of sugar and one ounce and a half of grossly pounded ginger tied in a coarse linen bag. Boil these together half an hour, or as long as any scum arises, which must be carefully skimmed off. Put this liquor, when sufficiently boiled, into a tub, and on its becoming of the warmth of new milk, add the juice and rinds of two lemons, and half a Seville orange for each gallon. If ten gallons be made, put in two table spoonsful of yeast or a bit of toasted bread. Should the wine be made in cold weather, it must be kept in a warm place, the better to promote fermentation, which sometimes does not take place for a day or two. If it ferments freely, turn it up the third day, ginger and rinds together, in a cask just calculated to hold it, keeping out a small portion for the purpose of filling up the cask while it continues to work, which must by no means be filled up with any part of what flows over. When it has ceased fermenting, rack it off into another cask, adding to every four gallons a quart of the best brandy, with half an ounce of isinglass previously dissolved in some of the wine. In one month's time it will be fit to drink, or bottle; and few families, it will be presumed, who once make it and experience its good effects, will ever after choose to be without a cordial wine at once so cheap and comfortable.

CURIOUS NEWSPAPER STYLE OF OLD DAYS

Some idea of the pedagogic, stilted and semi-religious attitude of our daily papers sixty years ago may be gleaned from the following excerpts. They are typical of all dailies published at that time, and every issue abounds in similar instances of what we now regard as platitude and cant.

The Gayety of the Wicked.—The affected gayety of a wicked man is like the flowery surface of Mount Aetna, beneath which materials are gathering for an eruption that will one day reduce all its beauties to ruin and desolation.

Dr. Franklin, in summing up the domestic evils of drunkenness, says: "Houses without windows, gardens without fences, fields without tillage, barns without roofs, children without clothing, morals or manners."

Sabbath Breakers Cannot Be Trusted.—A distinguished merchant, a great judge of character, said: "When I see one of my apprentices or clerks riding out on the Sabbath, on Monday I dismiss him. Such an one cannot be trusted."

MEMORIES OF THE WALLACKS

Early Days of the Stock Company—Lester Wallack and His Intimates

By Arthur W. Wallack

The Wallacks were managers of theatres in New York as far back as 1825, Henry Wallack, an elder brother of James W. Wallack, becoming that year a partner of Freeman in the management of the old Chatham Garden Theatre. James W. Wallack made his first appearance in this country at the Park Theatre under the management of Messrs. Price and Simpson on Sept. 7, 1818, as *Macbeth.* The first theatre to come under his management was the National, on the corner of Church and Leonard Streets, of which he became lessee in 1837. He engaged a very strong company, and his theatre became the rival of the Park, which had hitherto been recognized as the fashionable theatre of the city. Before the end of the first season he had completely established the National as New York's leading theatre.

The expenses were, of course, very much less than now, the salaries of the actors and actresses being ridiculously small, in comparison with those received by the ladies and gentlemen of the same rank in the profession to-day. Lester Wallack, as stage manager and leading man, received one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. William Rufus Blake, considered the greatest "old man" on the stage, sixty dollars; Mark Smith, thirty-five; George Holland, a sterling comedian and great favorite, twenty-five dollars; W. R. Floyd, twenty dollars; Mr. Young, twenty dollars; Charles Fisher, well known in later years as a member of the famous Daly company, forty dollars; Mrs. John Hoey, the leading lady, one hundred dollars; Miss Mary Gannon, forty dollars; Mrs. Vernon, thirty dollars; Miss Fanny Morant, thirty dollars; Mrs. John Sefton, twenty-five dollars, and Miss Henriques, her first season on the stage, eighteen dollars. The total salary list amounted to $880 a week, and the total expenses, including the band, which cost $208, and all attachés, were $1,426.00.

It was in the fall of 1863 that the play of "Rosedale," written by Lester Wallack, was first produced. It ran one hundred and twenty-five nights, an almost unprecedented achievement. It averaged $750, which at present prices would be in excess of $1,800 a performance.

In the spring of 1874 H. J. Montague came to this country on a visit. Lester Wallack was playing an engagement in Brooklyn, and had his yacht, the *Columbia,* anchored in Gowanus Bay, returning to her each night after the performance. Dion Boucicault, who was at that time engaged in writing "The Shaughraun," frequently visited Mr. Wallack on the yacht, and on one occasion he asked the latter's permission to bring Mr. Montague, which was gladly granted, and from

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Street Criers of New York. About 1850

1. The Strawberry Girl
2. The Clam-seller
3. The Radish Girl
4. The Scissors-grinder

ELSEWHERE WE HAVE DESCRIBED THIS CURIOUS PHASE OF CITY LIFE WHICH HAS NOW TOTALLY DISAPPEARED. THERE STILL REMAINS A SUGGESTION OF THIS CUSTOM IN THE FEW PEDDLERS' WAGONS WHICH PERVADE THE OUTLYING SECTIONS AND NEARBY SUBURBS OF THE CITY.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. W. G. SNOW

that visit began the affectionate intimacy that ever after existed between them.

I was present on that occasion, and during the dinner the subject of Mr. Montague accepting an engagement as leading man at Wallack's was mooted. Montague requested a day to think it over, and two days after came by appointment to Wallack's Theatre and expressed his desire to become a member of the company. The salary question was raised and Montague asked what Charles Mathews' monthly salary had been while a member of Wallack's. Wallack answered, "Five hundred dollars." "Well," said Montague, "I think I am worth half as much as Mathews; don't you, Mr. Wallack?" Wallack thought so, too, and Montague's salary was placed at two hundred and fifty dollars.

"Montie," as he was affectionately called by his intimates, was equally at home in the drawing room, behind the scenes, or in his club, and popular everywhere. Women, both young and old, raved over him, and as a matinée idol, during the four short years of his life in New York, he reigned without a rival.

It seems strange, but in all the notices I have had of my father's theatrical career, I have never seen in print the reason for his coming to this country. He had a reason, and a good one, apart from the fact that his father had already firmly established himself as a New York favorite. Madame Vestris had seen "Mr. Lester" in Dublin and recommended him to Benjamin Webster, then manager of the Haymarket, London, as a most promising young actor. The result was that he became a member of the famed Haymarket company.

Like all young actors, he was ambitious, and as play after play was produced without his services being called upon, he conceived that he was not being well treated, and complained to the management, demanding that he have a chance to appear before a London audience, the ambition of every young actor then as now. But his pleading was in vain, Leigh Murray being chosen for the parts he deemed by right belonged to him. He therefore wrote to Webster tendering his resignation, which was accepted after a somewhat wordy war. He came to New York immediately after and made his appearance at the Broadway Theatre as *Sir Charles Coldstream* in "Used Up." Although he visited England several times afterward, it was never in a professional way.

The year 1880 was a notable one for the number of American actors that made their appearance before London audiences. To begin with, on April 26, Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin, supported by an American company, made their first appearance in "The Danites." The papers spoke highly of the company in general, especially of Mr. and Mrs. Rankin and Mr. Holland, while the play was pronounced "interesting and well proportioned." On July 19 Mr. John T. Raymond made his bow to a London audience at the Gaiety Theatre as *Col. Mulberry Sellers* in a dramatization of Mark Twain's "Gilded Age." The play itself was a failure, but Mr. Raymond made a distinct personal success by his quaint and humorous portrayal of the character of Sellers. Two weeks later at the same theatre Mr. and Mrs. William J. Florence made their appearance in "The Mighty

Dollar." On October 21 Mr. Boucicault opened at the Adelphi in his own drama, "The O'Dowd." On November 20 Mr. Florence made his appearance at the Gaiety Theatre as *Captain Cuttle* in a dramatization of Dickens's "Dombey & Son." On November 6 Edwin Booth made his appearance in London for the first time in nineteen years. The occasion was the opening of the new Princess Theatre, the old house having been torn down and a new one built. The play was, of course, "Hamlet," a character which Mr. Booth had made peculiarly his own in this country. His next impersonation was *Bertuccio* in "The Fool's Revenge," and served to firmly establish him in the public favor, everyone agreeing as to the extraordinary versatility and flexibility of his art. The following year, in May, 1881, Mr. Booth appeared at the Lyceum in connection with Mr. Irving, the play being "Othello," in which they alternated the parts of *Othello* and *Iago*. The rest of the cast was as follows:

Cassio	Mr. Wm. Terriss
Brabantio	Mr. Mead
Roderigo	Mr. Arthur W. Pinero
Duke	Mr. Beaumont
Montano	Mr. Tyars
Gratiano	Mr. Carter
Lodovico	Mr. Hudson
Messenger	Mr. Mathison
Paulo	Mr. Ferrand
Antonio	Mr. Clifford
Marco	Mr. Harwood
Emilia	Miss Pauncefote
Desdemona	Miss Ellen Terry

Mr. Booth appeared again in London at the Adelphi Theatre, in June, 1822. He produced "Richelieu," "The Fool's Revenge" and "Don Cæsar de Bazan." In his company was also Mr. Eben Plympton.

The original Browne's Chop House was on Fourth Avenue, just opposite the stage door of Wallack's Theatre, then at Thirteenth Street and Broadway. It was owned by George F. Browne, who at that time was a member of the Wallack Company. He had in former years been attached to a circus and had been famous as a trick rider of horses. The chop house became a rendezvous of actors and men-about-town, and was widely known for its Welsh rarebits, chops and old English ale. As a member of the stock company he played small parts, and for many years he was attached to the theatre.

In those days it was customary upon the opening night of the season for each actor and actress to receive a welcome from the audience, which was great or small according to their popularity.

It so happened that "Money" was the piece chosen for the opening. Browne played the part of the lawyer who reads the will in the first act. He does not make his appearance until near the end of the act, and after all the other characters are on the stage. As he came on with his lawyer's bag under his arm, he was at once recognized by the boys in the gallery, one of whom shouted, "Two chops and a rarebit, George!"

Charles Wyndham (now Sir Charles) made his appearance as a member of the company during the season of 1869-70. He played *Charles Surface* in "The School for Scandal," with a dash and a go that had not been seen for years, and firmly established himself as a favorite. He appeared also in "The Lancers."

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Murray Street About 1850

SHOWING THE OLD FIRM OF KEMP, DAY & CO., WHO DATE BACK TO 1833, AND ARE THE OLDEST FIRM IN THEIR LINE IN NEW YORK. THEIR WALL STREET STORE, ESTABLISHED BY AARON KEMP IN 1833, IS THE OLDEST BUILDING IN THAT STREET CONTINUOUSLY OCCUPIED BY THE SAME FIRM.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. SIDNEY THURSBY.

My father had been told that there was a young girl of great promise playing the part of *Esmeralda* in the "Hunchback of Notre Dame" at the Lyceum (now the Fourteenth Street Theatre), and he sent me over to see the performance and report upon it. As it was the first time I had been entrusted with so important a mission I was not a little gratified. My report was evidently favorable, for my father sent for the lady and offered her an engagement, which she accepted. The lady was Miss Jeffreys Lewis. She made her appearance in Foote's comedy, "The Liar," and received a most gratifying reception, remaining for some seasons a valued and favorite member of the company.

On March 19, 1874, Lester Wallack and Augustin Daly united in giving a grand charity benefit. The play chosen was "The School for Scandal" and the place the Academy of Music. The cast was one which has never been equalled on this or any other continent, and probably never will be. As it may prove of interest, I give it in full:

Sir Peter Teazle	John Gilbert	Snake	J. W. Carroll
Sir Oliver Surface	John Brougham	Joseph Surface's Servant	J. W. Peck
Charles Surface	Lester Wallack	Sir Harry Bumper	C. E. Edwin
Joseph Surface	Charles Fisher	Lady Sneerwell's Servant	F. Chapman
Crabtree	W. Davidge	Lady Candour	Miss Fanny Morant
Moses	Harry Beckett	Lady Teazle	Miss Madeline Henriques (Mrs. L. J. Jennings)
Careless (with song)	Edwin Arnott		
Trip	George L. Fox	Lady Sneerwell	Madame Ponisi
Sir Benjamin Backbite	Louis James	Maria	Miss Dora Goldthwaite
Rowley	D. Whiting	Maid	Miss Griffiths

Add to this that between the acts Pauline Lucca introduced two charming songs with "Home, Sweet Home" as an encore. The results were $6,274.00.

On the same evening Edwin Booth opened his new theatre at the southwest corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, appearing as *Romeo,* his wife, Mary McVickar, as *Juliet.* The play was produced in the most lavish manner.

At that time my boyhood chum was Digby Bell, or, as he was affectionately known to the members of our family, all of whom were much attached to him, "Kibbie." He was then a handsome, bright boy, full of life and fun, and with an especial fondness for the stage. He had two idols whom he had placed upon pedestals,—Edwin Booth and Lester Wallack,—and I remember how in the fervor of his admiration he used to say that if he ever went upon the stage he would take the name of Lester Booth. Hero Worship, Mr. Carlyle, could scarce go further than that! Little did he think then that the day would come when he would be one of our foremost comedians and a favorite both on and off the stage.

My father, on the evening in question, knowing that I was in front, sent for me to come to his dressing rooms, and I was admitted to the sacred precincts "behind the scenes." He gave me a note to take to Mr. Booth, in which he congratulated him on the opening of his theatre and wished him success in his management. Kibbie and I were two proud boys as we went up town, messengers of good will from Lester Wallack to Edwin Booth, for I confess I shared with him in his adulation.

The note was duly delivered and we were entrusted with one from Mr. Booth in which he returned my father's good wishes. We remained to see the first act and were witnesses of a somewhat unfortunate occurrence. As Mr. Booth was making his exit after the balcony scene, he tripped and fell. A suppressed murmur went through the house, and there were many who looked upon the accident as an augury of ill-fortune, and so unhappily it proved, for, after a few seasons, Mr. Booth was obliged to relinquish the management and the theatre came into the hands of Jarrett and Palmer.

It was at Christmas time this year that the Lambs Club was founded. George McLean, a close friend of mine, used to spend much of his time with me in my office at the theatre, and in that way came to know Montague, Beckett and Arnott. Desirous of showing his appreciation of their friendship, he gave a little supper in their honor, in the historic blue room at Delmonico's, then at Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue. We had such a delightful evening that it was proposed that we should meet once a month, and that each of us should have the privilege of inviting one guest. As "Del's" was somewhat expensive for our limited means, I was appointed a committee of one to find a more suitable meeting place.

This being decided upon, it was then proposed that we give ourselves a name. Many were submitted, but it was not until Mr. Montague told us of a club he had belonged to in London and which was called "The Lambs" that we finally decided upon that title. So the "Lambs" we called ourselves and the "Lambs" we have been ever since. From occupying a room once a week for meetings and once a month for supper to a superb clubhouse on Forty-fourth Street, with a thousand members, is somewhat of a growth.

The season of 1875-76 at Wallack's opened with the "Overland Route." It was an elaborate production in its way, and a scene representing the deck of a ship at sea was a credit to the stage carpenters. The deck was raised from the stage about two or three feet, and by a clever mechanical contrivance it was made to rock gently in a most realistic manner, so much so that one of the women of the cast complained that it made her seasick. When it was done in "Brewster's Millions" a few seasons ago it was considered a great novelty! The ship is supposed to be wrecked upon an uninhabited island, and when it struck, the supports upon one side were removed, causing the deck to assume an angle approaching forty-five degrees. This was done so suddenly on the first night that dear old John Gilbert, taken by surprise, slid from one side to the other in a most undignified manner and greatly to his disgust. Nothing like that slide was ever seen on a ball field! What he said to the stage hands after the end of the act is better imagined than described. When it came to cuss words, Edwin Forrest had nothing on John Gilbert. Nor did even Edwin Eddy, also a past master in un-Biblical diction.

On the night of December 31st, after the audience had been dismissed, I managed, I forget now upon what pretext, to inveigle my father, who was not

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Rare Photograph of Columbia College at Madison Avenue and 50th Street. About 1874

SITE NOW COVERED WITH PRIVATE RESIDENCES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. H. O. BABCOCK.

acting, from his office in front of the house into going back on the stage. The curtain had been lowered and the house darkened, but as soon as he entered the auditorium the lights were turned on again, the band struck up "Hail to the Chief" and the curtain slowly rising disclosed the whole company, all the employees, and down centre of the stage a table with what appeared to be a draped figure upon it. My father was escorted by Montague to the stage, too astonished to speak, but no doubt with an inkling that something unusual was up.

Dear old John Gilbert then, in a speech in which his voice broke more than once, spoke touchingly of the years many of them had served under the management of Mr. Wallack and his father, of their appreciation of his kindness and courtesy upon all occasions and ended by begging him to accept from them this evidence of their affection and esteem for him "as manager, actor and friend." He then uncovered a magnificent silver epergne, standing upon a base of ebony, upon which, in silver plates, were inscribed the names of all the donors. For once "the governor" was knocked clean off his perch, and it was some moments before he could sufficiently pull himself together to reply. But he did in a speech that brought the house down, and perhaps we didn't make a night of it! I know it was nearing daylight before "Montie," Harry Beckett, Charlie Stevenson and myself parted company—I have forgotten just how and where, we parted.

On Friday, August 9, 1878, on the occasion of his benefit, when the largest audience that had yet filled the California Theatre, during the management of Barton and Lawlor, was present, poor "Montie" was unable to proceed with his part of *Lord Arthur Chilton* in "False Shame" after having been on the stage but fifteen minutes. The curtain was rung down, an apology made, and the play proceeded with F. B. Warde assuming Mr. Montague's part. Montague was taken to his dressing room, and physicians were summoned from the audience to his assistance. He had a severe hemorrhage, and it was some time before he was sufficiently recovered to be removed to his rooms at the Palace Hotel. He remained in bed until Sunday, when, feeling better, he got up and dressed. During that afternoon, Mr. Warde and Mr. Carroll were chatting with him, and when the dinner hour arrived he insisted upon their remaining and dining with him. He seemed then to be in the best of spirits, and his conversation was hearty and hopeful. While dinner was being served the doctor arrived, and going with him into the bedroom, Mr. Montague submitted to an examination. In the best possible humor he returned to his friends, and with great glee slapped his chest and cried out, "It's all right, boys! There's nothing the matter with my lungs! The verdict is not guilty!" Only a few minutes after he complained of a feeling of suffocation, and staggering into his bedroom, called for ice. Almost immediately the terrible hemorrhages began. The doctors were summoned at once. In vain did his friends minister to him in every possible way. By this time, Mr. Shannon, Miss Grainger and Mrs. Shannon had joined Mr. Warde and Mr. Carroll, and were gathered about the bedside of the poor sufferer. Touched by their kindness, and by the anxious looks of grief in their faces, he looked up at

them and in tones growing fainter and fainter, said, "It's no use. I am going, boys. God bless you all." The doctors arrived but it was too late, and at five minutes past nine on Sunday evening, August 11, 1878, our poor, dear "Montie" passed away. Out of respect to his memory the California Theatre was closed on Monday evening following his death. It was decided to disband the company, but I think this idea was abandoned and Maurice Barrymore was engaged to play Montague's part.

The first intimation I received of his death was at the West End Hotel, Long Branch, when I received a telegram which I have by me now, signed T. W. Carroll, F. B. Warde and J. W. Shannon, saying, "Our dear Montague died at nine to-night; his last words, 'It's no use; God bless you all.' " I was about to join a party going to the White Mountains, in which were several who were well known to Montague, and who, upon hearing the sad news, at once decided to postpone their trip until after the funeral.

As both my father and Mr. Boucicault were away, I went at once to Mr. Moss, and we telegraphed to San Francisco to have the body sent on and that Mr. Simon, an old friend of Mr. Montague, would meet it at Chicago. In the meantime Mr. Wallack and Mr. Boucicault arrived from Newport, where they had been on their boats, and they at once made arrangements for the funeral, which it was decided should take place from the Church of the Transfiguration ("The Little Church Around the Corner"), and that tickets should be issued to those desiring to be present. The demand was so enormous that we were obliged to limit the number.

A delegation from the Lambs Club, of which he was the Shepherd, consisting of Mr. Beckett, Mr. Grainger and several others, met the body at the Grand Central Station. The church was crowded and there were thousands outside in the grounds and the street. The services were most impressive and there were many who were unable to control their feelings. There was a large crowd present at the interment, which was in Greenwood Cemetery in our lot, and there his dear friend and companion lies side by side with Lester Wallack, who died ten years later.

Montague's right name was Harry J. Mann. He was born in London in 1840, and was therefore thirty-eight years old at the time of his death. He was originally a clerk in an insurance office, but he had always had a great liking for the stage and belonged to an amateur dramatic club, which counted Henry Irving also among its members. His fondness for the profession led him to become private secretary to Dion Boucicault, who gave him his first chance on the stage in the part of the counsel for the prosecution in the play of "Jeanie Deans." His rise was rapid. Possessed of a handsome stage presence, and with an irresistible charm of manner, it was not long before he became the foremost "jeune premier" in England. He was associated with Thorne and James in the management of the Vaudeville, London, and later became manager of the Globe Theatre.

Of his coming to this country on a visit and his subsequent engagement and appearance at Wallack's, I have already written.

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Columbia College About 1874

THE SOUTH PORTICO OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE, ABOUT 1874, SHOWING GROUP OF STUDENTS, SOME WITH THE THEN POPULAR SILK HAT. A VERY RARE PHOTOGRAPH.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. H. D. BABCOCK

I know that he had great hope of being manager of a theatre in New York, though he desired the matter kept a secret until his return from California. There is no doubt, however, that had he lived he would have been the manager of the Park Theatre, at that time on the east side of Broadway near Twenty-second Street.

Montague's temperament and personality peculiarly fitted him for a certain line of parts, of a light and elegant character, which no actor since has filled quite so satisfactorily. It was in the modern Robertsonian comedy that he shone. In such parts as *D'Alroy* in "Caste," *Lord Beaufoy* in "School," and *Captain Molyneux* in "The Shaughraun," a part which Boucicault wrote for him, he was delightful. Of his private life I can say as his constant companion for four years that it was most exemplary. He never dissipated, and found his greatest pleasure in spending such time as he could spare from his business quietly at his home or in visiting the many friends he had made while here. He was a regular attendant at the church from which he was buried and where our family had a pew. He spent his summers at our place in Stamford, and we shared the same room.

Like the present-day "matinée idol," but more so, Montague was much admired by the fair sex, and I frequently, after a matinée, was obliged to let him out by the front door of the theatre in order that he might escape a crowd of women collected at the stage door on Fourth Avenue. His favorite flower was the violet, and one persistent admirer sent him a bouquet of those flowers every Saturday. This was kept up for two years. At first he paid little attention to it, but after a while his curiosity being aroused, he enlisted my services to aid him in finding out who the sender was. Our efforts were in vain, for though the flowers continued to arrive with never-ending regularity, we were never able to trace the source from which they came. When we went to Boston, where he played at the Boston Museum, he received on his first night a box containing the usual bunch of violets, and every morning thereafter at the Parker House, where we stopped, a similar box would arrive. Whether he ever eventually ascertained who the donor was I do not know, but I don't think he did. There was a huge bunch of violets placed on his grave on the day of his funeral and I have always thought they were sent by the fair unknown.

Montague was never carried away by the adulation he received and it is to his credit that during the four years of his professional life in this country his name was never connected, directly or indirectly, with any unpleasant gossip. He was one of the most gentle and lovable natures that I have ever met, and I am happy to have the opportunity of paying this slight tribute of love and esteem to his memory.

On the night of September 5th, 1888, I heard my father walking restlessly up and down his room, and I thought once or twice that I heard him groan. I knocked at his door, and called to him, "What's the matter, Dad; are you ill?" "No, my dear boy, only a little wakeful. Go to bed. I'm all right." The following morning I went into his room as was always my custom and found him sit-

ting up in bed. He asked for the paper and I called to my brother to bring it. I then left him for the purpose of going to the end of the pier on our property to catch a few tomcod, of which he was very fond, for his breakfast. I had but taken a few steps from his room when my brother called me back. I returned to find my father looking wildly about him and asking for the editorial sheet of the paper, which was in his hand. In another moment he threw up his arms and fell back in convulsions. . . . As the end approached and he became weaker, I went to my mother's room and led her to his side, to take a farewell after forty years. A moment later I took my father's handsome head, crowned with its silver curls, in my arms, and so he breathed his last, passing most peacefully away.

His funeral took place on September 16 from "The Little Church Around the Corner" in West Twenty-ninth Street. At an early hour that morning we left Stamford by a special train. On arrival at the Grand Central Depot we found it so crowded that it was with great difficulty that we managed to force our way through the dense mass of people. My poor mother fainted and had to be carried to her carriage. I could see that the streets were lined with people all the way from Forty-second Street. When we reached West Twenty-ninth Street, it was so crowded that it was only through the exertions of the police that we managed to enter the church. Even the roofs of houses were packed with people, and as the *Evening Post* for that date remarked: "The house tops, stoops and windows were one mass of spectators. And it could be seen that no building in this city would have held the friends and acquaintances of Lester Wallack, who wished to pay their last respects." The pall bearers were Joseph Jefferson, Wm. J. Florence, R. M. Field, Henry E. Abbey, A. M. Palmer, Leonard Jerome, Steele Mackaye, Abram S. Hewitt, Judge J. R. Brady, Judge A. J. Dittenhoefer, Alexander Taylor, Sr., George A. Freeman, Edmund Stanton, and John A. Stow. At the request of many of his old friends and with the consent of the Rev. Dr. Houghton, the casket was opened in the churchyard in order that they might look, for the last time, upon the features so dear to them in life. The temporary interment took place in Woodlawn, in the presence of some five or six hundred people. Some months later, I found there was room in our plot in Greenwood, so I had the body removed, and there he lies, by his father, and close to his friend, Harry J. Montague.

JOE JEFFERSON

The Joe Jefferson referred to under the John Street Methodist Church, on page 101, was the grandfather of our Joe.

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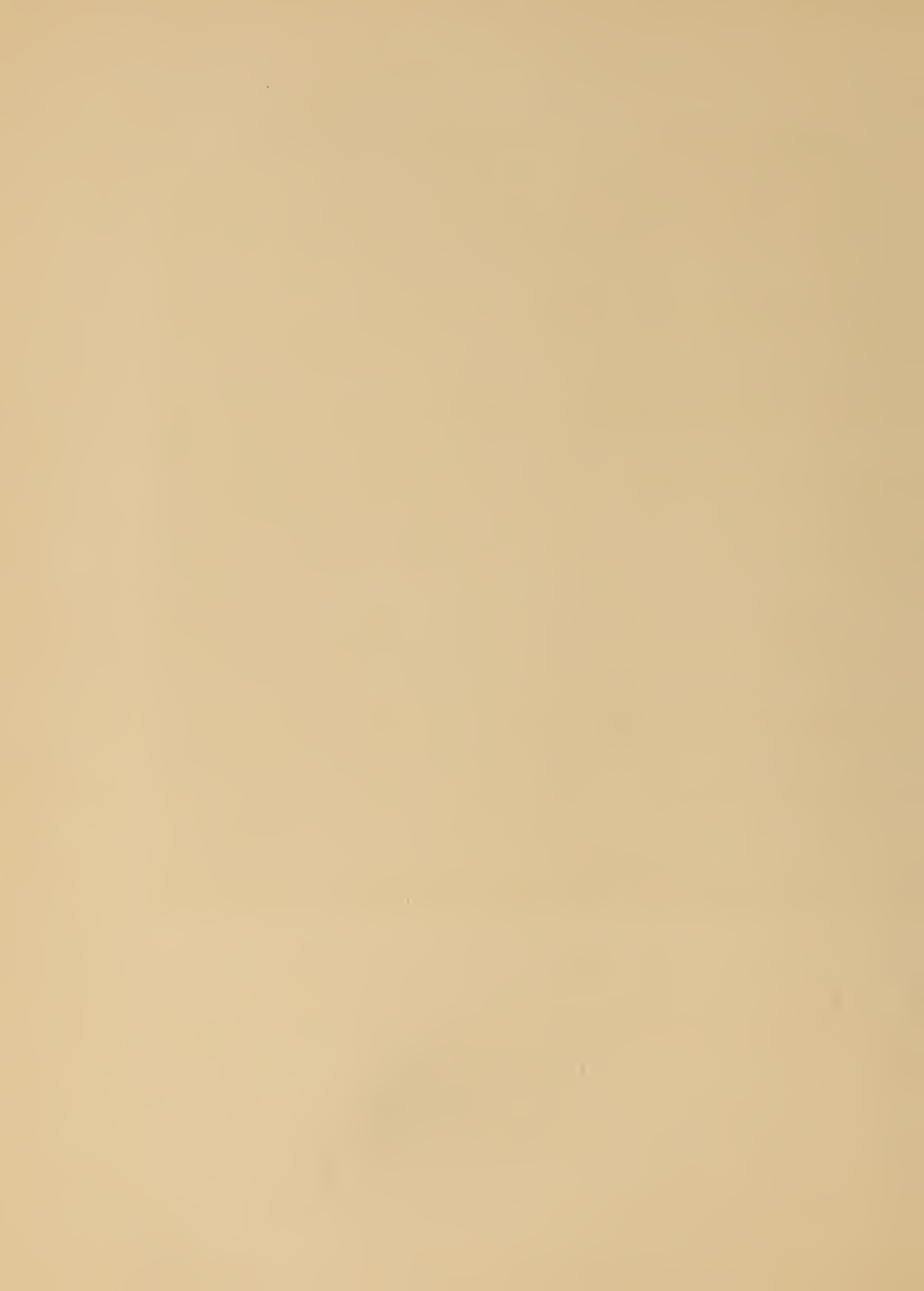
The Rhinelander Home in William Street

THE ORIGINAL HOME OF THE RHINELANDERS AT 228 WILLIAM STREET, ABOUT 1725.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. LISPENARD STEWART.



FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES OF THIRTY YEARS AGO

Memories of the Old Lyceum, the Madison Square, Wallack's, the Star, the Standard, the Casino, the Bijou, Niblo's Garden, the Fourteenth Street, the Park, the Academy of Music, Fifth Avenue, Daly's Union Square and Grand Opera House, Harrigan & Hart's, Tony Pastor's, the Bowery, Etc.

Early in the '80s Daly's Theatre was the leading attraction in town, and the social season was opened only when Daly's First Night was announced. No matter where else you might go, Daly's was the one place in New York where you had to be seen to be reckoned of some social account.

And a brilliant company he had! It included in its palmy days the never-to-be-forgotten Ada Rehan, the beautiful Edith Kingdon, charming Virginia Dreher, the lithesome (in those days) May Irwin, and dear old Mrs. Gilbert. Kitty Cheatham, Mary Mannering, Julie Opp, Clara Morris and other brilliant performers were in the cast from time to time, and the men folks included such finished actors as John Gilbert, James Lewis, John Drew, Otis Skinner, George Parkes, William Gilbert, augmented from time to time by other equally capable artists such as Richard Mansfield, Henry Miller, Walden Ramsay, W. J. LeMoyne and many others.

It was just about the beginning of "star" days, but the custom had not then reached the proportions it did a few years later. John Drew, Henry Miller, Richard Mansfield, Rose Coghlan, Ada Rehan, Edith Kingdon and others of similar standing were content to act in one company where all were featured alike, and the stock companies at the Madison Square and Wallack's included such famous names as Ada Dyas, Mme. Ponisi, Maude Harrison, Annie Russell, Agnes Booth, Herbert Kelcey, Fanny Davenport, Annie Robe, Virginia Dreher, Effie Germon, Sophie Eyre, Kathryn Kidder, Viola Allen, Effie Ellsler, Rosina Vokes and others.

"Nancy & Co.," "7-20-8," "A Night Off" and other light farces adapted from the German were a feature of Daly's, relieved occasionally by magnificent revivals of Shakespeare's comedies—"Much Ado About Nothing," "Katherine and Petruchio," "Twelfth Night"—in which Ada Rehan, John Drew, Miss Kingdon and Mr. Skinner gave presentations which lingered long in the memory of those privileged to witness them.

Lester Wallack was born in Hudson Street, this city, but his parents removed to England when he was only a few weeks old and he was nearly twenty-five years old when he returned. To his last breath he was as devoted an Englishman as was his father. Nothing that did not originate in England was ever seriously considered by him, and most of his company were imported from London. He was one of

the most popular actors this city has ever possessed and was highly esteemed in private as well as professional life. The great aping of all things English, in society at that time, may have had much to do with Wallack's attitude. But, however that may be, "She Stoops to Conquer," "Rosedale," "Our Boys" and dozens of others of the old English School succeeded in establishing Mr. Wallack's fame as a successful actor and manager.

At the Union Square between Fourth Avenue and Broadway—now one of Keith's "Movies"—Richard Mansfield sprang into fame and fortune in one night by his extraordinarily effective acting in the "Parisian Romance." His subsequent brilliant career is too well known to require repetition here, except to add that the critics who witnessed that performance and also his work in "Rip Van Winkle" (a comic opera, by the way), Sardou's "Andrea" and finally in "Prince Karl" made bold enough to say that it seemed to them that Mr. Mansfield possessed "the sound merit of originality."

Mr. Mansfield not only realized this halting prediction but proved himself the greatest actor on our stage. But what is more important, he used his talents and his money in a constant endeavor to make the stage what it should be and succeeded to a remarkable extent. He made and lost fortunes with equal equanimity. And when Mansfield died, the American stage was infinitely richer for his living. He did not leave the fortune that some other popular actors did, but if he had been content to wander around the country with a cheap company for thirty or forty years in "Old Heidelberg," "Beau Brummel" or any one of a dozen plays, as they did, he might have been a millionaire, too.

Across town on Fourth Avenue near Twenty-third Street stood the Lyceum. This famous theatre was erected by Steele Mackaye in 1885. It was not alone the scene of many historic triumphs but to me is particularly interesting as the first office of Gustave Frohman. He was the eldest and the pioneer of the famous managers of that name, and no doubt laid the foundations of the eminence to which Daniel and Charles were afterwards to attain. In May, 1887, Daniel Frohman's first production occurred, "The Highest Bidder," with E. H. Sothern. Here also were first shown the joint productions of Belasco and De Mille, and of De Mille and Bernard, whose production of "The Main Line" had an extraordinary run. "The Charity Ball," by Belasco and De Mille, in which poor Georgia Cavyan made such a tremendous success, was also given here and ran the entire season. Many other plays at this old house, especially Sothern in a revival of his father's famous play "Lord Chumley," and Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda," added to his fame. The Lyceum was considered ultra-fashionable in those days and claimed a little more exclusive patronage than was accorded Daly's. The run of Helen Dauvray in Bronson Howard's fine comedy "One of Our Girls" extended over 200 nights, exceeding, I believe, "The Charity Ball."

Other long to be remembered successes were "Editha's Burglar" (in which Elsie Leslie made her first appearance after "Lord Fauntleroy"), "Sweet Lavender," "Squire Kate," "Captain Letterblair," "The Case of Rebellious Susan," "The

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Leaders of Society at the Prince's Ball, 1860

ELSEWHERE WE PRINT THE NAMES OF THE LADIES REPRESENTED IN THE ABOVE PICTURE IN THE COSTUMES WORN AT THE GREAT BALL GIVEN THE LATE KING EDWARD, WHEN PRINCE OF WALES, AT THE OLD ACADEMY OF MUSIC IN 14TH STREET, JUST BEFORE THE WAR.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. H. H. CAMMANN.

Moth and the Flame," "Trelawney of the Wells," "Merry Gotham" and "The Wife"—the latter a second tremendous success of Belasco and De Mille.

The regular company was reinforced from time to time by notable accessions. Miss Cayvan was the leading woman, Herbert Kelcey, leading man in the first production. They were joined later by E. H. Sothern, Henry Miller, Mr. Faversham, Jas. K. Hackett, E. J. Morgan, Felix Morris, Wm. Courtleigh, Miss Mannering, Julie Opp, Elizabeth Tyree, Annie Russell, Miss Gilbert, Isabelle Irving, Hilda Spong, Miss McKee Rankin and Virginia Harned.

The sprightliness of Miss Tyree, the Dresden china-like effect of Miss Irving, the charms of Miss Russell and the buoyancy of Miss Mannering and Miss Opp are, indeed, pleasant memories. They were certainly a delightful coterie.

On the occasion of the final performance at the Lyceum previous to the demolition of the building, Miss Annie Russell read some appropriate lines, of which the following is the conclusion:

> The end has come. Dare we, who face you thus,
> To bid good-bye to you, as you to us,
> Dare we expect a place, however small,
> With those you love to turn to and recall?
> Ah, yes! . . . .
> Then, when destruction lays its ruthless hand
> Where once the play and player took their stand,
> Hope and not grief will cause our hearts to swell,
> Since "au revoir" will lurk behind "farewell,"
> And from afar there sounds a sweet *Te Deum,*
> Because the *New* springs from the *Old* Lyceum!

The Star, at the corner of Thirteenth Street and Broadway (now Rogers, Peet & Co.) was then under the management of Lester Wallack and housed such important foreign companies as were wont to visit New York for a brief stay. Notable among these visitors was Henry Irving and Ellen Terry on their first visit here, and their reception was all that could be desired. As *Olivia* Ellen Terry never had a more congenial part, nor had Irving as *Mathias* in "The Bells." Their entire repertoire was performed here to crowded houses and unbounded enthusiasm. Fanny Davenport was here as a star in "Fedora," a play in which she secured a financial and artistic success of great magnitude. Lydia Thompson essayed here some burlesque extravaganza rôles, in which she achieved some success. But nothing ever approached the havoc wrought by her and her fascinating "British Blondes" a decade previous. Nothing had ever appeared like them and the town went wild over the novelty. "The Black Crook" followed this and the era of tights may be said then to have commenced. It was some years before the managers had again to resort to skirts.

The theatre erected by Edwin Booth on Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, now McCreery's, was an ambitious undertaking, but did not prove a financial success. It was the scene, however, of some notable Shakespearian revivals with Booth as the star. The famous combination of Booth, Bangs, Barrett, and Davenport started *en tour* from here; John McCullough was also a frequent actor in New York in "Virginia." Of the other actors whose names frequently ap-

peared on the boards at this time were E. M. Holland, C. W. Couldock, Osmond Tearle, Frank Mayo, Steele Mackaye, Dion Boucicault, Maurice Barrymore, Sol Smith Russell, Roland Reed, Jo Jefferson, Joseph Wheelock, Joseph Howarth, Frank Chanfrau, W. J. Florence, Barney Williams, Henry Edwards, Nate Salisbury and many others.

Robson and Crane are well remembered. "The Henrietta" was perhaps their most famous play, but they had a long line of successes to their credit and were sure of a hearty welcome when they came to New York. Mr. Crane is still doing good work.

Another theatre that enjoyed a peculiar and remarkable popularity in New York was the Comique, better known as Harrigan and Hart's. The plays given here were entirely local in character and depicted familiar East Side scenes, at that time the home of the Irish population. The Mulligan series were the most famous—"The Mulligan Guards," "The Mulligan Guards' Pic Nic," "The Mulligan Guards' Ball," etc., etc. The chief actors were Ned Harrigan, Tony Hart, Johnny Wild and Annie Yeamans. This was a quartette that kept New York screaming with laughter for years. Dave Braham supplied the music and some of his songs have never been exceeded in popularity. "The Mulligan Guards' Ball" was one. Others were "Going Home with Nelly after Five," "Maggie Murphy's Home," "The Market on Saturday Night," "I never Drink behind the Bar," "Duffy's Cart," "Regular Army," "The Skidmore Guards," "Up at Dudley's Grove," "Major Gilfeather," "The Skids are out To-day," etc.

In a way, these plays were more nearly native American art than had ever yet been offered. They burlesqued the every-day street life of New York and it was artistically done. No one ever excelled Ned Harrigan, Tony Hart or Johnny Wild in their respective fields and Annie Yeamans as the original tough girl was immense. To the deep regret of all theatre-goers the combination disagreed and the old firm of Harrigan and Hart dissolved. Harrigan continued alone and made some success, but Tony Hart and Johnny Wild did not exactly share the same fortunate ending. Nothing has ever appeared to take the place of those peculiar comedians. Perhaps the times have changed so that they would no longer be understood, but in their day and generation they were certainly an entertaining company.

A. M. Palmer managed the Madison Square with a stock company. Among his notable successes were "The Banker's Daughter," "Young Mrs. Winthrop," "Hazel Kirke," "Passion's Slave," "The Danites," etc. "Davy Crockett," with Frank Mayo, was always a popular production, as were also "Michael Strogoff" and "The Danicheffs," while Kate Claxton in "The Two Orphans" did a lucrative business. It was during a performance of this play in Brooklyn that the terrible fire occurred in Col. Sinn's Park Theatre by which nearly three hundred lives were lost. It was one of the worst disasters of its kind on record, and had a depressing effect on theatres in general for a long time.

SUMMER RESIDENCE OF FERNANDO WOOD, MAYOR, 1855, _56, _57, _58.
Broadway and 77th Street, N.Y.

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Mayor Wood requests the pleasure of

.... Miss Mills .... company,

on Friday, October 12th at one o'clock,

to meet

His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales,

at Luncheon.

R.S.V.P. *Wood Lawn, Broadway.*

Please show this card at the gate.

FERNANDO WOOD, MAYOR OF THE CITY AT THAT TIME, GAVE A LUNCHEON TO THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THIS HOUSE, AND HIS INVITATIONS READ, "PLEASE PRESENT THIS CARD AT THE GATE." ABOVE WE SHOW THE GATE AND THE HOUSE, WHICH STOOD ON BROADWAY AND 77TH STREET TILL LATE IN THE SIXTIES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. OTIS F. WOOD

Down on the East side a Jewish actress in emotional rôles profoundly stirred her Yiddish audiences—Bertha Kalisch. The German Theatre on Irving Place also produced many notable plays in the native tongue. Diagonally across the street the old Academy of Music was offering standard melodramas at reduced prices, and just below it Tony Pastor was still holding forth in what proved to be his closing years. Further down that avenue was Miner's Burlesque Theatre. Amateur Friday Nights originated here, an idea which had considerable merit until it became commercialized. The Old Bowery just below Miner's even then had been a German theatre for so many years that its old origin and traditions were already a sealed book to its patrons, and many native New Yorkers still fail to identify the Thalia Theatre with the once famous old playhouse known all over the country as the Bowery.

A school of acting, new at this time, but tremendously popular, were the farces of Chas. H. Hoyt. Mr. Powers made his first great hit in one of them, "A Bunch of Keys." There were quite a number of them, "A Texas Steer," "A Trip to Chinatown," etc., etc. Each one burlesqued some peculiar feature of common experience in those days, and Hoyt grew wealthy. Another play which made its appearance about this time and has practically continued ever since was "The Old Homestead." It was originally a short vaudeville sketch entitled "Joshua Whitcomb," but was amplified by James M. Hill, a business man who forsook commerce for the stage and achieved considerable success as a manager. He was quite a figure in the theatrical world for many years. Margaret Mather was under his management. She was a Brooklyn girl of rare promise. Her early demise undoubtedly deprived the stage of a tragedienne of remarkable talent. Lillian Olcott, another Brooklynite, also essayed high tragedy and played *Theodora, Camille,* etc. She graduated from the Brooklyn Amaranth, a social amateur theatrical organization which had some ambitious members. Bob Hilliard came from there, and another similar society, also in Brooklyn, produced Miss Elsie de Wolfe and Mrs. Bloodgood. Evert J. Wendell was also an amateur in the same company, but never appeared as a professional.

"Pinafore" and "The Mikado" had just come over and were the musical rage for several seasons. There were numerous companies performing these operettas as no copyrights existed in those days and they were freely pirated. The Standard, on Broadway between Thirty-second and Thirty-third Street where Gimbels is now, was the home of the authorized version under D'Oyly Carte, and numbered in its cast some of the finest singers ever heard in the city. Geraldine Ulmar, Kate Forster and Geraldine St. Maur enacted the *Three Little Maids*, Courtice Pounds *Nanki-Po,* F. Billington *Pooh Bah* and George Thorne *Ko-Ko*. The "Boston Ideals," a troupe composed of choir singers from that city, also met with gratifying success. After "Pinafore" and "The Mikado" they essayed "Robin Hood" with equal results. Myron Whitney and Chauncey Olcott were also in one of the casts. The Gilbert and Sullivan days were ones long to be remembered and certainly created a furor at their introduction.

The Girl and Music show was also popular in those days, and Rudolph Aronson in the then New Casino was distinctly the sensation of the day in his line. A long line of successes followed his management of the new song house, "Erminie" alone running for so many nights that the cast practically quit from exhaustion. Francis Wilson made his great hit in "Erminie," and ever after maintained the enviable position he then achieved. He is one of the few old members of the Casino who has grown in his art as well as in experience, and his scholarly attainments have earned for him an enviable position in private life.

No mention of the Casino, however, is complete without a recital of the splendid work done for it in those days by the perennially youthful and always delightful Lillian Russell. Miss Russell's beauty in those days is only rivalled by her beauty to-day, only now there is a trifle more of it. She was certainly the pride of the "Johnnies" and has never lost her place in the affections of the music loving public. Her late appearance in connection with Health and Beauty talks in company with moving pictures only serves to emphasize the versatility of this charming woman.

Other great attractions at the Casino were De Wolf Hopper, Digby Bell, Jefferson de Angelis, James T. Powers, Frank Daniels, Pauline Hall, Marion Manola, Sylvia Gerrish, Amelia Somerville, Agnes Folsom, Rose Beaudert and Emma Hawley. There were, of course, many other shows of a musical nature. Thatcher, Primrose and West presented a delightful entertainment of the old minstrel order. The three principals contributed much of the program and were a whole show in themselves. Lew Dockstader also had a minstrel company who enjoyed tremendous vogue for a long time. They were a revival of Bryant and Christy's famous San Francisco Minstrels that held forth twenty-five years before in the old Winter Garden, now the Broadway Central Hotel. Jack Haverly also scored heavily in the same line. In fact, come to think of it, the revival was of greater significance than was then apparent. The black-face school of artists, however, finally faded into obscurity along with many other delectable forms of entertainment for no particular reason whatever. The public just wanted a change.

Koster and Bial's, on Thirty-fourth Street, where Macy's now is, Theiss's on Fourteenth Street, and other music halls were also popular. Henry E. Dixey, as *Adonis,* in that musical extravaganza, ran for six hundred nights at the Bijou, a huge record in those days, and "Evangeline" with George Fortescue as the *Merry Little Mountain Maid*—he weighed about 400 lbs. and had a voice like a bull—did almost as well. These were produced by Edward E. Rice, who had a highly successful career for a time. He was easily the father, as Lydia Thompson was the mother, of what were popularly known as "leg shows."

Most of the players I have recalled have long since passed away, but a number remain, a few still in active service, but the majority in dignified retirement. It is not at all unlikely that an equal number of deserving performers have not been mentioned. Memory plays tricks, and I am not seeking so much for details as the general impression created at the time; for the theatrical world has grown since those days and conditions are also vastly changed.

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St. John's Chapel-in-the-Fields

ELSEWHERE WE HAVE DESCRIBED THE MANY CHARMS OF THE REGION SURROUNDING THE THIRD CHAPEL BUILT BY TRINITY, WITH ITS LOFTY ELMS AND SECLUDED PARK. IT WAS FOR MANY YEARS THE CENTRE OF ALL THAT WAS MOST DESIRABLE IN NEW YORK SOCIETY. THE PARK WAS FINALLY SOLD TO THE NEW YORK CENTRAL FOR ITS PRESENT USE AS A FREIGHT DEPOT, AND THE GLORY OF ST. JOHN'S DEPARTED. OUR PRINT IS TAKEN FROM THE "MIRROR," A LEADING SOCIETY JOURNAL IN ITS DAY, EDITED BY NATHANIEL P. WILLIS AND OTHER CELEBRITIES. TO-DAY IT IS KNOWN AS "TOWN AND COUNTRY."

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. R. E. DOWLING.

THE OLD CHURCHES OF NEW YORK

The Collegiate Church and Its First Minister—The Wall Street Presbyterian—The Middle Dutch—The Brick Meeting House—The North Dutch—The Friends—The Old John Street Methodist Church, Etc., Etc.

The old-time churches in our city have a special place in the affections of many of our people. Remembrances of other days and other scenes crowd the memory at the recollection. Most of the buildings of which we speak have long since been destroyed and other locations selected. But it is pleasant to recall the homes of worship sacred to the days that are no more.

Although they were chiefly traders and planters, the founders of New York, in the very gray of the morning of their enterprise, took care to bring along with them the religion, as well as the maxims and virtues of their fatherland. With Director Minuit came officers of the Established Church of the Netherlands—not indeed clergymen, but two "Krank-besoeckers" or consolers of the sick—whose particular ecclesiastical duty it was in the absence of an ordained minister to read to the people on Sundays "some texts out of the Scriptures, together with the creeds." These early officers of the Church—we may call them the first officers of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church in North America in the year 1626—were Sebastian Jansen Krol (or Crol) and Jan Huyck. The roll of Dutch missionary clergymen in 1628 begins with the name of Jonas Michaelius, who first preached in the loft of a horse mill in the Fort.

When the population began to increase and a second church became necessary, and one minister could no longer attend to the duties required of him by a double service, the Consistory called a second minister, who, being duly installed, became the colleague of the first. From this comes the name by which the church is affectionately known—the Collegiate Church, or "Church in the Fort"—although its formal title is the

REFORMED PROTESTANT DUTCH CHURCH OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

under which name it was regularly incorporated in 1696 by a royal charter granted by William III of England. It is therefore the oldest church in New York City.

When the English conquered New Amsterdam they desired to have worship in their own tongue, and accordingly, the chaplain of the English forces officiated. But as he had no proper place in which to celebrate divine service an arrangement was made by which he could use "the Church in the Fort." After the Dutch had ended their own morning worship the Church of England service was read to the Governor and the garrison. This custom continued for more than thirty years.

An account of the first services in the new church written by Dominie Michaelius himself to his friend Dominie Smoutious of Amsterdam whom he addresses as "Honourable Sir, Well Beloved Brother in Christ, Kind Friend!" is of great interest.

"Our coming here was agreeable to all, and I hope, by the grace of the Lord, that my services will not be unfruitful. The people for the most part are all free, somewhat rough and loose, but I find in most all of them both love and respect toward me; two things with which hitherto the Lord has everywhere graciously blessed my labors and which will produce us fruit in our special calling, as your Right Reverend self well knows and finds.

We have first established the form of a church, as Brother Bastiaen Crol very seldom comes down from Fort Orange, because the directorship of that fort and the trade there is committed to him.

We have had at the first administration of the Lord's Supper fully fifty communicants—not without great joy and comfort for so many—Walloons and Dutch; of whom a portion made their first confession of the faith before us, and others exhibited their church certificates. Others had forgotten to bring their certificates with them, not thinking that a Church would be formed and established here, and some, who brought them, had lost them unfortunately in a general conflagration, but they were admitted upon the satisfactory testimony of others to whom they were known, and also upon their daily good deportment, since we cannot observe strictly all the usual formalities in making a beginning under such circumstances."

The First Presbyterian Church in Wall Street was founded in 1719—enlarged in 1798—rebuilt in 1809—destroyed by fire in 1835, again rebuilt and taken down in 1844. For more than a hundred years this ground had been sacred for religious purposes and was for a long time the centre of population. The church was eventually taken down and removed in parts and again erected in Jersey City. With the money for which the church was sold, a new church was built on Fifth Avenue.

French Church Du St Esprit—Episcopal. In Pine, near Nassau Street, was erected by the Huguenots from France in 1704. During the Revolutionary War the interior was entirely destroyed. In 1794 it underwent a thorough repair, and in 1803 the clergyman and congregation joined the Episcopal Church. We believe this is the only church in the city where the religious services have always been in the French language. In 1832 the church was taken down and sold, and a new and beautiful house at the corner of Franklin and Church Streets erected with the funds.

The Brick Meeting (Presbyterian), corner of Nassau and Beekman Streets, was built in 1767. The Wall Street church, except this, is the oldest church of this denomination in the city, and probably had the most numerous congregation. It was burned in 1853 and was rebuilt at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street.

St. Paul's Chapel (Episcopal), in Broadway, was erected in 1767, and is still considered one of the finest buildings in the city. This belongs to the Trinity Corporation. Its walls are surrounded with monuments, and beneath its chancel rest the remains of General Montgomery, who fell, leading the American army in their gallant attack on Quebec.

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Last Days of Croker's Real Estate Office
111 Broadway

SEVERAL WELL-KNOWN REAL ESTATE MEN ARE IN THE ABOVE PICTURE. THEY ARE: JOSEPH P. DAY, BRYAN L. KENNELLY, PETER F. MEYER, ADRIAN H. MULLER, JAMES L. WELLS, JOHN L. PARISH, ROBERT E. SIMON, D. PHOENIX INGRAHAM, PHILIP A. SMYTH, S. DE WALLTEARSS, JOHN N. GOLDING. THIS WAS TAKEN THE DAY BEFORE THE OLD BUILDING WAS DEMOLISHED TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE SPLENDID TRINITY BUILDING NOW ON ITS SITE

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. WM F HAVEMEYER.

The Friends' (or Quaker) Meeting House, in Pearl, near Frankfort Street. A brick building was erected in 1775 and taken down, and the land sold about 1824.

The Lutheran Church, corner of William and Frankfort Streets. A stone building erected in 1767.

The Quakers' or Friends' Meeting House in Green Street, between Maiden Lane and Liberty Streets, erected in 1706. It was rebuilt and enlarged on Liberty, in 1802. About 1820, the house and grounds were sold to Grant Thorburn, who for years occupied the premises as a seed store.

The Scotch Presbyterian Church in Cedar near Nassau Street was built in 1768. This was the congregation over whom the celebrated Dr. John M. Mason presided before the removal to Murray Street.

The Methodist Church in John Street was built in 1767 and rebuilt in 1817. This church is still standing, and is memorable as the first Methodist church built in America. [See page 101.]

The First Baptist Church—a stone building in Gold, near John Street, was built in 1769, rebuilt in 1802, and taken down in 1843.

The North Dutch Church, in William, corner of Fulton Street, was built in 1769.

The Middle Dutch or Reformed Church fronting on Cedar, Liberty and Nassau Streets, built in 1729, turned into a Riding School during the Revolution, often repaired and finally turned into the Post Office.

The Reformed Dutch Church at Harlem—built of wood, 30x57 feet. It is not ascertained at what date it was founded, but it is generally believed to have been soon after the settlement of the city by the Dutch. It was taken down in 1825 and rebuilt of brick.

The South Dutch Church in Garden Street, near Exchange Street, between William and Broad Streets, north side, was erected in 1693, rebuilt in 1807, and destroyed by fire in 1835. There was a large burying ground attached.

The Jews' Synagogue in Mill, now South William Street, was a stone building, erected in 1730. For some years prior to its being erected the Hebrew congregation worshipped in a frame building opposite. In 1818 the Synagogue was rebuilt, and in the '30s the ground was sold and a new building erected in Crosby Street, where the congregation now worship.

The Moravian Church in Fair, now Fulton Street, near William Street, was erected in 1751, and a few years since it was rebuilt. This was the only congregation of that denomination in the city.

St. George's Chapel (Episcopal) in Beekman, corner of Cliff Street, a stone building, was erected in 1759, was destroyed by fire in 1814, and rebuilt in 1817. This has always

been one of the largest parishes in the city. For more than twenty years the eminently pious and zealous Dr. James Milnor was the Rector.

After the Revolution a much larger number of churches were erected. Here is a partial list of the downtown churches in the early '40s: Dr. Chapin's Universalist Church, corner of Murray and Church Streets; Dr. Mason's church in Murray Street near Greenwich Street, the building taken down and re-erected in Astor Place; the Presbyterian Church at Duane and Church Streets; old Duane Methodist Church near Greenwich Street; the colored Methodist Church, corner of Leonard and Church Streets; the French Episcopal Church, corner of Franklin and Church Streets; the Dutch Reformed Church, on the same block in Franklin Street; the Episcopal Church, in Anthony Street near Broadway; the Broadway Tabernacle, between Leonard and Anthony Streets; Vestry Street Methodist Church; the Laight Street Baptist Church; the Presbyterian Church at Canal and Greene Streets; the Methodist Church in Greene Street near Broome; the Dutch Reformed Church, corner of Broome and Greene Streets; the Presbyterian Church, corner of Grand and Mercer Streets; and also one on corner of Grand and Crosby Streets. Further uptown St. Peter's Catholic Church and Spring Street Presbyterian Church are the only two remaining on their original sites, and still flourishing.

St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal Church, at 346 West 20th Street, a relic of the days when Chelsea Village was a region of fashionable residences, celebrated on Sunday, November 19, 1912, the 80th anniversary of its founding. The birthplace of St. Peter's Church was the chapel of the General Theological Seminary in which the founders, the Rev. Bird Wilson, the Rev. Samuel Hulbert Turner, and Dr. Clement Clarke Moore, were professors. The seminary "long room" had become too small for the worshippers, who were students in the seminary and inhabitants of the village of Chelsea, which Major Thomas Clarke had bought from Teunis Somerindyk for a farm in 1750. And so on May 9, 1831, St. Peter's Church was organized with the present rectory as its chapel.

In St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway and Vesey Street, the grave of Lieut. Thomas Swords, a British soldier, above which the Society of Colonial Wars has placed its marker, lies in the southeast corner just a few feet from Broadway.

Lieut. Swords was born in Ireland in 1740. While an ensign in the British Army he was severely wounded in the attack on Fort Ticonderoga in the Abercrombie expedition in 1758. In that action he was promoted to Lieutenant for bravery. Subsequently he was stationed at Fort George. In 1766 he resigned from the British Army. He never took up arms against the American forces and he would not fight against his King. He is the only British soldier buried in St. Paul's.

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The Great Fire of 1835

A VERY RARE AND INTERESTING PICTURE OF THE GREAT FIRE OF 1835, IN WHICH THE MAIN BUSINESS PORTION OF THE CITY EAST OF BROADWAY AND SOUTH OF WALL STREET WAS PRACTICALLY DESTROYED WITH THE LOSS OF OVER THIRTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS. IN LESS THAN A YEAR, HOWEVER, THE BURNT DISTRICT WAS ENTIRELY REBUILT. THE FIGURES IN THE FOREGROUND WERE OF THEN EMINENT MERCHANTS OF THE DAY AND WERE GOOD LIKENESSES. THEY WERE AMONG THE VOLUNTEER FIREMEN WHO HELPED TO SAVE THE CITY. THE NAMES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

1—CHESTER HUNTINGDON - - - - - POLICE OFFICER
2—JOHN JACOB SCHOONMAKER - - KEEPER OF THE BATTERY
3—NATHANIEL FINCH - - - MEMBER OF FIRE CO. No. 9
4—MATTHEW BIRD - - - - MEMBER OF FIRE CO. No. 13
5—JAMES S. LEGGETT - ASST. FOREMAN OF FIRE CO No. 13
6—ZOPHAR MILLS - FOREMAN OF ENGINE OF FIRE CO No 13
7—WM. H. BOGARDUS - - - - COUNSELLOR AT LAW
8—COL. JAMES WATSON WEBB - EDITOR OF COURIER & ENQUIRER
9—A. M. C. SMITH - - - - - - - POLICE OFFICER
10—JAMES GULICK - - - - - - CHIEF ENGINEER
11—JOHN HILLYER - - SHERIFF OF CITY & COUNTY OF N. Y.
12—OLIVER M LOWNDES - - - - - - POLICE JUSTICE
13—CHAS. KING - - - - - EDITOR OF THE AMERICAN
14—HON. C. W LAWRENCE - - - - MAYOR OF THE CITY
15—JAMES M LOWNDES - - - - - - UNDER SHERIFF
16—JOSEPH HOPSON - - - - - - POLICE JUSTICE
17—EDWARD WINDUST - OF "SHAKESPEAR INN," PARK ROW
18—THOMAS DOWNING - - OF Nos. 3, 5 & 7 BROAD STREET
19—JACOB HAYS - - - - - - HIGH CONSTABLE
20—H. W. MERRITT - - - - - - POLICE OFFICER
21—PETER McINTYRE - PROP. MONTGOMERY HOTEL, BARCLAY ST.

THE GENTLLEMAN RUNNING UP THE STEPS IS MR. PATTERSON, OF PATTERSON & GUSTIN, WHO WISHED, IF POSSIBLE, TO SAVE THE STATUE OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON, WHICH WAS DESTROYED A FEW MINUTES AFTERWARDS

MR CHAS KING (PRES. COLUMBIA) IS THE GENTLEMAN WHO CROSSED THE EAST RIVER THAT AWFUL NIGHT IN AN OPEN BOAT TO THE NAVY YARD TO PROCURE GUNPOWDER, IN WHICH HE WAS SUCCESSFUL.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. ROBERT GOELET.

"WELL-REMEMBERED PLAYS OF YESTERDAY"

NOTES FROM AN OLD DIARY

In 1876 the names of Henry E. Abbey and J. H. Haverly show that the era of speculative management has begun. The name of Frohman does not occur yet, but Daniel, of that family, is lurking behind the doors of the Madison Square Theatre. Comic opera has come, for "Olivette" and "Billee Taylor" are in town, and there is musical comedy at Daly's Theatre in the shape of "Cinderella at School." The name of Catherine Lewis as *Olivette* recalls one of the most popular actresses of her day, and one identified with some of Mr. Daly's early musical successes.

At the Academy of Music Marie Rose, Annie Louise Cary, Campanini, Etelka Gerster, Del Puente and Ravelli are attracting enormous audiences, and Sarah Bernhardt is playing one of the first of her long series of "farewell engagements."

Farce comedy is represented by Gill's Goblins in "Fun on the Rhine," with "Fun on the Bristol" to follow, and Tony Pastor, now at his last stand in Fourteenth Street, announces the Irwin Sisters, May and Flo, Dan Collier, Laster and Allen, and Frank McNish.

Harrigan and Hart are giving the "Silver Wedding" with a company recruited largely from the variety stage, and including Johnny Wild and Billy Gray, Annie Yeamans, Harry Fisher, Mike Bradley, Dick Quilter, Johnny Queen, and Annie Mack—a company and an entertainment that still live pleasantly in many memories.

In 1881: At Wallack's, Henry J. Montague, perhaps the most famous "matinée idol" of modern times, is the star, supported by J. W. Shannon, John Gilbert, that most popular of comedians, Henry Beckett; and the still living Ned Holland and Charles A. Stevenson. Miss Ada Dyas is also in the cast. At the Fifth Avenue Theatre the attraction is "Pique," one of the most famous of Augustin Daly's plays, with Fanny Davenport in the chief part, and a cast that includes James Lewis, Wm. Davidge, Chas. Fisher, Maurice Barrymore, John Drew, Mrs. Gilbert and John Brougham. There are some of us who would give a good deal to see such a company as that again!

George Rignold is giving "Henry V" at the theatre at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, in which Edwin Booth sacrificed his fortune to a high and noble ambition. At the Union Square Theatre, A. M. Palmer is presenting "Ferreol" with a company that includes that prince of leading men, Charley Thorne, J. M. Stoddart, John Parselle, Stuart Robson, Kate Claxton

and Maude Harrison. In this cast is also Claude Burroughs, destined to lose his life in the Brooklyn Theatre fire two weeks later.

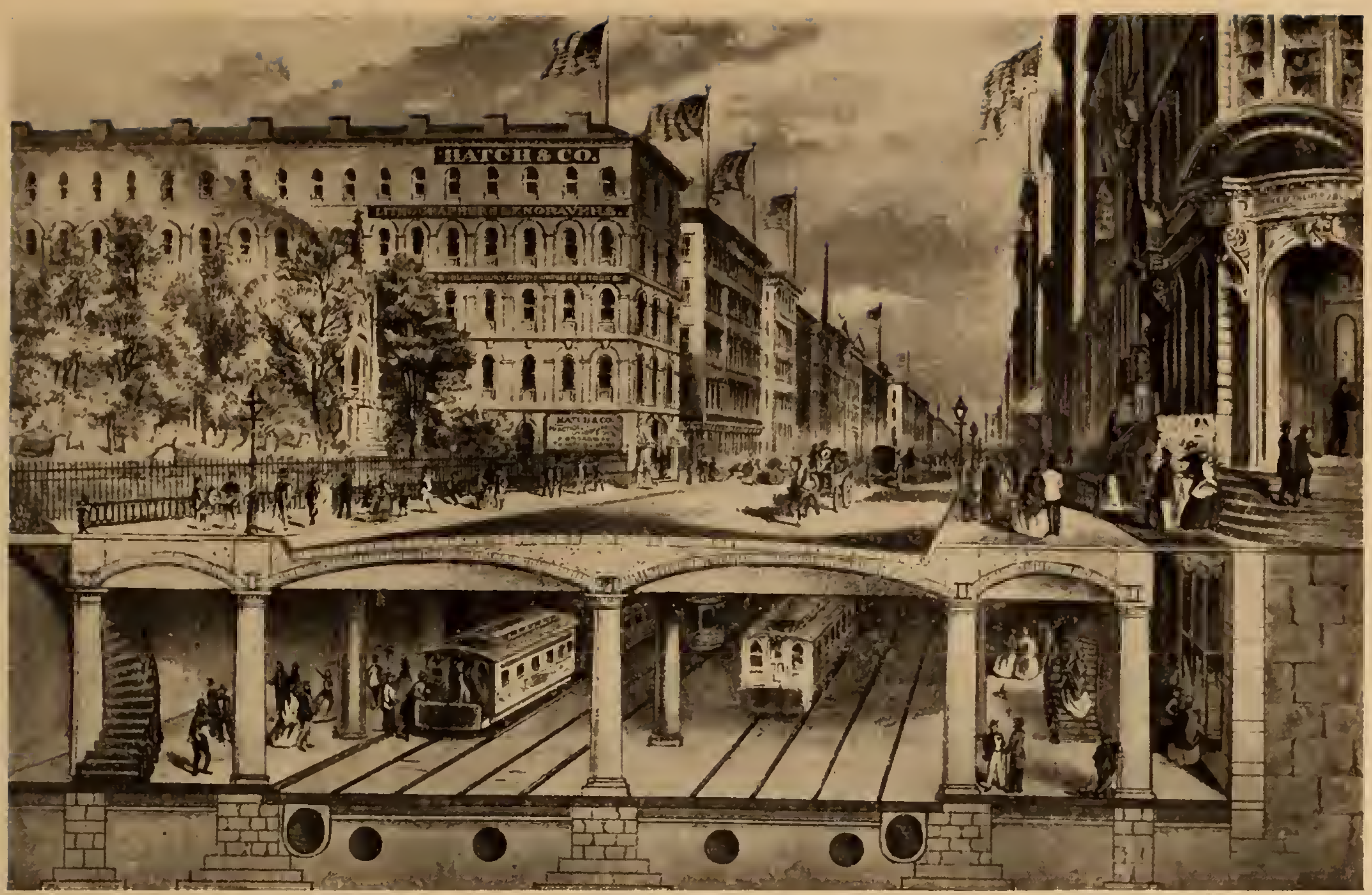
At the Eagle Theatre, later the Standard and the Manhattan, G. K. Fortescue is appearing in a burlesque written by Kenward Philp, afterward famous as the supposed author of the Morey letter, and in the same company are John Wild, the first of a long line of "dandy New York coons," and Jennie Hughes, once famous in the "French Spy." Tony Pastor has moved from the Bowery to Broadway, and in his company are Quilter and Goodrich, and Billy Gray, afterward drafted into the Harrigan and Hart company, and J. W. McAndrews, the "watermelon man."

In 1891: The comic opera of "Poor Jonathan" is being performed at the Casino by Lillian Russell, Fanny Rice, Jefferson de Angelis, Eva Davenport, Edwin Stevens and Edgar Smith, the latter destined to become famous in later years as the author of the great Weber and Fields successes and other light entertainments. E. S. Willard, Rosina Vokes, and the Kendalls are in town, and Rose Coghlan is playing in "Peg Woffington." Daniel Frohman has come into the open as the manager of the Lyceum Theatre, and Ed Harrigan has put on the last of his great successes, "Reilly and the Four Hundred," with Ada Lewis as the "tough girl." Gus Williams and John T. Kelly are featured at the Standard Theatre. Nat Goodwin is playing in "The Nominee," and Denman Thompson is presenting "The Old Homestead." "Alabama," which first gave real value to the name of Augustus Thomas, is also on the boards, as are "Shenandoah" and "The Power of the Press."

BEGINNINGS OF MINSTRELSY

The first public minstrel performances were those of the "Virginia Minstrels," in 1843, this form of amusement having originated with "Dan" Emmett as early as 1842. In 1843, also, were organized Buckley's "New Orleans Serenaders" and many travelling troupes were on the road by 1845 or 1846.

This entertainment was due chiefly to E. P. Christy, whose company easily stood at the head of all in existence at that time. "Christy's Minstrels" appeared early in 1846 at "Mechanics' Hall," No. 472 Broadway, becoming famous throughout the country during his nine years at this location. His "star" was George Christy (Harrington), who had for a time a company of his own at 444 Broadway, which became another noted seat of minstrelsy. After E. P. Christy's retirement, the two companies were under the management of George Christy, with George and "Billy" Birch as the "bones" of the two troupes.



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Underground Railway in Broadway, 1870

WE WHO ARE INCLINED TO THINK THAT OUR PRESENT SUBWAYS WERE THE ONLY IDEAS EVER CONSIDERED ON THAT SUBJECT WILL BE SURPRISED TO SEE THE ABOVE RATHER UP-TO-DATE PLANS PRESENTED IN 1870. THE MOTIVE POWER WAS INTENDED TO BE A DRUM CABLE SIMILAR TO WHAT WAS FINALLY ADOPTED ON GREENWICH STREET AND PROVED A FAILURE.

A COMPLETE SECTION OF ANOTHER TUNNEL STILL EXISTS ON BROADWAY BETWEEN CHAMBERS AND WARREN STREETS. IT HAD COMPRESSED AIR FOR A MOTIVE POWER, BUT NOT UNTIL ELECTRIC POWER WAS INTRODUCED COULD THE OBJECTIONS TO STEAM AND SMOKE BE OVERCOME. THE GENIUS OF MR. WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS SOLVED MANY OF THE PROBLEMS PRESENTED IN BUILDING THE FIRST UNDERGROUND ELECTRIC ROAD FOR OUR CITY, AND IT IS TO-DAY THE MODEL FOR ALL FUTURE DEVELOPMENT. THIS VIEW IS OPPOSITE OLD "FORT SHERMAN," THE BANK OF THE REPUBLIC, BROADWAY AND WALL STREET.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. HENRY MORGENTHAU.

RANDOM NOTES OF OLD-TIME PERFORMANCES

What the Audience Saw—Curious Items of Bygone Customs

In all accounts of New York's old-time amusement places, Barnum's stands out pre-eminent. It stood for many years on the corner of Broadway and Ann Street, but was burned down in the late '60s. Even in death it showed virility, as this was for years the most talked of fire in New York and has actually attained the position of a classic in conflagrations. The following gives a slight glimpse of its program:

I visited Barnum's when a very small boy and remember Nellie, the seal that turned the crank of a small barrel organ with her flipper. She was very affectionate and loved petting.

A glassblower performed the most wonderful feats and would blow anything you asked for. I saw the wonderful "Happy Family," a curious combination of apparently natural enemies dwelling together in blissful amity.

There was an exhibition in the theatre part which consisted in taking apart an enormous box and out of the pieces completely furnishing a room. (My good parents demurred about going into a "theatre" but it was explained that it was not to be a "play" but an "exhibition.")

Above all, I remember little "General Grant." He was dressed in uniform and he showed me "all over the place." Whenever stairs were to be negotiated, up or down, I carried General Grant on my back. I thought he was too little and his legs too short for that sort of work, and I was a "big boy." No happier or prouder boy ever visited Barnum's than I was on that day. The jabbering "What Is It?" at the second story in its outdoor openwork balcony cage gesticulated, jumped about and uttered a gibberish beyond power of human understanding.

It was at this place that Barnum introduced Human Freaks,—Giants, Dwarfs, Fat Women, Skeletons, Bearded Ladies, etc. General Tom Thumb and his wife, Commodore Nutt and wife, and General Grant were huge favorites for many years. The Happy Family, above referred to, was one in which all the laws of nature were apparently negatived, as doves, rats, mice, etc., were enclosed in the same cage with ferocious animals. As a matter of fact, these small animals were devoured in the night by the larger ones and a fresh supply provided in the morning.

In order to overcome a still formidable prejudice that lingered against the theatre, Barnum called that part of his show a "Lecture Room." He produced all of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth's stories, "The Hidden Hand," "The

Doom of De Avelleon," "The Maiden's Vow," etc., each one having a thrill a minute. Robert Bonner, as clever an advertiser in his own way as Barnum, was then running the same stories in the "Ledger." Barnum also produced a spectacular Biblical play called "Joseph and His Brethren."

One of his greatest sensations was the curious freak already spoken of and called by him a "What Is it?" The lecture room was crowded every day when Barnum introduced this frightful apparition. When the lecture was over the "What Is It?" was returned to his cage over the entrance, where ever and anon he would set up a chatter of meaningless cries and clank his chains to draw the crowd. He was evidently the original Wild Man of Borneo, and it was said he was a good old husky Irishman who liked easy money.

Blind Tom, a marvellous musician, was also one of Barnum's discoveries. He made a tremendous fortune out of him. He could play anything he ever heard immediately after hearing it once and naturally without notes, owing to his affliction. The Siamese Twins were another sensation.

When the Museum was burnt up, a dead whale, part of the show, lay in the streets for several days, to the great annoyance of those in the neighborhood; a wax figure of Queen Victoria plunged out of the window feet first into the crowd below, and a statue of Saint Paul was carried out of the flames covered with a wet sheet.

Barnum afterward sold the site to Bennett for the *Herald,* but the latter repented of his bargain and a suit was commenced to compel him to live up to his contract. Barnum won, but this time the old showman actually lost, for the site advanced in value so much that Bennett subsequently realized about ten times the amount Barnum compelled him to pay.

Barnum always gave a good show for a moderate price,—50 cents. He may have liked to fool the people but he never fooled them on the one important point—he always gave value and good value for money received.

THE OLD BOWERY

This theatre is one that was close to the hearts of the East Side New Yorker in the days when "the Bowery" was one of the show places of the town—and later when it was one of the most dangerous at night. The theatre, however, ranks high in the annals of our local stage, as it was one of the three important houses in the early days.

In fact, so vigorous was the competition of the Bowery when it opened that the *New York Mirror* was constrained to print an article to the effect that the "four theatres were too much for New York to support," a complaint which, by the way, we often hear to-day, only the number is larger.

Forrest, Eddy, Kean, Kirby, Cushman and other great actors played at the Bowery. But it is the Bowery of later days that New York is familiar with, and some of us can still recall the old place as it is described below.

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A Breezy Morning in New York Bay
Another of the Famous Bennett Aquatints

A HAY BOAT IN THE BAY. THIS PICTURESQUE FEATURE OF OUR LOCAL MARINE LIFE IS NO LONGER SEEN, BUT TIME WAS WHEN THE NARROWS WERE FILLED WITH THEM. THEY GATHERED THEIR LOADS FROM THE FARMS ALONG THE JERSEY SHORE AND LONG ISLAND AND SOLD THE CARGOES IN THE CITY. IT WAS CHEAPER TO TRANSPORT THEM BY THIS MEANS THAN ANY OTHER METHOD THEN EXISTING. THIS IS AS LATE AS 1860.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. ROBERT GOELET.

To preserve order in the gallery, several guards or "huskies," armed with rattan canes, were required. These acted literally in obeying the injunction not to spare the rod. The boys, however, were rarely expelled for boisterousness, although they dubbed these functionaries "posts." Negroes sat in a pen in the centre of the top gallery, roughly fenced off, and paid 35 cents for a seat on a hard bench.

The patrons got good measure for their money. The theatre closed in the early morning after a one-act farce, a five-act melodrama and a two-act afterpiece. The old straw man, a well-known character about town, who figures elsewhere in these pages, furnished the subject of the play on one occasion. He sold straw from an old hayrack and his merchandise was on more than one occasion burned by young incendiaries, bent on mischievous entertainment.

There was a great long lunch counter under the first balcony and back of the pit, and while they watched G. L. Fox and his players, the boys of the '60s used to regale themselves with apples, oranges, "bolivars," Washington pie, peanuts, soda water, sarsaparilla, and rose to the climaxes of the play with their mouths full of pigs' feet and pie! And how they did hustle to get the necessary price of admission to the pit of the theatre!

"The Cataract of the Ganges" and "Mazeppa, the Wild Horse of the Tartars," were favorites at the Bowery. The horse in the latter drama was ridden by Ada Heenan. She was clad only in tights and fastened by ropes to the horse's back, and occasioned much wonder that the ropes did not hurt her. When the wild horse rushed up the stage declivities, higher and still higher, until the roof at the rear was reached, it was a most exciting scene and very thrilling to the boys in the gallery.

When Kirby played he had one scene where he died all over the stage, and the boys knew his play by heart, having seen it so often that all they cared for was to see him die. Many of them would go to sleep and only asked to be awakened when Kirby died. In fact, this came to be quite a saying and was often heard in the street: "Wake me up when Kirby dies."

The poor old Bowery! For many years now it has never even heard English spoken within its walls, to say nothing of its stage. As the "Thalia" its present patrons know nothing of its historic past nor of the important part it played in the early days of New York's theatres.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" AND GEORGE L. FOX, ITS CREATOR

The old Olympic Theatre, formerly Laura Keene's, was located on the east side of Broadway, between Houston and Bleecker Streets. It was here that George L. Fox first gave his famous production of "Humpty Dumpty," which is unparalleled on any English-speaking stage in the matter of a continuous run. This pantomime continued in popularity for three consecutive seasons—or Vol-

umes," as Fox called them, hence Vol. I, II and III. The cast comprised C. K. Fox, a brother of George, as *Pantaloon;* a Ravel, not of the famous Ravel family, as *Harlequin;* Fanny Beane, a daughter of George Beane, himself a popular Pantaloon, was *Columbine,* while Alice Harrison, sister of Louis Harrison, was a Fairy. Fox himself, of course, was *Humpty Dumpty.*

Pantomimes in those days were exceedingly popular, especially among children, and there was hardly a youngster in the entire city who hadn't seen "Humpty Dumpty" or laughed at the antics of Fox, who was the greatest clown of his or any other day, and the greatest personal favorite of children. "Cinderella and the Glass Slipper" was another prime success; also Hanlon's "Superba." These pantomimes were usually given around Christmas time, and many a child looked forward to the night of "Humpty Dumpty" as the greatest event in its life. This wholesome form of entertainment seems to have lost its potency—at least there are no more of them, more's the pity.

NIBLO'S GARDEN

For many years this popular resort ranked high in the affection of many New Yorkers. Many notable performances were given there by distinguished members of the profession, but in the popular mind it is remembered only as the home of Kiralfy's "Black Crook" and Lydia Thompson's famous troupe of "British Blondes." It may truly be described as the birthplace of tights as a vehicle of entertainment and its votaries as the worshippers of the Leg Show.

At the time, nothing so dazzling, so spectacular and withal so stupendous had ever been attempted on the American stage, and the fame of its plays spread to the uttermost parts of the country. It was followed by others of a similar character—"Queen of the Amazons," "The White Fawn," etc. Pauline Markham, Lizzie Kelcey and Liza Weber, who appeared in these plays, will be remembered by many.

Niblo's Garden is entitled to remembrance for other and, I think, better things. Adelina Patti appeared there at the age of eight years, and her voice and execution excited great admiration and astonishment. Mme. Patti herself has recently said of this concert:

"I sang on the stage from my seventh to my eleventh years, and carried on my doll when I made my first appearance in public at the former age, singing 'Ah! non giunge'—the finale of the third act of 'La Sonnambula'—in a concert at Niblo's Garden, December 3, 1851. I remember the occasion as well as though it were yesterday, and can even recall the dress I wore—a white silk with little trimming."

E. L. Davenport as *Brutus,* Lawrence Barrett as *Cassius,* Theodore Hamilton as *Cæsar,* and Walter Montgomery as *Mark Antony,* played in an "all-star" production at Niblo's Garden in 1870. Walter Montgomery was a magnificent Antony, and his delivery was as superb as his figure. He once told the "supers" at rehearsal, "Now, boys, when I tell you about Cæsar's will you must get

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First Trip on an Elevated Road, 1867

TALK ABOUT ORVILLE WRIGHT AND COUNT ZEPPELIN! THEIR ACCOMPLISHMENTS ARE AS NOTHING COMPARED TO THE HAIR-RAISING TRIP OF CHARLES T. HARVEY ON THE FIRST ELEVATED LINE ON GREENWICH STREET TO SHOW THE PEOPLE OF THIS TOWN THAT THE TRAIN WOULD NOT JUMP THE TRACK! IT WAS THEN CALLED THE WEST SIDE AND YONKERS PATENT RAILWAY COMPANY, BUT WAS POPULARLY KNOWN AS THE GILBERT ELEVATED RAILWAY. IT RAN FROM FOURTEENTH STREET TO MORRIS ON GREENWICH STREET, AND WAS OPENED SHORTLY AFTER THE SUCCESSFUL DEMONSTRATION GIVEN ABOVE. ON ANOTHER PAGE WE SHOW THE ROAD IN OPERATION A YEAR LATER.

THOMAS GEREHART, ONE OF THE PRESENT OFFICIALS OF THE INTERBOROUGH SUBWAY, IS SHOWN TO THE RIGHT OF THE POLICE OFFICER. HE IS STILL IN THE ACTIVE SERVICE OF THE ROAD.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. FRANK HEDLEY

excited. Stir around and say things to each other." The order was literally obeyed, and at the ensuing performances the "Roman Mob" displayed a startling if rather anachronistic familiarity with the slang and profanity of the adjacent Crosby Street and Jersey Alley.

THE BROADWAY THEATRE

One of the most widely known actors in the '50s, rarely known by any other name than "The Wizard of the North," was John Henry Anderson, a Scotchman, who once owned a theatre in Glasgow, where he played *Rob Roy*. Anderson never failed to refer to that. While he was showing his tricks at the Broadway Theatre, he one night met Marzetti, a member of the Ravel company, who had made a name for himself in the character of the *Brazilian Ape,* at Shelley's, a famous restaurant, diagonally across Broadway on the corner of Worth Street. The two proceeded to drink together, and it was not long before the wizard "waur fu" and desired to repair to his boarding house. Marzetti, quite sober, offered to accompany him, but the wizard, drawing himself up in the most approved dramatic style, declaimed, "*Rob Roy Macgregor* and the *Brazilian Ape!* Nay, nay! I'll gang alane." And "gang alane" he did.

THE FAMOUS RAVELS

No account of old New York theatres is complete without mention of one of the most famous troupes that ever played within its walls. They were pantomimists and such was their popularity that their visit from England, originally designed to last a season, extended to nearly thirty years, during all of which time they maintained their popularity and were greeted by crowded houses. So far back do they go that few are now left who can recall the original family. They opened at the Park Theatre, and afterwards played in many others. They were the introducers of the pantomime in this country and were responsible for the creation of our own G. L. Fox, who even outdistanced his sponsors in the excellence of his work and his huge successes.

"Bianco," "Mazulm the Night Owl," "Raoul, or the Magic Star," "The Green Monster," "The Red Gnome," "The Golden Axe," "The Magic Pills," "The Magic Trumpet," "The Chalmaux," "Les Deux Fugitives," "Kodinsky the Skater" and "The Schoolmaster" were among their favorite pantomimes.

Gabriel and François Ravel, who were the most prominent of the family, the Martinetti family, the Zanfretta family, Española, the great dancer, and others of equal celebrity and ability comprised the company during the middle '50s.

Johnny Haslem, of late years with the Hanlons, was adopted by the Ravels during one of their visits and became famous as *Young America.* The Ravels played on one occasion at the Cremorne Gardens, on the site of the present Four-

teenth Street Theatre and Ninth Regiment Armory, at Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth Street. When the Bowery Theatre was run by Fox and Lingard, all the Ravel pantomimes were produced there by George L. Fox, our own great clown and pantomimist. Neither the Ravel family as pantomimists nor George L. Fox as clown has ever been surpassed by their competitors or successors.

IN 1802: ODDITIES

Let us go back for a moment to 1802 and see what was going on in New York City.

NEW FERRY

December 11, 1802.

A new ferry, we understand, has lately been established by Mr. N. Budd between Powies Hook and this city.

The ferry on the Jersey Shore is somewhat to the northward of the old Ferry kept by Major Hunt. The terms are said to be lower than those of the old establishment. The competition of Ferry Boats, like that of public vehicles, must always prove beneficial to the Community.

Here's an advertisement that looks odd enough in these days:

JOHN TIEBOUT
NO. 246 WATER STREET, NEAR PECK SLIP,
HAS FOR SALE
LOTTERY TICKETS
IN HALVES, QUARTERS AND EIGHTHS

——o——

BLANK BOOKS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
BIBLES OF EVERY SIZE

——o——

REUBEN AND RACHEL:
OR TALES OF OLD TIMES, BY MRS. ROWSON,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

December 18, 1802.

And a news item that seems strangely curious:

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT: COW GORES CITIZEN IN BEEKMAN STREET

On Thursday afternoon, as a man of genteel appearance was passing along Beekman Street, he was attacked by a cow, and notwithstanding his endeavors to avoid her, and the means he used to beat her off, we are sorry to say that he was so much injured as to be taken up dead.

The cow was afterward killed in William Street. We have not been able to learn the name of the deceased. *Daily Ad.*

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The Peter Goelet House, Broadway and 19th Street

THE OLD PETER GOELET HOMESTEAD, THAT STOOD TILL QUITE RECENTLY ON THE CORNER OF BROADWAY AND 19TH STREET, NORTHEAST

AN UNUSUAL AND STRIKING FEATURE THAT NEVER FAILED TO ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF THE PASSERBY WAS THE TURKEYS, THE CHICKENS, THE COW, AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST THE BEAUTIFUL WHITE AND BLUE PEACOCKS AND CHINESE GOLDEN PHEASANTS, ALL OF WHICH MAINTAINED THEIR COMPOSURE THROUGH ALL THE BUSTLE AND DIN OF BROADWAY LIFE AS LATE AS 1903. THIS CORNER WAS ORIGINALLY OUT IN THE SUBURBS—BUILT IN 1833—AND RETAINED TILL ITS DEMOLITION THE RUSTIC AIR IN WHICH IT WAS BORN AND TO WHICH IT HAD ALWAYS BEEN ACCUSTOMED

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. ROBERT GOELET

OLD-TIME FERRY-BOATS ON THE EAST AND NORTH RIVERS

It seems strange to gaze upon the deserted slips and houses of the old-time ferry lines. It seems but yesterday that the plaza at the foot of Roosevelt Street was jammed solid from one side to the other with numberless vehicles of all possible sorts and descriptions. A narrow pathway was with difficulty kept open for foot passengers who passed in endless procession from four until seven. Only a few of the many thousands on each trip could be accommodated with seats and a temporary delay of a few minutes was sufficient to pack the passages so tightly that it would be impossible to get the evening paper out of your pocket. Despite all this terrible crush, I cannot recall any very serious accident as a result, though the slightest panic or any sudden movement such as was liable to sway a crowd could not help but have jostled a great many persons into the water. They totally disregarded the chains strung across the decks forward and aft for their protection, and the small boy, who was numerous, frequently sat with his legs dangling over the edge of the boat, unmindful of danger and regardless of the wetting he occasionally got as the ferry struck the swell of some passing vessel. The fare charged on the Roosevelt Street line was nine tickets for a quarter, three cents per single trip. Fulton Street charged two cents during the day and one cent during rush hours. Greenpoint, I think, was five cents. Catherine Street was two cents and Staten Island ten cents.

The Staten Island Ferries provided the longest and most delightful sail then as they do now. But a fleet of sidewheelers that formed the first real rapid transit between Harlem and downtown were extremely popular. They were the *Sylvan Glen, Sylvan Stream* and *Sylvan Dell,* and they ran from 130th Street to about the foot of Fulton Street. During a large part of the year, it was a delightful sail and many New Yorkers can still recall the neat, speedy and comfortable Harlem boats. The fare was ten cents and the running time varied somewhat according to the tide, but usually consumed from three-quarters to an hour.

The tide always made a great deal of difference in the running time of all the ferries. The East River is not, strictly speaking, a river, but is a strait of the sea and is consequently subject to the usual rise and fall of the tide. Every regular patron of these ferries knew the effect of an adverse tide and took an earlier boat or a later one, according to conditions. Generally speaking, the tide would be "down" or "up" practically a week at a time, so one usually governed his leaving time accordingly. I have known a particularly strong tide to so impede a Roosevelt ferry as to add fifteen minutes to her regular schedule in so short a distance as from Roosevelt Street to Broadway, Brooklyn.

The ferries that crossed the river directly, such as Grand Street, Fulton Street, Wall Street, etc., were manned by pilots of rare skill in judging the strength of the tide and making allowances for the swing of it. A miscalculation would involve annoying delays as the ferry would be carried past her slip and considerable manœuvering would be necessary to get her on her true course again. When persons were late at the office it was customary for the boss to inquire sarcastically "Fog on the river?"

The delays occasioned by fog were exasperating in the extreme, and if anything, the North River ferries were the hardest hit. The Staten Island Ferry went out of business entirely. But, of course, the traffic on this line was nothing compared to the huge population coming from the nearby suburbs of New Jersey brought by the railroads to their terminals in Jersey City. The width of the North River made the trip almost too hazardous except at Cortlandt Street, and despite the efforts to keep this line open, the inconvenience and loss occasioned by this condition of affairs was a serious matter.

Brooklyn fared slightly better, as the Grand, Fulton and Wall Street lines were so close together that it was almost always possible to get across during the temporary lifting of the fog, as the New York slip was directly opposite and its friendly bell could always be heard and by that the pilot steered. Fog bells were an important part of every ferry equipment and were built at the farthest extremity of the slip. They were continually ringing all along the river during a fog and, in conjunction with whistles, made the river front a pandemonium.

Ice was also a serious impediment to ferrying. Huge cakes would come down both rivers and pile up in the slips. The boats would sometimes back out and then come on under full speed in an attempt to crush the ice and make the dock. Sometimes the net result would be to simply drive the ice up out of the water and on to the bridge; in which event the passengers crawled over the piled up mass and were thus disembarked. Occasionally both rivers froze over solidly and water communication was of course out of the question. Quite a number of persons still living can boast of having crossed the river on ice, but that happened only a few times during my recollection. It is, however, a matter of record that the Bay itself has been frozen over as far as Staten Island, and at one time the ice remained solid for more than a month between Jersey City and the Battery so that teams made the trip as well as pedestrians. Of late years no such phenomenon has occurred, and it is undoubtedly a fact that the climate of New York has greatly changed. There is still plenty of ice in the rivers in season, and last year, 1912, the Hudson was frozen over as far down as Inwood. On the approach of mild weather the Hudson was just as much jammed with ice as in the days of which I write, but fortunately we no longer rely upon ferries and are consequently immune from the old-time annoyances.

Some of the ferries are still running but are no longer of the same importance to our citizens. They exist largely for the transportation of trucks and automobiles, and in all probability will continue to perform a useful service. But as a main artery of communication their practicality has ended.

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Broadway between Murray and Warren Streets, 1850

TWO VERY OLD FIRMS ARE SHOWN IN THIS RARE VIEW; W & J. SLOANE AND BALL, BLACK & CO. BOTH ARE NOW ON UPPER FIFTH AVENUE, AND SINGULARLY ENOUGH ARE STILL NEAR NEIGHBORS.

UNTIL THIS LAST MOVE SLOANE HAS ALWAYS HAD A BROADWAY LOCATION. THE FIRM NAME HAS NEVER CHANGED, AND IT IS THE OLDEST HOUSE IN ITS LINE IN THE CITY.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR JOHN SLOANE

STREET CAR BEGINNINGS

Public conveyances for street traffic were established at the beginning of the famous stage-coach days. These vehicles went through many amazing changes and increased in number so greatly that lower Broadway at times was made impassable by their huge and swaying bodies. Long after these stages had finally passed in all other streets of the city, they remained a picturesque and curious feature of Broadway life as late as 1884. They marked the first municipal effort to afford transportation to the citizens of New York and performed a wonderful service in their day.

Meanwhile, the ever-increasing demand for better facilities directed the attention of inquiring minds to the problem. As a result, New York gave to the world the idea of horse-cars on rails, an idea which has been of wonderful value to mankind in its convenience. Thirty years after they had been successfully operated in this country, they were introduced into Europe by the late George Francis Train. So that, no matter where you roam—in Europe, Asia, Africa or Japan—wherever you see a horse-car or a tramway, you can always feel proud to know that little old New York invented the system and inaugurated the first successful street car line in the world.

The first street cars in New York commenced running about 1832, and the line extended from Prince Street, then the northernmost limits of the city, to Harlem Bridge. The cars were curiously shaped affairs, each having their compartments with side doors, somewhat like the English railway trains of to-day. They were balanced on leather springs and the driver sat overhead with the brake at his feet. They were built by John Stephenson, whose shop in Twenty-eighth Street is still pointed out.

These bus cars, as they were called, ran on Second Avenue and other avenues also. They had an iron ladder on the rear running to the roof, and on these ladders boys used to steal rides. The driver sat on the roof and had a whip with a long lash, which he used to chase boys off the ladder.

The regular Sixth Avenue cars had a sign running the length of the car which read, "Colored Persons allowed to ride in this car." About every sixth car had this sign. The Eighth Avenue cars had a dial in the centre of the car which the conductor pulled for each fare, something like the present arrangement, but the conductor had to go to the dial with each fare.

On the Third Avenue line, passengers climbed to the roof, and once there were so many passengers on the roof that it caved in. It was the current belief that every conductor on the Third Avenue line got rich in those days.

When a lady got on the car, the conductor would call for some man to give her a seat, and if he saw a boy in a seat, would yank him out of it. They raised the fare to six cents, and then there was trouble, many giving the nickel and throwing the extra cent out of the window.

Four-horse stage sleighs ran up and down Broadway. Thirty-third Street and Broadway was the way station. The sleighs going up to Manhattanville went up the Bloomingdale Road.

The driver sat up high and the conductor stood on the step at the rear. He collected the fares by going round the outside of the sleigh, walking on a platform. The sleigh was filled with clean straw to keep the feet warm. It was considered a great treat to make the trip to the Battery and back. There was no huge Street Cleaning Department in those days as now, and the snow remained undisturbed till the spring thaws.

Others of these cars went to Canal Street and Broadway and turned around on a turn-stile or plate in the ground. The small boys of the day were given to swiping oil by pulling out a rubber plug, shaped like the present day rubber cork, which covered an oil hole, by which the running gear of the stage car wheels was kept in smooth running order. The Sixth Avenue line also had mules drawing their cars.

The old Dry Dock stages ran through Grand Street to the Bowery, thence to the Battery; and some ran through East Broadway to the Battery. The Canal Street line ran from Grand Street ferry to the foot of Canal Street. They also ran on the Belt line before horses took their places. Each passenger on a stage was his own conductor. He passed his fare through the opening and pulled a strap attached to the foot of the driver to attract his attention. When a lady paid her fare, the man nearest the opening passed it up for her. The driver kept tabs on the passengers, and if one did not pay his fare, he would pound on the roof of the car for the guilty wretch till he came across.

In these early days, street cars were also shamefully overcrowded and very uncomfortable. No heat was provided in winter, the floors being strewn with straw in lieu of stoves, which the passengers deposited in the street at irregular intervals as they alighted. In summer the heat was stifling, the windows being stationary. "Bobtail" cars were common; i. e., cars in which the driver acted also as conductor. You were expected to deposit your fare upon entering, and a failure to do so would promptly produce a loud ringing and knocking on the fare box by the irate driver.

The rebellious, pushing and impatient subway crowd of to-day, scowling and frowning at a few minutes' delay, would have been in a sorry plight forty-five years ago! To take a Second Avenue horse car at the depot, then between Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth Streets, after a heavy snowstorm, and get down to Canal Street in less than two hours was a wonderful feat.

The four horses would have a fairly good chance to get the crowded car as far as the foot of the hill at Forty-eighth Street, with one driver managing the brake and an assistant handling the reins and a far-reaching whip. But here began the tug of war, and with few exceptions the occasion was enlivened by the sonorous voice of the conductor requesting all the "gentlemen" to get out and give a hand. As a rule all but the ladies complied, and then, amid vociferous curses, hollering and whipping of the horses, the car would be moved up half a block or so, only to stop again and have the process repeated.

Those were happy days for the thrifty conductors, who at that time knew nothing of any fare registering dials and but very little of spotters. Their left hands were encumbered with 5-cent, 10-cent, 15-cent, 25-cent and 50-cent fractional currency, and as many of them were said to be property owners, it is to be presumed that frequently one hand didn't know what the other was doing with the company's fares. At least, the fact remains that with the introduction later on of registering apparatus there came a great change among street car conductors and the prosperous looking individuals retired and were seen no more.

The car fare was then 6 cents for grown people and 3 cents for children. In response to energetic protest by the public tickets were finally sold at the rate of twenty for $1.03. As the conductors usually gauged the age of youngsters by size, it became a habit to make oneself appear as small as possible in order to pass on a three-cent fare. I remember

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Turn-out of Adams Express Co., 1851

THE ABOVE REPRESENTS THE CELEBRATION OF THE SUCCESSFUL LAYING OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE. A COIL OF THE CABLE IS BEING DRAWN THROUGH THE STREETS IN A SIX-HORSE WAGON OF THE ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY THIS WAS ONE OF THE FEATURES OF THE PARADE.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR R E. DOWLING.

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THE OLD BRICK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CORNER NASSAU STREET AND PARK ROW, 1801. USED AS A PRISON DURING THE REVOLUTION. THIS PARCEL WAS THE FIRST INVESTMENT IN REAL ESTATE MADE BY THE LATE O B. POTTER.

being caught at that game many a time, being yanked up and told by the conductor, "Here, stand up straight and pay your full fare." Three cents looked pretty big to an errand boy then receiving $2.50 a week for working six days from 7 o'clock to 6 o'clock, with no half holidays on Saturdays nor any summer vacation to be thought of. These were the alleged "good old days."

It is hard to realize the discomforts inflicted upon our citizens by the street cars of that day. The abuse of the poor horses was also a continually annoying experience. In fact, this had much to do with the formation of Henry Bergh's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, although in other directions the work of the society was equally needed.

The present double-decked power-drawn street car is an amazing improvement over the transit of other and all too recent days, and when we add the elevated and subway systems, it seems as if the era of horse-drawn cars belonged to another civilization. Few features of metropolitan life have changed so radically and so swiftly as this mode of transit, and when the present subway plans are completed, New York will enjoy the most stupendous system of local transit known to history.

The growth of population and the curious conformation of the island has hitherto made it impossible to exist without the "straphanger." In a city whose population insists upon being wholly moved, either up or down, at practically the same moment, it is doubtful if this condition can ever be changed. It is one of the incidents inseparable from life in the big town and the only way to escape it is to move away.

The old bus cars and stages found various uses after service in New York. A number of them were taken to Jamaica, L. I., and used on the line which ran from there to East New York.

By a strange coincidence, it was on this same Jamaica-East New York line, where these antiquated relics were used, that the first electric street cars operated in the State of New York were run, the first used in the United States having been run at Scranton, Pa.

* * * * * *

HOW WE CLING TO OLD NEW YORK

Strange to relate, our city is, with the exception of Block Island, the only place where you can still see man's best friend dragging street cars. How we love the good old days!

"ALBANY, April 24 [1913].—The Assembly passed to-day the Silver-Stein bill making it a misdemeanor to operate horse cars in first-class cities. The bill is aimed at the New York horse cars."

BEGINNING OF THE ELEVATED RAILROADS

The following circular, issued by the N. Y. Elevated Railroad Company in 1872, is one of the quaintest and most interesting documents that have come before us in the preparation of this book.

Imagine the company, as we know it, boasting of carrying only 1,300 passengers per day. And also—but tell it not in Gath—"we take no more than can be seated"! But we must let our readers enjoy it for themselves.

New York, October 10th, 1872.

Inclosed please find a Time Table according to which we are now running our trains.

We now take and receive passengers at Morris, Dey, Canal, Twelfth and Twenty-ninth Streets. We run four unique, elegantly finished and furnished cars, made expressly for our road, capable of seating 44 passengers each, and we take no more than can be seated. We are frequently compelled to refuse passengers, after our cars are full. We carry about 1300 daily.

We are building additional Rolling Stock, and Stations at Franklin and Twenty-first Streets; these will be completed about the 1st of December, when we shall commence running about twice as many trains daily as now

We contemplate building four additional Stations and three Turnouts below Thirtieth Street, and largely increasing our rolling stock. This would enable us to run every ten minutes each way. We are also considering the matter of another track and extending the double track to the Harlem River.

When convenient please call and see what we have done and are doing, and take a ride over our road. Time from the Battery to Thirtieth Street and back, 30 minutes.

We believe we are developing what will enhance the value of real estate, solve the PROBLEM of quick transit, relieve our over-crowded streets and sidewalks, be of great public service, and a successful paying enterprise. Hence we call your attention to our undertaking and invite your support, co-operation and influence.

Among our Stockholders are the following well-known citizens and firms:

Wm. L. Scott, President. Wm. S. Wallace, Vice-President.
Jas. A. Cowing, Secretary and Treasurer. D. W. Wyman, Superintendent.

John F. Tracy, Esq.
Alfred S. Barnes, Esq.
Jas. W. Elwell, Esq.
Walter S. Gurnie, Esq.
Jas. R. Jesup, Esq.
H. Schuchardt, Esq.
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Wm. S. Wallace
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Beginning of the Seaman's Institute

THE IMPOSING STRUCTURE RECENTLY COMPLETED AT THE CORNER OF SOUTH STREET, AND VISIBLE FROM THE SEA FOR MANY MILES, HAD ITS ORIGIN IN THE SMALL WOODEN BUILDING SHOWN IN THE PICTURE ABOVE. UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH THIS ORGANIZATION WAS FOUNDED FOR THE RELIEF AND CARE OF SAILORS IN CHERRY STREET, 1844. ITS ORIGINAL TRUSTEES AND FOUNDERS ARE NOTED ON THE PICTURE.

IT HAS ACCOMPLISHED MUCH GOOD FOR THE CAUSE IN WHICH IT IS ENGAGED AND IN ITS MAGNIFICENT NEW BUILDING HAS THE MEANS AND THE FACILITIES TO EXTEND ITS WORK TO A POINT NEVER DREAMED OF BY ITS PROGENITORS. THIS IS ONLY ONE INSTANCE OF NUMEROUS CHARITIES IN OUR CITY THAT ACCOMPLISH GREAT GOOD IN AN UNOSTENTATIOUS MANNER.

AN ENDICOTT LITHOGRAPH, EXTREMELY RARE. THE COPIES WERE ORIGINALLY SOLD FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CHARITY.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. J. CLARENCE DAVIES.

The first actual operation of an elevated line in the city was the road in Greenwich Street just alluded to, of which we have the following account from *Harper's Weekly* by an eyewitness of the trip in 1868:

A trial trip of the new elevated railway in Greenwich Street was had on July 3, and the rapid speed which was attained on that occasion leads the friends of the enterprise to hope that the problem of rapid and safe locomotion through the crowded streets of the city has been solved. Our illustration will give the reader an idea of this new style of railway. It is now in running order from the Battery to Cortlandt Street, and with the present machinery the cars can be propelled, with little jar and oscillation, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. This speed was attained on this occasion; but the experiment thus far has developed many suggested improvements, which will be added later and thus enable the projectors to run the cars at a much more rapid rate. It was operated by drum cables.

The work was begun July 2, 1867, $100,000 being subscribed for the experiment. The State Commissioners on July 1, 1868, reported in its favor, declaring it a success, and the Governor authorized the completion of the road from the Battery to Spuyten Duyvil, and the work is to be at once hastened to completion. The directors promise to finish it to the Thirtieth Street depot of the Hudson River Railroad by the first of 1869.

The present Subway system, which stands without a rival in the world, and when completed will have cost a sum so vast as to be almost incomprehensible, is no more than is needed for New York's present-day necessities. Both the Subway and the Elevated are now combined under one management, and to the extraordinary skill of Mr. Frank A. Hedley New York is indebted for real rapid transit such as no other city can boast of.

FIRST ORGANIZATION OF MOUNTED POLICE

It is interesting to notice the first public reference to the newly formed Mounted Police. The following account from *Harper's Weekly* in 1868 describes the beginning of what has become one of the most important branches of the Police Department, which is growing bigger every day:

Superintendent Kelso may well be proud of a body of men so bravely disposed and well disciplined as the mounted police, one of whose members is pictured elsewhere in the saddle and ready for duty. The force is divided into two squads, one of sixteen men, under Captain Alanson S. Wilson, stationed at Carmansville; and the other of eighteen men, under Sergeant Westing, with headquarters in West Thirty-first Street, near Eighth Avenue. It is the duty of Squad No. 1 to patrol, day and night, the roads and lanes between Yonkers and Harlem, to prevent highway robberies or house-breaking, and in case of fires to gallop to the nearest stations with the tidings. The work of the other division is to prevent fast driving and wagon thieving on Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Avenues. Occasionally an emergency may arise (like that of the July riot, where valuable service was rendered) in which both companies may be quickly summoned to headquarters for orders.

EARLY DEVELOPMENT OF TELEGRAPHY

On another page we show a picture of the corner of Wall and Broad Streets as it was in 1873. This building is of particular interest as being the first general headquarters of the Western Union Company, a corporation formed in Rochester by Hiram Sibley and subsequently brought to New York. This was their first location.

Telegraphy in those days was still in its swaddling clothes. Probably a dozen separate companies were operating in different parts of the country and the service was more or less impeded by the constant necessity of relaying from one company to another. Mr. Sibley had early become interested in Morse's invention and was at the head of a company operating up-state.

So rapidly have events moved in telegraphy that it seems strange to read that objection was made by the directors to extending the line westward on the ground that Indians would interfere with construction work and that, even if the poles should be successfully erected, the vast herds of buffalo still roaming our Western prairies would tear down the poles in their wild dashes and it would be impossible to keep the lines in repair.

Such were only a few of the objections raised by capitalists when Mr. Sibley sought to obtain further and much needed funds for the development of the system. And this is not speaking of an industry that can boast of any great length of years—men are still in service in the company who can recall the circumstances I have just cited.

Mr. S. F. B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph, had a home on 22d Street, near Fifth Avenue, in New York, and lived to see his invention a wonderful success. He originally contemplated art as a career but met with so little encouragement that he took up electricity instead. It is not unfair to say that whatever the world of art lost, the world of commerce gained an hundred fold.

These old offices were the scene of many stirring events. It was not long after their opening that Cyrus Field succeeded finally in laying the Atlantic cable. This was the occasion of immense rejoicing in New York, and the celebration was an event long to be remembered. The following account from the newspapers of that day (Aug., 1858) is of interest:

> Never since the celebration of peace has the city of New York been the scene of so much popular excitement and enthusiasm, or presented such a brilliant appearance as it did last night, in the celebration of the success of the Atlantic telegraph enterprise, as demonstrated by the transmission of the friendly messages exchanged between Queen Victoria and President Buchanan. The bell-ringing and cannon-firing during the day had aroused the whole people, and when night came the Park and all the surrounding places from which a view of the illuminations and fireworks could be obtained, were crowded densely by a mass of delighted spec-

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The Famous Tiebout View of Federal Hall

THIS IS ONE OF THE EARLIEST VIEWS OF WALL STREET AND DATES BUT A FEW YEARS AFTER THE ERECTION OF THE BUILDING ITSELF. IT IS PARTICULARLY INTERESTING BECAUSE OF THE FACT THAT IT WAS DRAWN BEFORE THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH WAS ERECTED, AND WHILE TRINITY WAS STILL A VERY INCONSEQUENTIAL STRUCTURE. THE EAST SIDE OF BROAD STREET WAS STILL VACANT. AT A RECENT SALE THE PRINT, FROM WHICH THE ABOVE IS A COPY, BROUGHT $3,000, THE HIGHEST PRICE BY FAR YET REACHED FOR TIEBOUT DRAWINGS.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. PERCY R. PYNE, 2ND

tators. About 5 o'clock, a salute was fired from a small cannon placed on the Astor House by Mr. Stetson, and this unusual demonstration from a house-top attracted extraordinary attention. All the public and many of the private buildings around the Park, as elsewhere throughout the city, were decorated with flags, and the colors of all nations were displayed. Multitudes poured into the city by all the ferries from Long Island and Jersey to see the fireworks.

At 7½ o'clock, the pyrotechnic exhibition commenced with a discharge of rockets. Then a balloon was inflated and ascended amid deafening cheers. At first it showed a red light, then changed to green and paled away among the stars. Other balloons were sent up at intervals, and all were watched with absorbing interest. Fiery serpents rushing through the air in the most frantic manner, golden showers dropping slowly to the ground, red lights, blue lights, lights of every hue and intensity followed one another in rapid succession, and dazzled the eyes of countless watchers. The top of the City Hall was a fountain of living fire, for which all ordinary powers of vision were utterly inadequate. One of the more elaborate pieces—that on the west wing—bore the following inscription in particolored flame:

NEW YORK, NEWFOUNDLAND AND LONDON TELEGRAPH CO.

PETER COOPER, PRESIDENT.

Another—that on the east side of the façade—the following:

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CO. WILLIAM BROWN, PRESIDENT.

The centre-piece, which was the grand finale, and capped the climax of the display, represented two ships, a clipper and a steamer; on the left a tower, from which blazed the stars and stripes; on the right a similar tower surmounted by the Union Jack, and above, the words:

ALL HONOR TO CYRUS W. FIELD.

FRANKLIN, MORSE, FIELD.

American Flag. British Flag.

AMERICAN CLIPPER. BRITISH STEAMER.

This piece drew forth thundering cheers. Then a few more rockets were let off, more blue and red and green fires were lit, the band played "Hail Columbia," "God Save the Queen," and "Patrick's Day," the lights by degrees died out, and at 9½ o'clock the Park was comparatively deserted.

During the war this corner was the head centre of all news from the front. The extension of lines caused by the rapid growth of the system soon, however, caused the company to erect its own building, at Broadway and Dey Street, and they were succeeded by Frank Kiernan's newspaper service. A lamp with a huge ball on top representing the hemisphere was for a long time a feature of Kiernan's agency, and is still remembered by many of the brokers on the street.

The old building was finally torn down and a new one erected in its place. This has been occupied by the well-known banking firm of H. B. Hollins & Co. from that time to this.

BEGINNINGS OF THE TELEPHONE

In one of our historic downtown thoroughfares should be a building marked with a bronze tablet to read as follows:

81 JOHN STREET
ON THIS SITE IN 1877 STOOD THE OFFICE OF
J. H. HAIGH,
THE FIRST TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBER IN
NEW YORK CITY.
HIS LINE, FIVE MILES IN LENGTH,
WAS LAID ACROSS THE HALF-FINISHED BROOKLYN BRIDGE
TO HIS STEEL PLANT IN SOUTH BROOKLYN.
TELEPHONING THUS BEGAN IN BROOKLYN AND MANHATTAN
AT THE SAME INSTANT.

So generally used is the telephone that it seems hard to realize that scarcely a generation has grown up to whom the telephone was never a novelty, but doubtless thousands in New York can remember its introduction and the vexatious delays and annoyances which attended its early years.

So great has been the service rendered by this wonderful instrument, and so accustomed are we to its manifold conveniences, that we cheerfully class non-telephonic days with the age of troglodytes, cliff dwellers and other beginnings of human civilization. And yet the telephone is still less than thirty-six years old.

Most of the records pertaining to its introduction to New York were destroyed in an accidental fire. There was, however, little to set down at the beginning except a succession of failures. One after another, men came forward and undertook to create a telephone system in New York, and one after one they were appalled at the cost and immensity of the work, but among the pioneers who actually accomplished something were Mr. Charles A. Cheever and Mr. Hilborne L. Roosevelt. They started a company with the stupendous capital of $30,000. On the morning of August 5th, 1877, the New York *Sun* contained an account of five telephones in practical working order in New York City. They were:

1. From Cheever's office to the Champion Burglar Alarm Co., 704 Broadway.
2. From Cheever's office to the Law Telegraph office, 140 Fulton Street.
3. From Cheever's office to the shop of S. J. Burrell, on Broad Street, a maker of telegraphic supplies.
4. From Cheever's office to the office of Dickerson & Beaman, lawyers, Staats Zeitung Building.
5. From J. L. Haigh's office, at 81 John Street, to his wire plant in South Brooklyn.

None of these, except the last, were paid lines. To Mr. J. L. Haigh belongs the honor of having been the first telephone subscriber in New York City. His line, five miles in length, was laid across the half-finished Brooklyn Bridge to his

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Van Courtlandt Manor House, 1748

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING PRE-REVOLUTIONARY BUILDINGS STILL STANDING IN OUR CITY. WASHINGTON PASSED TWO NIGHTS IN THIS BUILDING, ONCE IN 1781 AND AGAIN IN 1783. ROCHAMBEAU AND OTHER FAMOUS GENERALS WERE ENTERTAINED HERE. A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE HOUSE IS THE FAMILY VAULT, IN WHICH THE RECORDS OF THE CITY WERE HIDDEN DURING THE REVOLUTION BY AUGUSTUS VAN COURTLANDT, THEN CITY CLERK, AND THUS SAVED TO THE CITY. VAN COURTLANDT PARK IS FORMED OF PART OF THE OLD MANOR.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. J. H. JORDAN.

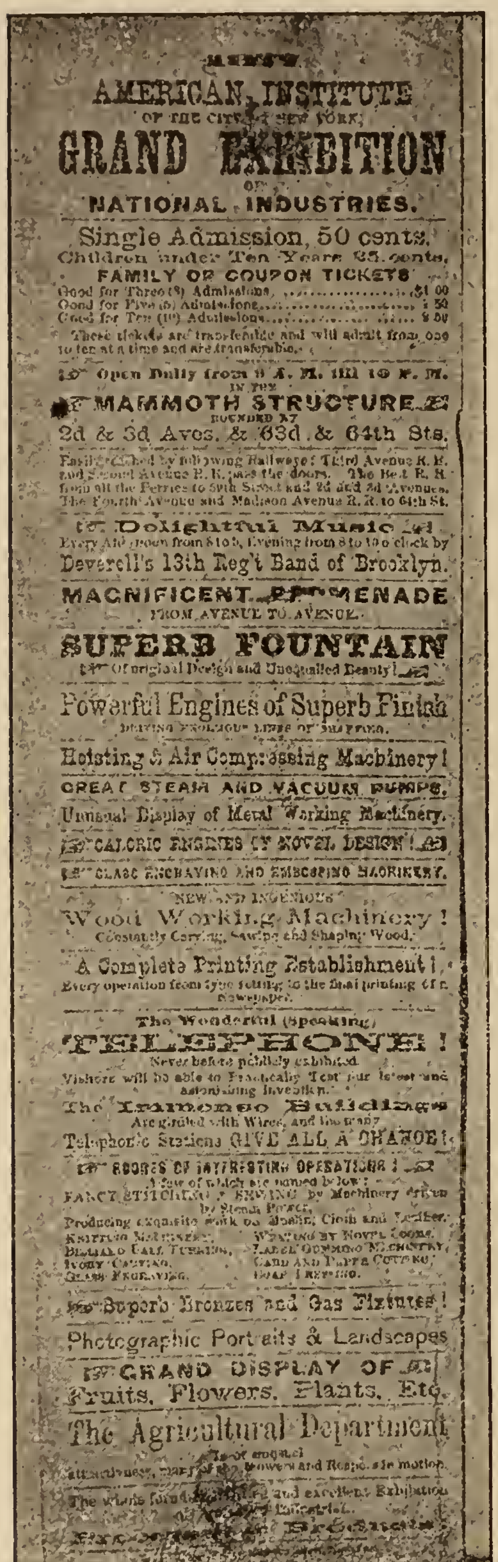
steel plant in South Brooklyn; the honor was therefore equally divided, as telephoning began in Brooklyn and Manhattan at the same instant.

Cheever and Roosevelt did much to stimulate public interest in the telephone. They lost no opportunity of bringing it to the attention of business men, and during the American Institute Exhibition of 1877 they made the telephone the star feature, and won the "Medal of Progress." As many as twenty-five hundred people per day used the five telephone booths that were set in this exhibition, but even at that, few people were willing to consider the new instrument as a valuable and practical discovery.

Both Cheever and Roosevelt were exceptionally able men and of unquestionable resourcefulness, yet it is quite apparent from subsequent development that they had undertaken a task entirely beyond their power to accomplish. In a few months practically all their capital was spent. The Western Union, too, had suddenly changed its policy of indifference and declared war against the Bell Telephone Company. It was then one of the richest and most powerful corporations in the city, and this development was thoroughly disheartening, but to their lasting credit it must be put on record that Cheever and Roosevelt did not surrender, but put up as pretty a fight as New York had ever witnessed. The odds, however, were against the possibility of successful contention, and it soon became apparent that a larger and more powerful company must be formed to protect the telephone's interests. In this desperate plight, the home company of Boston despatched Theodore N. Vail to the scene of action.

Mr. Vail took hold of the situation with remarkable vigor. His first step was to buy out Cheever and Roosevelt and to reorganize the company on a larger and sounder financial basis. Among those who came to his aid were Thomas J. Brady, of Washington, Second Assistant Postmaster General; Henry G. Pearson and R. C. Jackson, both of the New York Post Office; William H. Wolverton and Amzi S. Dod, of the New York Transfer Company; Edwin Holmes, the head of a burglar alarm system; John D. Harrison, a relative of Vail's, and lastly, Vail himself.

Mr. Holmes was elected the first president in 1878, and Mr. Vail was his successor in 1879. The new company had $100,000 capital stock, of which $60,000 was paid in cash by the above shareholders. The first regular telephone exchange was opened at 62 Nassau Street in March of 1879, and the second at 97 Spring Street several months later. These early years—from 1877 to 1880—comprised a very trying period. It seemed utterly impossible to have the public consider the new invention in any other light than that of a fantastic toy. When Judge Hilton was asked if a telephone might be put in A. T. Stewart's store, he said, "You can put it in as an advertisement, but we will not pay for it." To show how little it was regarded by outside houses, Mr. Vail at one time sent a small order to the store of L. G. Tillotson at 15 Dey Street, for some supplies in the fall of 1872. The clerk sent back word that the goods were ready, and also the bill, $7.00. On the spot where that store stood, by one of those fantastic whirligigs of fortune, there is to-day the towering office building of the New York Telephone Company, with its millions upon millions of capital.



FIRST ADVERTISEMENT OF THE TELEPHONE

Of these pioneers, none are now left except Mr. Vail and Mr. Wolverton. The latter is still active head of the New York Transfer Company and retains his seat among the directors of the New York Telephone Company. Mr. Vail is too well known to need any further allusion, but it is not too much to say that largely owing to his remarkable executive ability, his untiring patience and his indomitable courage the telephone in New York is what it is today. He has been ably assisted by Mr. Union N. Bethel, whose introduction of the sliding scale of rates brought the cost within the reach of all and immensely popularized the use of the telephone, by Mr. J. F. McCarthy in the plant department, and Mr. Frank H. Bethel.

On this page we show a reproduction of the entire first directory issued by the Telephone Company and the first advertisement.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS
Central Office System
BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

Remarkable as the history of this old city is during the last fifty years, it is very nearly paralleled by the stupendous and gigantic growth of the telephone business within its boundaries in less than a third of a century.

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Union Square in 1850

THE OLD ROBERT GOELET HOUSE, NORTHWEST CORNER OF BROADWAY AND 17TH STREET. THIS WAS ABOUT THE TIME THAT THE "SQUARE" ENJOYED REMARKABLE SOCIAL DISTINCTION AND WAS ONE OF THE SHOW PLACES IN TOWN.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. ROBERT GOELET.

BEGINNINGS OF ELECTRIC LIGHT

Early in 1879 there appeared in the New York *Tribune* an interview with Mr. Edison from which the following is taken. It is particularly interesting in view of subsequent events. We follow it with the successful operation of the invention three years later.

"I have let the other inventors get the start of me in this matter, somewhat, because I have not given much attention to electric lights; but I believe I can catch up with them now. I have an idea that I can make the electric light available for all common uses, and supply it at a trifling cost compared with that of gas. There is no difficulty about dividing up the electric currents and using small quantities at different points. The trouble is in finding a candle that will give a pleasant light, not too intense, which can be turned on or off as easily as gas. Such a candle cannot be made from carbon points, which waste away and must be readjusted constantly while they do last. A platinum wire gives a good light when a certain quantity of electricity is passed through it. If the current is made too strong, however, the wire will melt. I want to get something better. Now that I have a machine to make the electricity, I can experiment as much as I please; I think," he added, smiling, "there is where I can beat the other inventors, as I have so many facilities here for trying experiments."

"If you can make the electric light supply the place of gas, you can easily make a great fortune," the reporter suggested.

"I don't care so much for a fortune," Mr. Edison replied.

Three years seems an incredibly short time in which to perfect this invention, yet nevertheless Mr. Edison accomplished it. There are still among us countless thousands who clearly recall the infant days of this illuminant and of the intense public interest manifested in its early development. It is only as short a time ago as September, 1882, when the current was first turned on in the first Edison central station at 257 Pearl Street.

More or less talk had appeared in the papers from time to time regarding the new light and much of it was sceptical. The claims made for it seemed at first beyond all reason—that it would emit no smell, practically no heat and would require no matches to light. The New York *Times,* among the first buildings lighted by electricity, had this to say the morning after the trial:

It was about 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon when the lights were put in operation. It was then broad daylight, and the light looked dim. It was not until about 7 o'clock, when it began to grow dark, that the electric light really made itself known and showed how bright and steady it is. Then the 27 electric lamps in the editorial rooms and the 25 lamps in the counting-rooms made those departments as bright as day, but without any unpleasant glare. It was a light that a man could sit down under and write for hours without the consciousness of having any artificial light about him. There was a very slight amount of heat from each lamp, but not nearly as much as from a gas-burner—one-fifteenth as much as from gas, the inventor says. The light was soft, mellow, and grateful to the eye, and it seemed almost like writing

by daylight to have a light without a particle of flicker and with scarcely any heat to make the head ache. The electric lamps in *The Times* Building were as thoroughly tested last evening as any light could be tested in a single evening, and tested by men who have battered their eyes sufficiently by years of night work to know the good and bad points of a lamp, and the decision was unanimously in favor of the Edison electric lamp as against gas. One night is a brief period in which to judge of the merits or demerits of a new system of lighting, but so far as it has been tested in *The Times* office the Edison electric light has proved in every way satisfactory.

The *Herald* said:

Last night it was fairly demonstrated that the Edison light had a very fair degree of success.

The *Sun* gave a characteristic sketch of the inventor at work and also touches on a curious experience encountered by the workmen in their early days:

Mr. Edison wore a white, high-crowned derby hat and collarless shirt. "I have accomplished all I promised," he said. " . . . We have a greater demand for light than we can supply at present. We have to educate men to the use and management of our machinery. We have only one experienced engineer here now. A man came down from our machine-shop in Goerck Street the other day and put his oil can between two conductors. He was a badly frightened man a second later, for the can melted away as quickly as the oil it contained. Another workman, while employed at a wire in Fulton Street, used a screw-driver. He was surprised to see his screw-driver burn away, and returned to the station in great haste to know what was the matter."

Those present on this momentous occasion were, as near as can be ascertained, besides Mr. Edison himself: Mr. E. H. Johnson; Mr. Charles L. Clarke, the engineer of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company; Dr. S. S. Wheeler; Mr. Charles S. Bradley; Mr. Samuel Insull; Mr. J. W. Lieb, Jr.; Mr. Francis Jehl; Mr. Charles Batchelor; Mr. Calvin Goddard; Mr. W. H. Meadowcroft; Mr. Julius Hornig, engineer in local charge of the station construction, and his assistant, Mr. H. M. Byllesby; Mr. W. A. Anderson, of the Board of Fire Underwriters; Mr. Charles Dean, of the Goerck Street shops; Mr. Wetzler, of the *Electrical World;* Mr. John Kruesi; Mr. S. Bergmann; Mr. H. A. Campbell; Mr. F. R. Upton; Mr. John Langton, who worked with Kruesi; and Mr. "Jack" Hood, the old Scotch engineer from Menlo Park.

A little later in the same afternoon, Edison joined Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan at the latter's office. Mr. E. H. Johnson and Mr. Charles S. Bradley were there also.

This was the introduction of the Electric Light in New York and the beginning of the present marvellous Edison Service with its tremendous water front buildings, its numerous sub-stations and private plants.

Many persons claim to have been present on this historic occasion, but the above list may be accepted as correct. As for the stores and offices first lighted, they can no longer be recorded, but it included most of the principal stores in Fulton Street from Nassau Street to the East River, although Drexel, Morgan & Co.'s new building (then one of the show places in town), as well as the *Times* and *Herald,* were specially equipped for that opening night.

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42nd Street and Madison Avenue, 1864

A VERY UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPH, SHOWING DR. TYNG'S ORIGINAL CHAPEL, WHICH AFTERWARDS DEVELOPED INTO THE "CHECKER-BOARD" CHURCH. THE NEW YORK CENTRAL STATION WAS STILL DOWNTOWN, CORNER WEST BROADWAY AND CHAMBERS STREET, AND THE HARLEM DEPOT AT CENTRE AND CHAMBERS STREET. AN OLD WOOD-BURNING LOCOMOTIVE IS SHOWN AT ABOUT WHERE THE PRESENT TERMINAL NOW IS. THE ROCKS AT LEFT ARE WHERE THE MANHATTAN HOTEL NOW STANDS, AND THE PILE OF RUBBISH AT THE RIGHT IS WHERE THE 42ND STREET BUILDING NOW IS. THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDING NOW OCCUPIES THE SITE OF THE OLD HARLEM DEPOT. BY A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE IT STILL RETAINS ITS ORIGINAL FUNCTION AS A TERMINAL, THE NEW BROOKLYN LOOP, FIVE PLATFORMS DEEP AND 435 FEET LONG, BEING LOCATED HERE.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR JOHN N GOLDING

BEGINNINGS OF ELECTRIC POWER

Early in 1879 the New York *Tribune* contained an account of a visit to the laboratory of Mr. Edison. It had been rumored that Mr. Edison was at work on an idea whereby electricity could be utilized for power. Among the things which were claimed for the new invention was the ability to harness the Falls of Niagara and other natural forces and derive current from them by which it would be possible to supply power by means of electricity to parts not only close at hand but at distant points as well.

Although this in the popular mind was simply the raving of a disordered intellect, it was known in better informed circles that scientific men were not so sceptical. The new machine which was to accomplish such wonders was a magneto-electric machine and the interview thus continues:

> "There is no reason," Mr. Edison said, "why the natural power in rivers and waterfalls, near large cities, may not be used in place of steam, through these magneto-electric machines. Conducting rods, used to carry the electricity long distances, can be tapped at any given point and any desired amount of the electricity taken off. It will be necessary only to place a suitable resistance in the local wire. The cost of getting motive power in this way will be much less than the cost of steam power. In the mining regions, where water power is usually abundant, conducting rods can be run into the deepest mines, and electricity can be used, in place of compressed air, to work the diamond drills. Not only that, but the magneto-electric machines can be used in taking the metals from the ores.

The entire article is interesting merely as foreshadowing the great developments in electrical power which were so soon to follow. The great General Electric Company was as yet unthought of and interviews like the above were printed more for the entertainment of readers than with any serious purpose.

Three years later the first of Edison's dreams came true in the practical perfection of the electric light, and it was not long after that that electric power followed.

MOVING PICTURES

Greatest of all of Mr. Edison's inventions was also approaching fruition, but at so late a date that it is hardly entitled to be classed as "old."

In 1893 *The Century Magazine* gave to the world the first authentic account of the then state of the art together with three pages of illustrations showing the present well-known reel, with its numerous small pictures, each one recording just the slightest variation in the poses.

According to a preface written by Mr. Edison himself and reproduced facsimile, Mr. Edison evidently regarded his invention incomplete without sound. His idea was, apparently, that the images must also talk, and he called the invention the Kinetophone. Apparently the now widely popular Moving Picture shows as well as the Phonograph were originally designed to work together.

In the meanwhile the public adopted them as two separate inventions, each one independent of the other, and each in its line has proved a tremendous success, both commercially and artistically. It is a singular coincidence that only this year (1913) has the original idea finally been perfected and the public greeted the newcomer with all the honors and emoluments due to a new discovery. But it is quite clear from the *Century's* article that what was then in Mr. Edison's mind was wholly different from what subsequently developed in the natural course of events.

A recent account states that more than 50 millions of dollars are now invested in this industry and that a daily attendance of 6 to 10 millions is a fair estimate of the popularity of the "movies."

What the next twenty years will do for this invention time alone can tell. It seems to be improving every minute, and more important plays are now seen in the "movies" than were even contemplated a short time ago.

No invention of the nineteenth century seems so pregnant with possibilities for the human race as this, which at first seemed so tremendously trifling. It will probably play a large part in the future work of the public schools, and science should make quicker and more accurate progress in the next few years by this agency alone than it has for a century.

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New York Central Depot, 1860

CORNER WEST BROADWAY AND CHAMBERS STREET. CARS WERE DRAWN BY HORSES FROM 30TH STREET, THE TERMINAL OF THE STEAM ROAD. A VERY GOOD VIEW OF THE PLAZA AT THIS SECTION OF THE CITY, SHOWING RIDLEY & CO.'S, THE FAMOUS "BROKEN CANDY" FIRM. WHERE RIDLEY & CO. WAS, STOOD THE IRVING NATIONAL BANK TILL IT MOVED TO THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. WHITNEY WARREN

BEGINNINGS OF THE PHONOGRAPH

While we are on the subject of Mr. Edison's inventions as they began to develop in New York, we append an item from the *Sun* of 1886:

MR. BEECHER AND THE PHONOGRAPH

In the house of Thomas A. Edison is a remarkable memento of the late Mr. Beecher. The inventor's phonograph for impressing on a soft metal sheet the utterances of the human voice, and then emitting it again by the turning of a crank, has never been put to any very valuable use, and Edison has only gained from it a few thousand dollars in royalties from exhibitors. But he utilized it to make a collection of famous voices. Since he became famous, his visitors have included hundreds of celebrities. Instead of asking them for their autographs or photographs, he has, in two or three hundred instances, requested them to speak a few sentences into a phonograph. He has kept the plates in a cabinet, and occasionally he runs some of them through the machine, which sends out the words exactly as uttered. Edison is probably the only man who can revive the silenced voice of the great preacher.

While the *Sun's* statement concerning the phonograph is literally true, a talking machine of commercial value was subsequently perfected, to which Alexander Graham Bell, Chichester A. Bell, Charles Sumner Tainter and Emil Berliner contributed largely. Mr. Thomas Macdonald, Clinton E. Woods, Joseph W. Jones—later inventor of the well-known speedometer—and others might justly be also included.

To the millions of our citizens not only in New York but throughout the world who have since listened with delight to the greatest popular songs, the greatest operas and the most wonderful orchestral effects, the above modest reference to the birth of what is one of the greatest inventions in which Mr. Edison played a prominent part will no doubt possess great interest.

To the Victor Talking Machine Co., the Columbia Graphopone Co., and the thousands of dealers throughout the country who are making money out of the perfected talking machines, the statement that the invention "has never been put to any very valuable use" must come as a distinct jar and make them realize that we truly are living in an age of marvels.

FAMOUS THOROUGHFARES IN NEW YORK

BROADWAY: THE GREATEST STREET IN THE WORLD

A Quaintly Interesting Sketch of it in 1846 *and the Broadway of To-day*

Any account of Broadway (De Heere Straat of the Dutch) is always interesting. The following from a private letter written in '46 gives an intimate personal glimpse of the main street in the young city at that time, and gives a wealth of detail regarding the various stores, residences, theatres, churches, etc.:

On the first settlement of the island, the ground now occupied by Broadway formed, as far up as Maiden Lane, the high bank of the Hudson River. There was, from the point now about the Astor House direct to the Battery, a well-worn Indian trail. The ground from the Battery rose gradually and pretty steeply as far as the head of Wall Street, just below which was the point called by the Dutch Flatten-Barrack Hill, and Golden Hill by the English. This was a sort of promontory, the sides descending precipitously on the west, reaching the river's edge some feet east of Lumber Street (Trinity Place), and on the east descending as abruptly to the swamp and tide canal, now occupied by Broad Street.

The aborigines had used this elevation of land as a watch tower, from which they could overlook the island as far up as the little mountain near Broadway and Houston Street, and the high ridge of prairie grass known to our Dutch ancestors as the Boueries (grass farms) and to us as the Bowery. Eastward the pile of rocks where St. George's Church now stands (called the "cliffs," from which Cliff Street) alone obstructed a full view of Long Island, from Bushwick Inlet to Yellow Hook on the south. Westward their field of vision was bounded by Weehawken, Bergen Neck, and Staten Island.

The end of the Indian trail and the foot proper of Broadway was opposite Castle Garden, near the centre of the Battery. Here was a broad eddy formed by the back water from the two rivers; this water was called by the Indians "Kapsee," meaning a safe landing in still water, and for many years the Dutch called the place Copsee's Point. In those days it is pretty clearly shown that Buttermilk Channel was nearly dry, thus throwing the whole current of the East River north of Governor's Island. The later division of this current and consequent change of the North River has annihilated almost every vestige of Kapsee eddy.

The old fort of New Amsterdam (afterwards called Fort George), a strong quadrangular fortification, with heavy bastions, fronting by compass, North, East, South and West, stood in the very mouth of Broadway. The North and only gate opening into this street led to this Indian trail. The North wall of the fort was on a line with Petticoat Lane (Marketfield Street), and the South wall formed one side of Pearl Street. The triangular field before the fort, afterwards occupied by the leaden statue of King George and now by the Whitney Block and Bowling Green, was the parade ground of Lord Lovelace and Earl Bellamont. At a later period a redoubt was thrown up outside the fort, along the water, on which some ninety guns were mounted, for the better security of the harbor. This place was called the Battery, and yet retains the name, and always will. In the Battery was a very large boulder rock, called Abic by the Indians.

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A Harlem Train in 1860

THE TERMINAL OF THE HARLEM RAILROAD WAS THEN AT 26TH STREET AND FOURTH AVENUE, WHERE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN NOW IS. THE REST OF THE JOURNEY DOWNTOWN TO THE OLD DEPOT AT CENTRE AND CHAMBERS STREETS WAS MADE BY HORSES FOR SIX CENTS EXTRA. OUR VIEW SHOWS A CAR PASSING THE OLD TOMBS ON A WINTRY DAY. TWELVE HORSES WERE NOT AN UNUSUAL NUMBER REQUIRED FOR THE WORK.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR P V. B. LOCKWOOD

From the Park, the Indian path went eastward across the Klocht, via Chatham Street and Division, to Natonk or Sandy Point, now Corlears Hook. Another branch ran near the line of the Bowery to Bloomingdale.

After the fort, the governor's residence was the first feature of note in Broadway. This was a large building north of the fort, near the present Broadway gate of the Battery, and fronted toward the water. This was the first place the English governors occupied outside the fort, having previously dwelt within the walls. At the south end of the fort, adjoining the armory, was the King's Chapel, built in 1694, and burnt in the negro rebellion of 1741.

Trinity Church was built on its present site in 1696 and enlarged in 1737. William Smith (1750) says: "It stands very pleasantly on the banks of the Hudson River, and has a large cemetery upon each side inclosed in the front by a painted paled fence. Before it a long walk is railed off from the Broadway, the pleasantest street of any in the whole town. This building is about 148 feet long, including the tower and the chancel, and 72 feet in breadth. The steeple is 175 feet high; and over the door, facing the river, is the following inscription:

" 'Per Angustam, Hoc Trinitatis Templum fundatum est Anno Regni illustrissimi, Supremi, Domini Gulielmi Tertii, Dei Gratia Angliæ, Scotiæ, Franciæ et Hiberniæ Regis, Fidei Defensoris, &c. Octavo, Annoq; Domino, 1696.'

"The church is within ornamented beyond any other place of public worship among us. The head of the church is adorned with an altar-piece, and opposite to it at the other end of the building is the organ. The tops of the pillars which support the galleries are decked with the gilt busts of angels winged. From the ceiling are suspended two glass branches, and on the walls hang the arms of some of its principal benefactors. The alleys are paved with flat stones. The Rector is Rev. Henry Barclay. Salary £100 a year, levied on all the other clergy and laity in the city, by virtue of an act of Assembly procured by Governor Fletcher."

The first public worship in this church was on the 6th of February, 1697. On the 21st of September, 1776, by the memorable great fire, Trinity was entirely destroyed. After the Revolution it was rebuilt, and consecrated in 1790 by Bishop Provoost. In 1839 the building was examined, found unsafe, and immediately taken down.

In 1695, at the corner of Wall Street and Broadway, was one of the stone points or bastions for the defense of the city. In Broadway were the public cisterns, one near St. George's Hotel, and the other below the corner of Exchange Place, for use in case of fire.

About 1790 the City Hotel (now standing) was erected. This is one of the most substantial brick buildings ever put up. It is 101 feet front, 133 feet deep, five stories high, and contains 132 rooms. It is owned by John Jacob Astor, and conducted by Chester Jennings. It is on the west side of Broadway, between Cedar (little Queen) and Thames (Stone) Streets. It was one of the first buildings in the city covered with slate; and when ready for roofing they found that no nails had been provided. Search was made for a man to supply this deficiency, and the only one found in the city who could make slate nails was our own well-known old inhabitant, Grant Thorburn, then a newly arrived, adventurous Scotch nail-maker. He was honored, and profited by the job. Some twenty-five years after the roof was prepared, Mr. T. clambered up the adder and gathered some of his nails, which he still keeps as a memento of early days at his store, corner of Broadway and Prince Street.

In 1685 Governor Dongan had a splendid garden on Broadway, between (the present) Howard's Hotel and the American Museum, Maiden Lane and Ann Street. This was the

ultima thule of civilization. Opposite was King's Farm, very little improved. In the present Cortlandt Street, at that time, was a large windmill, from which that street was first called Old Windmill Lane. (This lane ran into Cortlandt Street, only from the river, a little above Greenwich, and then through the present block, between Cortlandt and Liberty, to Broadway.)

In 1728 Broadway had grown as far as the Park. From the present corner of Barclay Street, to about Reade Street, was a long rope walk, exactly on the site of the street. All north of Broadway was King's Farm, most of which, not long after, was willed to Trinity Church, and was the small beginning of their enormous wealth.

Before the Revolution Broadway had surmounted the steep hill near the junction of Pearl, and gone down the slope to the marshes, now Canal Street. The Hospital was built on the great square formed by Broadway, Barley (Duane), Church and Catharine (Anthony) Streets. In 1775 it was burned, and during the war the ruins were occupied by the Hessian troops for barracks. In 1783 it was rebuilt and first opened as a public infirmary in 1791. On the 14th of March, 1806, an act was passed, giving this Hospital a State annuity of $12,500 for fifty years. The "Picture of New York" (1805) says the view from the cupola of the Hospital was the best in the city. One could see all the Bay and Narrows, and toward the north, the city extending toward Greenwich and Rose Hill, with many beautiful villas rising between.

In these days, Oswego Market was on the corner of Broadway and Maiden Lane. The Park was said to "consist of about four acres planted with elms, planes, willows and catalpas."

There was a windmill on Broadway, between the present Liberty and Cortlandt Streets, as early as 1630, erected by the Dutch West India Company for public use. In 1662 this mill was taken down and rebuilt on the Company's farm, outside the walls (near the junction of Warren and Greenwich Streets).

In 1676 the ground before the Fort in Broadway, now the Bowling Green, was, by order, used for a city market and all country people exposing their wares for sale there were exempt from arrest for debt.

In 1785 Alderman Bayard sold Broadway lots of full size for twenty-five dollars apiece.

One remarkable feature in the appearance of the Dutch streets is now entirely obliterated. All their gutters were in the middle of the streets, instead of the sides.

As late as 1772 Broadway extended no farther than the present Hospital, at which place was Rutgers' orchard. About that time the British had a range of barracks upon the site of the old Scudder's Museum, or near it, and paraded their forces before Trinity Church, in Broadway.

In 1744 there were but 130 houses in all New York west of Broadway and only about 1,150 in the whole city. There was scarcely a store in Broadway up to the days of the Revolution.

Near the corner of Broadway and Reade Street was the old Negro Burying Ground. In excavating there, at this day, bones are sometimes turned up.

There were several noted gardens, public and private, on Broadway. Near the Hospital was Jones' "Ranelagh Garden." Just above St. Paul's Church was a "Drovers' Inn," farm, etc. Colonel Ramsay's residence, the "White Conduit House," between Leonard and Franklin Streets, was quite out of town in 1787. The ground between Nassau, Ann Street, and the Park was once intended for a governor's garden; it was taken from the Park for

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The Grand Central Terminal, 1902

THE FIRST STATION WAS COMPLETED IN 1871, BUT WAS ENTIRELY RECONSTRUCTED TWICE BEFORE THE PRESENT PLAN WAS ADOPTED. THE ABOVE SHOWS THE SECOND PERIOD. THIS WAS ENTIRELY DEMOLISHED TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE PRESENT STRUCTURE.

that purpose. "Montagne's Garden" was opposite the Park, near Murray Street. Here the Sons of Liberty held their meetings.

In 1776 the whole of Broadway on the west side as far up as St. Paul's Church, and nearly that distance on the east side, was reduced to ashes by fire; not a house was saved. The fire began in Whitehall Street and consumed 493 houses.

Sir Henry Clinton resided at No. 1 Broadway. Sir Guy Carleton and General Howe all resided there. Arnold the traitor liver there a time, also.

Broadway is generally described as a straight street three miles in length. This is stretching the matter a little too far, as any one can see by the topographical maps. Although the corporate authorities have decreed that the whole of Bloomingdale Road is or shall be Broadway, we believe that the people are satisfied with the straight street and have little desire to extend it by tortuous angles. It is a matter of surprise that it was not cut through to Fourteenth Street at the time of the great survey of the island, completed in March, 1811. Had this been done, and Union Park made a square from Fourteenth to Seventeenth Street, between University and Irving Place, Broadway would have ended in the best manner possible.

It is, however, by the building of Grace Church, permanently settled in its present bounds. Beginning in latitude 40 deg. 41 min. 21 sec. north, longitude 74 deg. 5 min. 13 sec. west (this was the exact place of Fort George determined by Gov. Burnett and Mr. Prior in 1769 for the government) Broadway runs nearly northeast in a straight line to Tenth Street, 11,600 feet or two miles and 63 rods—very nearly two and one-fifth miles. It is 80 feet wide, from wall to wall—carriageway about 44 feet, and sidewalks 18 each. There are 785 houses (or numbers) in this distance; twenty-four streets cross and twenty-five end in Broadway in the same space. Various pavements have been tried in this street, but common round stone works the best and is used throughout, except near Bond Street, where a sort of railway for wheels is laid of heavy blocks of faced stone.

Underneath the middle of Broadway is the great thirty-inch iron pipe which supplies nine-tenths of the city with Croton water. Also, at the sides the gas pipes from which the street is brilliantly lighted when the moon is either too young or too old to shine.

But the best view we can give of Broadway will be to start from the Battery and walk slowly up. Before you is Bowling Green, a private park of elliptic form, 220 feet long by 140 wide. On the site of King George's statue is a pile of rocks about eighteen feet high through which the Croton water is ejected, forming a very romantic fountain.

On the east side every house is down (by the fire of July last) as far as Exchange Place (old Garden Street). South of the Green fronting on all Broadway is a fine block of houses in one of which lives the millionaire, Stephen Whitney, whose property is said to amount to about $10,000,000. The houses are on the site of the old Government House, which was removed during the last war.

On the west side of Broadway, opposite the burnt district, are many splendid private dwellings, one garden and three hotels. The Atlantic Garden at Nos. 9 and 11 extends through to Greenwich Street, and forms a delightful summer lounge. The Atlantic Hotel at No. 5 is a four-story building 95 feet front and 180 feet deep, having 85 rooms, including a dining-room 75 by 30 feet. Cost of the house, $60,000; furniture, $25,000. W. C. Anderson is the present keeper. Price of board, $1.50 per day. At No. 39 is the Mansion House, kept by Wm. J. Bunker. This is a large and commodious hotel. Between 55 and 57 a lane runs down to Lumber Street, many years ago called Oyster Patee, and not having

been rechristened, of course should bear that name now. On the corner of Broadway and Oyster Patee is Mrs. Mondon's French and Spanish Hotel. Opposite on the lower corner of Exchange Place is the pile of ruins once the Waverly House. At No. 66 is the Globe Hotel, kept by Francis Blancard. This house is much patronized by West India travelers and Englishmen. On the corner of Rector Street are the walls of old Grace Church. This building is to be refitted and opened as a Chinese Museum. A gentleman of ample means and enterprise has undertaken the project and will carry it out with as little delay as possible. From the Battery to Rector Street most of the buildings are private houses. Stores will occupy the east side when the burnt district is rebuilt.

Opposite Wall Street stands new Trinity Church. This is the finest structure of the kind in America. It is of the perpendicular Gothic style, built from the brownstone so common to our architects.

At No. 110 is the Tremont Temperance House; at 111 the New England House. Between Thames and Cedar Streets stands the City Hotel, a five-story brick building; one hundred and one feet front, 133 feet deep, 137 rooms, gentlemen's dining room 86 by 27 feet —ladies' dining room 45 by 36. Chester Jennings is the keeper. Board, $2.00 per day. Nearly opposite is the Croton Hotel, opened in 1843 by J. L. Moore. It is 110 feet front, 100 feet deep, six stories high and has 100 rooms. Dining room 60 feet by 28. Board, $1.50 to $2.00 per day. Cost of furniture, $20,000.

At No. 157 is The Recess, a retired and quiet house, where strangers and citizens can find excellent accommodation and careful attention. It is a commodious and well-arranged establishment and does an extensive business. It is kept by Wm. A. Francis.

On the west side, between Liberty and Cortlandt Streets, is a fine building nearly completed, which is to be opened as a hotel by the celebrated Benjamin Rathbun of Buffalo. At the corner of Maiden Lane is Howard's Hotel, opened in 1840, one of the largest and most popular in the city. It is of brick, six stories high, 161 feet front, 130 feet deep, with a dining-room 160 feet by 30. It is now conducted by Thomas and Roe. Board, $2.00 per day. On the other side, corner of Dey Street, stands the Franklin House, opened in 1825. It is 75 feet front by 150 deep, five stories high, containing 148 rooms. Dining-room, 60 by 35 feet. Cost of house, $130,000. Furniture, $35,000. It is kept by Hayes & Treadwell. Board, $2.00 per day.

Between Fulton and Vesey Streets is St. Paul's Church (Episcopal), a very fine structure, with the spire on the wrong end. In the wall of this church is the monument of Gen. Richard Montgomery. His remains were brought from Canada in 1818, and deposited in this mausoleum by the government of this State. The beautiful monument of Thomas Addis Emmet stands in the cemetery south of the church. Many other noted persons have found a resting place in this yard.

Opposite, on the corner of Ann Street, is the "American Museum" founded in 1810 by John Scudder. It was once one of the most extensive museums in America. The building is decorated outside with dauby paintings and makes a very flashy appearance. It is at present conducted by a Mr. Barnum of "Joice Heth" notoriety. Adjoining the museum is the Chemical Bank, the only bank in Broadway. From Rector Street to the Park both sides of Broadway are crowded with shops and stores of every description, except dry goods. Groceries, book stores in abundance, fancy stores, brokers' offices, drug stores, mock and real auctions, jewelry, clothing, etc., etc., in the first stories; in the upper rooms, artists and mechanics in light work.

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Our Oldest Newspaper

THE EVENING POST BUILDING, ON THE CORNER OF NASSAU AND LIBERTY STREETS, 1850. THIS IS NEW YORK'S OLDEST NEWSPAPER, BEING ESTABLISHED IN 1801, AT THE SUGGESTION OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON. IT HAS HAD A LONG LIST OF DISTINGUISHED EDITORS, FROM COLEMAN AT THE START TO VILLARD OF TO-DAY, AMONG WHOM WERE WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, JOHN BIGELOW, CARL SCHURZ, PARKE GODWIN, LAWRENCE GODKIN, HORACE WHITE, WENDELL PHILLIPS GARRISON, JOHN REUBEN THOMPSON, AND NOW ROLLO OGDEN.

WASHINGTON IRVING ADVERTISED HIS "KNICKERBOCKER HISTORY" IN THE POST IN SO NOVEL AND CHARMING A MANNER AS TO PUT OUR PRESENT-DAY EXPERTS TO SHAME. FITZ GREENE HALLECK, WHO INDUCED ASTOR TO FOUND HIS LIBRARY, WALT WHITMAN, RODMAN DRAKE AND EDGAR ALLAN POE WERE AMONG THE EARLY CONTRIBUTORS. IT WAS THE FIRST PAPER IN AMERICA TO GAIN ANY LITERARY DISTINCTION.

On the block between Vesey and Barclay Streets is the Astor House, by far the most costly hotel in the city, and perhaps in the world. It is built of dark-colored granite, quarried from Quincy, Mass., 201 feet front on Broadway, and 154 feet deep, five stories high, and contains 308 rooms, with a magnificent dining room 108 by 42 feet. The ground and house cost nearly $800,000, and the furniture $120,000. It is now kept by Coleman and Stetson. Board, $2 per day. On the upper corner of Barclay Street is the American Hotel, 71 feet front, 125 deep, six stories high, and contains 120 rooms; dining room 64 by 33 feet. It was opened in 1838, and is now kept by W. B. Cozzens. Board, $2 per day. Officers of the Army and Navy generally stop here. Opposite this hotel is the Park fountain, a forlorn-looking thing but susceptible of being made the most splendid fountain in the world, if our city government would find time to do it.

No. 253 is the New York Museum—once very popular under the management of Mr. Peale. On the corner of Chambers Street is a fine row of buildings, known as the Granite Block, and on the corner of Reade a new five-story brick block, called the La Farge buildings and said to belong to Louis Philippe, but we doubt that story. On the east side, corner of Reade, on the site of Washington Hall, and the old colored burying ground, A. T. Stewart is building the most splendid store ever seen in America. The front is of marble; the columns, window caps and sills, etc., elaborately carved; sides of brick and marble.

At Reade Street ends the gradual ascent of the street from the Battery. From Reade to Anthony the grade is level. From Anthony to Canal it descends considerably. A few years since Canal Street was crossed in Broadway by a heavy stone bridge, beneath which boys were wont to skate on the ice. The bridge is gone and Broadway descends from Anthony to Canal, and rises from Canal to Prince, where it is nearly level to the end, rising a little between Eighth and Tenth Streets, so that the end is the highest part of the street.

The Halleck House, corner of Reade Street, is now a Hotel de Paris. The Clarendon House is on the corner of Duane. Opposite the Hospital is Gothic (late Masonic) Hall, a fine Gothic edifice, once known as the headquarters of the Whig Party, and now a great bowling saloon. The Hospital, opposite Pearl Street, is a group of stone buildings standing back from the street, and approached between two rows of large and beautiful elm trees. Persons suddenly injured are taken here. There are 20 physicians and about 200 patients.

No. 340 is the entrance to the Tabernacle Congregational Church—the most capacious edifice in the city. It is often used for public meetings, concerts, lectures, etc. From four to five thousand persons can get into it. It stands back from Broadway about 100 feet, between Pearl Street and Chatham Lane.

On the lower corner of Leonard Street is the fine building of the New York Society Library. The building is of brown stone, with six Ionic columns in front. The institution was founded in 1754. The library is one of the largest and most valuable in the Union. The Academy of Design give their annual exhibitions in this building. On the opposite corner is the Carleton House, a quiet and good hotel, conducted by Benson and Hodges. It is five stories high, 60 feet front, 175 deep, and contains 128 rooms. It was opened in 1839. Board, $2 per day. On the other side of Broadway is the Athenæum Hotel, by R. L. Eaton.

At No. 353 is the New York Garden, a place formerly much frequented in the summer for ice cream and cooling drinks. At No. 398 is the celebrated bathing establishment kept by Charles Stoppani. At 406 is a large saloon called the Minerva Rooms, and at 410 is the Apollo Saloon; these rooms are used for casual exhibitions, lectures, balls, soirees, etc.

At 411 are the Lodge Rooms of Olive Branch, Commercial, Fidelity, Hinman, and Merchants' Lodges, and Palestine Encampment of Odd Fellows.

From the Park to Canal Street, the west side of Broadway is walled in by stores filled with the most costly goods to be obtained in the world. This part of the street, and particularly this side, is the great bazaar of Fashion, and here, from 1 to 4 o'clock, throng, on foot and in carriages, the "upper ten thousand" with well-filled purses, to adorn their sacred forms with jewels and fine raiment.

From the Park to Canal Street, on the east side, dwelling houses and stores are about equally mingled; on the west, stores greatly predominate.

At the corner of Howard is the Howard House, well known as the headquarters of the Masonic order in this city. This house has lately been enlarged and improved. At No. 444 is the Olympic Theatre, small in size but great in reputation. It was opened in 1837 and for two years remained almost unknown.

Next to this theatre is the Tattersall's, or Horse Market, where regular sales are held on Mondays and Wednesdays. No. 450 is a new building called the Coliseum, running through to Crosby Street, some 200 feet. Here is ample room for public assemblies. On the lower corner of Grand Street is American Hall—the headquarters of the Native party—kept by John de la Vergne. On the upper corner is the Broadway House, with a dining saloon attached.

From this point, dwelling houses stretch to the end of Broadway, with but few interruptions, on this side. A great number of physicians reside here, and from Broome to Spring, the block might properly be named Doctors' Place. Speaking of "places," we are happy to state that the foolish practice in many uptown streets of making and numbering some five or six "places" till the original street is nearly forgotten, thus causing great confusion and difficulty among strangers in finding locations, has not yet reached Broadway and we hope never will. The principal public buildings on the east side from Grand to Tenth Street are, at No. 548, a new Unitarian Church standing in the rear but having the entrance on Broadway. This church is very large and costly; Rev. Henry W. Bellows, pastor. At the corner of Prince Street is Niblo's Garden, where a theatre and various exhibitions may be found during the summer, at which time it is a highly fashionable resort. In the fall, the Annual Exhibition or Fair of the American Institute, and during the winter, lectures, concerts, etc., are given there. Nos. 594-6-8 is a splendid new edifice designed for a Club House on the English plan. We understand many of our most esteemed citizens are interested in this club. The next building is a magnificent bathing establishment, recently enlarged and newly furnished. Opposite Waverly Place is the Church of the Messiah, a large gloomy-looking building, but rendered attractive by the eloquence of its distinguished pastor, Rev. Dr. Orville Dewey.

To return to Grand Street. Broadway on the west side is more occupied with small stores as far as Houston Street. At 559 is the Alhambra, a place of great summer resort for creams, fruits, etc., and in winter used for concerts and balls. At No. 659 is the Lyceum of Natural History, founded in 1817, for the purpose implied in the name. Here is a large collection of specimens in every department of Natural History, opened gratis to the public. The Society has a large library, has published three volumes of its transactions, and is in a flourishing condition. At No. 585, in a house of rather ordinary aspect, dwells the most often mentioned and least seen man in New York—envied by all and beloved by few—holding single handed the reins of the greatest power ever before in the grasp of one man on this

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The Spingler Hotel in Union Square, 1860

THE FAMOUS SPINGLER HOUSE, ONE OF THE MOST EXPENSIVE HOTELS OF THE DAY (RATES $3.60 AS AGAINST $2.00 AT THE ASTOR), STOOD ON UNION SQUARE, NEXT TO THE CORNER OF 14TH STREET. OUR PRINT IS FROM ONE OF THEIR ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPHS AND IS NOW EXCEEDINGLY RARE. IT IS NOT SO MANY YEARS AGO THAT THE HOTEL WAS RAZED TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE SPINGLER BUILDING, AN OFFICE STRUCTURE NOW OCCUPYING THE SAME SITE.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. J CLARENCE DAVIES.

continent; we mean John Jacob Astor, the undisputed owner of cash and property amounting to more than twenty millions of dollars. Mr. Astor is about 80 years old and so feeble that he seldom ventures out. It is said that his only ambition now is to make his son, Wm. B. Astor, the richest man in the world.

At 597 is Lafayette Hall, having a fine drill room, where several companies practise war manœuvres. On the corner of Houston Street is St. Thomas' Church (Episcopal), a rough stone Gothic edifice with two small towers, finished inside in old style. Dr. Whitehouse, a man of distinguished ability, is the rector. At No. 659 is the Medical College of New York University. Opposite Bond Street is the Bond Street House—not exactly a hotel but an immense boarding house. Between West Washington Place and Waverly Place is the New York Hotel, a magnificent building of brick, six stories high, 198 feet long, and 125 deep, containing 200 rooms—dining room 85 by 40 feet. It was opened by the present proprietor, John H. Billings, about a year ago. The whole cost was about $375,000. Board, $2 per day.

This part of Broadway contains some of the finest houses in the city, and the whole street may be called well built. A few old wooden corners remain, but they are fast coming down.

Grace Church is exactly opposite the end of Broadway, and at a little distance appears to stand *in* the street. This church is nearly finished outside and is a beautiful specimen of the open Gothic style. It is of white marble, elaborately carved.

We forgot to mention, at the proper place, the American Art Union, at No. 322, an incorporated society for the promotion of Fine Arts. There is there a good collection of paintings and statuary at free exhibition and for sale.

The Magnetic Telegraph runs up Broadway from Wall to Fourth Street. The wires are carried on poles about 30 feet in height. The Philadelphia and Northern wires are already laid.

Many of the streets crossing Broadway have had their names changed lately. According to a map of 1804, Battery Place was Marketfield Street; Morris Street was Beaver Lane; Exchange Place was Garden Street, and ran across; Fulton was Partition Street; Park Place was Robinson Street; Duane was Barley Street; Pearl was Magazine Street; Broome was Bullock Street; Houston stopped in Broadway; Bleecker was David Street and stopped in Wooster; Amity Street ran from its present junction with McDougal to the corner now Bleecker and Broadway; Fourth was Science Street; Astor Place was Art Street, and ran as far as Thompson; Eighth was Robert Street; Ninth was Randall Street; Tenth was Point Street.

BROADWAY IN 1913

Some years ago a noted writer spoke thus of this thoroughfare: "From its beginning at the Battery till it tumbled off into a *dusty country road at 159th Street,"* etc. To-day there is no "dusty country road at 159th Street." This illustrates about as well as anything could the continued changes going on in our main street. That was written in 1898, and if Mr. Richard Harding Davis were again to handle the subject he would be compelled to add just about one hundred additional blocks to reach the end of Broadway within the city limits. At Van Courtlandt Park,

its northern end, it really does not stop but continues along to Yonkers, where it is all splendidly paved with asphalt clear up to the city limits of Yonkers. There is a slight stretch of macadam road beyond that, and again Broadway is paved or otherwise greatly improved over the ordinary country road, and not until you get well beyond Tarrytown, sixteen miles farther, does the old highway relapse into anything resembling a country road. For all this distance it is lighted at night by gas and electricity; residences line both sides of the street, and it is more populous in these outskirts to-day than it was below 130th Street twenty-five years ago. Tarrytown is over thirty miles from the City Hall, and Broadway for all that distance is better paved, better lighted and has a much finer roadway than the old Broadway had at the time Mr. Davis wrote.

It is the longest street in the world, it is by far the most important in the New World in a business sense, and in the extent and variety of its buildings has no rival. It typifies as nothing else does the extent and dominion of New York's social and commercial importance, and embodies within its limits an epitome of the whole country's development.

Two massive buildings, one on each side of the street, guard like sentinels the entrance to Broadway. They are the offices of the great transatlantic liners and face Bowling Green. It was this open space that was black with a frightened throng the night following the *Titanic* disaster. In this section of Broadway are the headquarters of maritime, transportation and allied interests. Street cars start up Broadway at this point for all sections of the city, and the subway cars take you through without change either to Van Courtlandt or Bronx Park—a distance of 15 miles, most of it along Broadway—in about 35 minutes.

Express buildings and railroad offices are next in order, and then begins the Broadway end of the financial district, which extends to Pine Street and beyond. It starts with what is perhaps the most famous building in the world—No. 26 Broadway—head offices of the great Standard Oil Company. Other massive buildings line both sides of the street till we come to another noted thoroughfare—Wall Street. Trinity Church stands directly facing Wall, and with its cemetery covers a whole square block. Time was when Trinity's spire gave the highest view in New York. Now it is dwarfed and lost amid the towering skyscrapers that surround it on every side.

Past the Singer Building and the great title and realty companies, banks, insurance and other semi-financial institutions, we come to old St. Paul's and the Post Office. A road to the right (Park Row) leads to Boston. We pass the Post Office, the open space of the City Hall, and are now in the beginning of the wholesale and jobbing districts of the great staples—dry goods, cotton, notions, etc.

From Chambers Street to Grace Church the same hurrying throngs are seen, though differing somewhat in appearance from lower downtown. At this point there are still left some suggestions of the old retail section which formerly held sway here, but with the exception of Wanamaker's, has gone much farther uptown. Broadway was originally designed to end at Grace Church, but it took a notion to continue, so it bends a little to the West, skirts Union Square just above, and soon crosses Fifth Avenue at Twenty-third Street. Hotels and restaurants now begin to appear with here and there a theatre, but it is not till you get to Thirty-fourth Street that the real heart of Broadway begins. Thirty-fourth Street and Sixth Avenue cross it at this point, and these corners are said to be the busiest of

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Madison Square Garden as a Railroad Depot

PRIOR TO THE OPENING OF THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION IN 1871, ALL TRAINS ON THE HARLEM AND NEW HAVEN ROADS RAN TO THE DEPOT ON FOURTH AVENUE AND 26TH STREET. THE NEW YORK CENTRAL DEPOT WAS ON WEST BROADWAY. P. T. BARNUM AFTERWARDS OCCUPIED THIS SITE WITH HIS HIPPODROME, AND GILMORE'S FAMOUS BAND FOLLOWED HIM.

any in town. A noteworthy change is in the character of the moving throngs. Women are largely in the majority, as we are now in the vicinity of nearly all the famous dry-goods establishments, and the side streets are filled with little specialty shops dealing in millinery, corsets, costumes, etc., etc. It is in the midst of the new retail shopping district and the beginning of the theatre and amusement section, which ends at about Fifty-ninth Street, with its main cohorts resting on Long Acre Square between Forty-second and Fiftieth Streets. About forty theatres are embraced within a few short blocks, and the famous lobster palaces about which so much is written are nearly all found within the same restricted area.

Broadway at Forty-second Street is undoubtedly a scene of much animation. All day long countless thousands from out of town are on the streets enjoying the sights, while as evening approaches, the theatre crush converges at this particular corner. Walking seems reduced to a science. It is the one place where the hobble skirt step is not only proper but absolutely necessary. Taxicabs, private automobiles, street cars, subways and elevateds all combine to discharge their passengers at this one identical spot and all at about the same time. The result is a congestion the like of which is seen nowhere else in this country or any other. Such is the assimilation of the neighborhood, however, that but a few minutes are required to digest the heterogeneous mass. The theatres in the immediate neighborhood will take care of nearly a hundred thousand persons, while the restaurants, cabaret shows, concerts, private dinners, public meetings, moving pictures, boxing matches, dancing academies and the dozen and one other affairs which attract people after nightfall will easily absorb as many more.

The popular name for this delectable region is the "Great White Way." In addition to the illumination furnished by the city, which in this district is elaborate, there are innumerable electric signs of wonderful gorgeousness in front of various establishments, and in addition to that, every roof corner and point of vantage is utilized to display the announcement of some commercial character by means of the same dazzling medium. The joyousness and stimulation that come from a veritable transformation of night into day and the brilliancy of the scene is an experience long to be remembered.

At the present time of writing (1913) the public press has teemed with accounts of the efforts to suppress dancing, etc., in the Broadway restaurants. The Turkey Trot, the Bunny Hug, the Tango, Grizzly Bear and other variations of the old waltz have suddenly loomed large in the horizon of police activities and have focussed public attention upon a form of amusement hitherto confined to the sacred precincts of private life. Events move so rapidly in New York that by the time this is printed the above incident may have been forgotten and only a few remember the excitement which prevailed for a time.

The "Lobster Palaces" and other resorts where the stranger is wont to go, abound in this region. As a rule, they are restaurants where the service is good and the food of the best quality. They do not, of course, cater for the ten-dollar-a-week clerk, but they are conducted on sound business principles and are not free from competition. They are certainly pleasant places. The music is good, the surroundings are refined. This part of Broadway never sleeps. It may not be quite so busy in the small hours of the morning, but there is always something doing. No matter what part of town you may be in, it is a moral certainty that sooner or later your feet will tread Broadway. There are upwards of a hundred thousand out-of-town visitors to New York every day, and it is safe to say that not one of them ever goes home without also first having walked on this famous thoroughfare. So you see there are plenty of people to keep things moving.

As you come toward Central Park you traverse what is known as Automobile Row. It extends from about Fiftieth to Sixty-fifth Streets, and is adorned with beautiful new buildings and well-appointed salesrooms, all given over to this splendid industry. Here the cars of every kind are displayed—foreign as well as domestic—and attract purchasers from all parts of the country. Beyond the Row begin a large number of apartment hotels and huge apartment houses that for style and equipment are equalled in no other city on earth. Numerous retail stores dot the street for miles—mostly of the better class. As we approach 125th Street, the former village of Harlem, there is another change in the character of the street, and a less pretentious class of buildings are encountered. It is a reminder of olden days when the street was but sparsely built up between Fifty-ninth Street and Harlem, and some of its earlier characteristics are still retained. As we leave Harlem and approach Washington Heights, we enter what is probably as near to a residential district as the street can boast. There are apartment houses of all sorts and descriptions, but mostly of the better class. And yet even here the wants of the community require the presence of many stores, so the section is never free from the presence of business.

At 110th Street the Subway, which up to this point has been underground, suddenly emerges on elevated tracks and so continues to the end of the line at 242d Street and Van Courtlandt Park. This is within a short distance of the city line, but Broadway continues on the even tenor of its way up to Yonkers and beyond, as we have already stated.

Take it all in all, Broadway is a wonderful thoroughfare. Only a few years ago its northern end ran through a farm that had remained in the possession of one family for two hundred years, thus preventing development. In this short time the "farm" is already laid out in streets and dozens of apartment houses dot the vicinity of the Elevated running along Broadway through the "farm."

While these words are still fresh, changes will have occurred that will almost make this description unrecognizable.

Dear old Broadway!

WALL STREET: THE BEST KNOWN STREET IN NEW YORK

When New Amsterdam was fairly under way the settlers who were clustered round the fort complained bitterly of the attacks of wild beasts, particularly black bears, on their flocks of sheep and cows, and of the sudden depredations of the Indians who would emerge from the black forests to the north and as suddenly disappear. As a measure of protection, Stuyvesant ordered a wall built across the island at this point extending from river to river. At Broadway, where Trinity now stands, was one opening called the Land Gate and at Pearl Street was another called the Water Gate. The wall was built of split tree-trunks and its cost was made a general town charge. It was of the usual stockade type and in time of need was patrolled its length by men of the watch. The wall was subsequently greatly strengthened by the English, but in time the little settlement grew up and beyond it and the wall finally disappeared. But the name remains and that narrow strip on which it stood has ever since been known as the Wall or Wall Street.

It is doubtful if any thoroughfare in the world is better known than Wall Street. It is unusually narrow—thirty-five feet—and runs only from Broadway to

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42nd Street from Second Avenue, looking West, 1869

ALL AROUND THE PRESENT TERMINAL WERE THE HOMES OF SQUATTERS. THESE PEOPLE MADE TROUBLE WHEN IMPROVEMENTS BEGAN, AND LOTS OF FIERCE FIGHTS RESULTED. THE REGION WAS VERY ROCKY AND VERY HILLY. IT WAS KNOWN AS "SHANTY TOWN." THE PRESENT WONDERFUL STATION COVERS THE WORST AND MOST SQUALID PART OF THIS SECTION.

the East River—a scant half mile. Yet its fame has penetrated to the uttermost parts of the earth and it enjoys a celebrity all its own. It boasts of the most widely known corner in the world—the banking offices of J. P. Morgan & Co.—whose diagonal doorway fronts equally on Wall and Broad Streets. Directly opposite Morgan's is the United States Treasury Building, erected on the site of the old City Hall. From the balcony in this building George Washington was sworn in as first President of the United States, and for a time the building was used as the headquarters of the Federal Government. When the New Government House was erected on Bowling Green, the old Federal Hall was demolished and a Custom House erected in its place. This in time became wholly inadequate for the constantly growing business of the city and resort was had to a more commodious site farther down the street—the Merchants' Exchange.

Upon the removal of the Custom House, the building then became the U. S. Treasury Office and has since so remained. About 1905 the Government sold its Custom House site on Wall Street to the National City Bank and removed the Custom House to its beautiful new building on Bowling Green. Now the Government is going to abandon the Treasury Building, and the J. P. Morgan Building across the way will also be superseded by an entirely new structure and both these ancient landmarks will have disappeared.

The corner facing Morgan's from the west is occupied by another banking house, H. B. Hollins & Co.; diagonally across from Morgan's, and to the west, is the latest home of the Bankers' Trust Co. The corner of Nassau and Wall on which the Bankers' Trust now stands enjoys the distinction of being the most wasteful corner on earth. No less than three splendid modern buildings have been raised within the past twenty years and replaced by newer, higher and more costly structures. The last building to be removed cost nearly $1,600,000.00 and had been erected less than ten years. It was known as the Gillender Building and was a thoroughly up-to-date modern office building. It was on a very narrow plot, however, and the floor space was somewhat restricted. Additional land was procured on both Nassau and Wall Streets for the Bankers' Trust and the latter building is easily one of the finest in New York. It represents an investment of probably six or seven millions and the indications are that it will be allowed to stand for at least a normal period.

When these changes are completed the view from Trinity Church, which stands sentinel-like at the head of Wall Street, will have been materially altered. The new Morgan structure will for the present conform in height closely to the dimensions of the present building, although it may subsequently be transformed into a skyscraper.

The National City Bank, occupying as it does almost the whole block below William Street and being of such imposing dimensions, is easily the next most easily recognized building on the street. While this building has been completely remodelled on the inside to conform to the needs of a modern banking house, it has still retained the Ionic colonnade and cupola which were the distinguishing char-

acteristics of the old Custom House. It is one of the show places of the street and visitors are never allowed to go away without a visit to the biggest bank in town.

A few steps from Broadway brings us to one of the entrances of the Stock Exchange. The main façade of this building, however, faces Broad Street, and is a wonderfully beautiful structure.

PEARL STREET AS A RETAIL CENTRE: CONTEMPORANEOUS VIEW IN 1850

It is quite a feat of imagination to connect the Pearl Street we know with the sweet and lovely "shore road" it once was. Old writers tell us that the view across the blue waters of the Bay and the verdure-clad hills opposite was one of exquisite beauty. In early days it was a natural road from the Fort out of the city. It naturally, therefore, became a business street very early in its career. The sketch of it which follows belongs to its bygone retail days.

Pearl Street was surveyed and laid out by the cows of the early settlers, as they wound around the steep hills along by the margin of the Salt (East) River, to the excellent pasturage afforded on the Salt Meadows on the site of the present Fourth Ward. This is the reason of its serpentine form, the cows not having learned that the shortest way round a hill is to go through it. This street commenced on the shoals of the bay at a point now about the corner of Pearl and State Streets. From this point to Whitehall it was called Pearle Street. From Whitehall it was called Dock Street as far as Hanover Square, at which corner Old Slip Market was located, thence to Wall Street it was named Hanover Square, and from Wall Street to the Kloeht (Fresh Water—called the "Collect" by the English) it bore the name of Great Queen Street. In its whole length, it crossed Whitehall, Broad, Smith (now Hanover), Sloat Lane, Wall, King (now Pine), Crown (now Liberty), Maiden Lane, Golden Hill (now John), Beekman's Slip (now Fulton Street), Beekman and Cherry Streets and the High Road to Boston (now Chatham Street).

Up to the era of the Revolution, Pearl Street was occupied only with dwelling houses. Each of these had its porch, or stoop, with seats. Pearl was then the most fashionable and pleasant street in the city—the Broadway of the ancient régime, where powdered wigs, shoe buckles and hooped skirts flaunted in all the pride of fashion.

On the ground now occupied by the stores Nos. 71 and 73, fronting Coenties Slip, stood the famous Stadt-huys (City Hall or Governor's House). This hall was first built in 1642 by order of William Keift, the third Dutch Governor. In excavating at the present day on the south side of Pearl, below Maiden Lane, the former pebbly shore of the river is found.

During the Revolution many celebrated officers resided in Pearl Street. Mrs. Carroll's boarding house was the resort of American officers on parole, and Mrs. Carroll was long remembered by the soldiers of that day for her efforts to alleviate the sufferings of American prisoners, as well as her often successful plans for liberating them from bondage. General Robinson, British commandant of the city, resided in Hanover Square. Admiral Digby, Prince William (afterwards William IV) and the infamous Benedict Arnold resided at the corner of Hanover Square and Sloat Lane, now about 140 Pearl Street. Admiral Rodney also lived near this location, and Governor George Clinton resided at No. 178, known as Redmon's Hotel. General Washington resided for a time in a house

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Maiden Lane, about 1885

A VERY GOOD VIEW OF MAIDEN LANE ABOUT 1885. THE FAMOUS CENTRE OF THE WHOLESALE JEWELRY TRADE. AN IDEA OF THE LARGE NUMBER OF WIRES CARRIED OVERHEAD IN THOSE DAYS CAN BE JUDGED BY COUNTING THE ARMS ON THE POLE AT THE LEFT.

near Cherry Street. Negro slaves were often sold at the corner of Maiden Lane and Pearl Street—the old Fly Market.

The Walton House was the finest building in the city in 1762. In 1766 the people were in a blaze of joy and the Walton House in a blaze of light on receiving the news of the repeal of the Stamp Act. The headquarters of the anti-stampers being here, the house was gorgeously illuminated and vocal with rejoicings for several nights. William Walton, the builder of the Walton House, amassed a great fortune in Spanish and West Indian trade, and retired to this spot, out of town then, to spend his old age in quiet. On the margin of the river he had a ship-yard, and between that and his house a superb garden.

A Quaker meeting house in Pearl Street was used as a hospital in time of the Revolution. A little east of the corner of Pearl and Chatham, in a low swamp, the negroes condemned for conspiracy in the attempted insurrection of 1741 were burned alive at the stake. Cæsar, the principal of the negroes, was hung in chains in Magazine Street, now Pearl, near Elm.

In 1745 palisades to keep off the Indians were erected across the island from the foot of Dover to the foot of Canal Street. One of the blockhouses was in Pearl Street, opposite Madison (first called Bancker) Street. In rainy weather boats were then used to cross Pearl Street at the corner of Chatham. There was at one time a bridge here. From the Boston Road to Broadway the present Pearl was called Magazine Street. Broadway in 1772 came no further than Duane Street, and all the ground about the junction of Pearl, the Hospital, etc., was a noble hill covered with fine fruit trees, known as Rutgers' Orchard. The ground was much higher then than now. Peck's Hill (Franklin Square) was also much higher in those days; and at the corner of Beekman Street was Beekman's Hill, a large pile of precipitous rocks often called "the Cliffs," from which is derived the name of Cliff Street. St. George's Church stood on the apex of what gunpowder and pickaxes have left of the cliffs, around which the Dutch cows made Pearl Street. The disbanding of the American army in Franklin Square by General Washington, on the final ratification of peace, in 1783, is noted.

The great conflagration of 1835 swept Pearl Street, from Coenties Slip to Wall Street, destroying about eighty buildings. At present Pearl Street is the great dry-goods mart of New York; almost every store from Whitehall to Fulton Street being occupied by wholesale dealers and importers. Block after block of large warehouses, filled with the choicest productions of English and French factories, make Pearl one of the wealthiest streets in the world.

The only remarkable public edifices are the Pearl Street House, the United States Hotel and the Walton House. The Pearl Street House is resorted to by merchants principally, it being the very centre of the wholesale business. This house was opened in 1837, and is conducted by J. M. Flint & Co. It is located at No. 88, between Coenties Slip and Hanover Square; built of brick, six stories high, 75 feet front and 175 depth, extending through the block to Water Street. There are in it 200 rooms, including a dining-room 95 feet long. The cost of house and furniture was about $120,000.

The United States (formerly known as Holt's) Hotel, on the corner of Pearl and Fulton Streets, is one of the finest buildings in the country. It is of white marble, seven stories high, with a large dome, and an observatory and telegraphs. It has 225 rooms, with a dining-room 100 feet in length and 60 in breadth. The house is nearly square, fronting on Pearl, Fulton and Water—100 feet front and 130 deep. It was finished and opened in 1832 at a cost of nearly $450,000. Henry Johnson is the present landlord.

From Fulton Street to Madison the principal feature of Pearl Street is boarding houses,

almost every house, on the west side particularly, being occupied in this manner. Their principal patrons are downtown clerks and unmarried mechanics; and notwithstanding their moderate charges and sometimes wretched accommodations, they contrive to keep up an air of respectability and exclusiveness of no small magnitude and even come boldly up alongside the more aristocratic Beekman Street establishments.

From Rose Street to Chatham is a continuous row of millinery stores, all occupied and conducted by ladies. Here throng the lady population to examine the latest fashions of head-gear—thrifty middle-class ladies, hard-working shop girls, and often, too, at unfashionable hours and in close disguise, many of the upper ten thousand, whose purses are getting light, to get a hat of the latest fashion to be sported the next day as a fifty-dollar Broadway article. Opposite these millinery shops is a whole block of carpet warehouses—some of them the most extensive in the city.

Pearl Street is also celebrated in a rather unpleasant way as being the chief depot of the downtown undertakers, who display their wares in agreeable profusion—coffins for "span lang, wee, unchristened bairns," and upward to a size sufficient to hold Goliath, stand in stark array in their solemn halls, to fill the minds of passers-by with images of death.

Pearl Street is something more than a mile in length, running through the First, Second, Fourth and Sixth Wards, in its course making for every point of the compass, and forming altogether some such figure as one would make with a guard chain by gathering it up in his hand and throwing it upon a table.

FROM A CONTEMPORARY DESCRIPTION OF THE ASTOR HOUSE AT ITS OPENING IN 1836

Now that the old Astor House is no more, the following item concerning its beginning will be of interest. It was originally called the Park View Hotel:

The rooms which look into the streets are all furnished as parlors, and on the opposite sides of the hall are the bed rooms. On this floor on Broadway is a Club Room, which has been named "the Duke's Room," probably intended as the abode of so important a personage, should one of so high title condescend to visit our wooden country.

The upper rooms command a very extensive view of the city and public buildings. Those on the south and western wings overlook the Hudson, the lower and upper Bays, the Islands, the Jersey shore, and a beautiful and interesting view of the shipping at the wharves, and the spreading canvas of hundreds of vessels arriving at and departing from what may truly be termed the commercial emporium of the western world.

In the yard there is a well of most excellent water. By the aid of hydraulic machinery, this is raised from the well, and carried to the top of the building, and in case of a drought, and the reservoirs in the upper part of the building should fail, the house can be amply supplied with rain water from four cisterns in the yard.

The whole number of rooms in the building is 400, of which 308 are for the use of boarders. The furnishing is said to have been completed at an expense of $90,000, including $8,000 worth of silver plate, and plated ware to the amount of about $10,000 net. Every portable article of linen, towels, china, counterpanes, silver, &c., &c., is marked "Astor House" in letters so plain and legible that nobody can mistake the ownership. Eighty servants employed.

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Overhead Telephone and Telegraph Wires in Broadway, 1890

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THIS SHOWS THE CORNER OF BROADWAY AND JOHN STREET IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE TELEPHONE, WHEN THE WIRES WERE ADDED TO THE ALREADY OVERBURDENED POLES. BELOW WE SHOW THE VAST IMPROVEMENT WHEN ALL WIRES WERE PUT UNDERGROUND. THE VIEW IS TAKEN FROM THE SAME CORNER.

A FASHIONABLE DAMES' SCHOOL IN NEW YORK OF A BYGONE TYPE

By Euphemia M. Olcott

These very modern days in this early part of the twentieth century are days of scientific methods of teaching. Pedagogy has a name to live, child-culture is a fad. Into the lives of the children is brought such a train of prepared events, such a diversity of systematic occupations, that sometimes there seems but little opportunity for the spontaneity which used to be considered the inherent right of the human as of the purely animal young. The schools of the present day meet the multifarious requirements of the sanitary, the athletic, the experimental cravings. The "psychological moment" must be sought and seized for each particular bit of instruction; with what result? Is the present generation better equipped for the realities of life than their mothers and their grandmothers have proven themselves? One hails all progress, one would not wish time to roll backwards in its flight; one does not cry that the former days were better than these—but one sometimes queries.

Out of the past come visions of the first school I ever attended, and it is so clearly a school the very type of which is a bygone thing that I have thought some account of it might prove interesting and possibly draw out similar recollections from others. I was the eldest of a family which would now be thought tremendously numerous. In some way that was never known, I evolved for myself an ability to read at a very early age, and when I had reached the "seven times one are seven" age, the question of school arose. It can do no harm at this late day to give real names and places. The school chosen was kept by the Misses Taylor and was situated at 102 Waverly Place. A large apartment house is there now which extends to the corner of Macdougal Street. In my school-days the corner house was occupied by another school kept by the Misses Meeker. I have no recollections of either friendly intercourse or jealous rivalry between the schools. The Misses Taylor were four in number. Miss Taylor, whose Christian name was Jeannette, held the right of the eldest sister as completely as if English deference to the first-born prevailed. She wore a curious little cap of lace, trimmed with pink or blue ribbons, and always used a large reading glass, the journeyings of which across the pages of a printed book I can even now discern. She opened school in a manner hereafter to be described, but her teaching was devoted to the younger classes. "Miss Eliza" was the youngest of the sisters, and I can realize now that she was the admired darling of the house. She led us in singing and taught girls of a grade older than those taught by "Sister," by which title she invariably addressed Miss Taylor. I can remember two dresses that she wore, with a current tradition

that she was "cross" on days when she chose a certain brown and green plaid—but truth compels me to state that I do not recall any desperate yielding of temper or any intentional failure in justice on her part. There was a certain Mr. Bolton who appeared on certain days to teach the "big girls" (I doubt if any in the school were over thirteen), and it was currently reported that he was in love with "Miss Eliza." It may have been so, but she cannot have responded to his advances if he made any, for after retiring from teaching she gave her hand, let us hope her heart with it, to a man much her junior, at a time when such alliances were less common than they have since become. I cannot estimate the ages of these ladies, for of course, to me, they seemed very old, but I do remember a change in the arrangement of Miss Eliza's hair when a lock was drawn tight back from the middle of her forehead to cover the thinning-out part. The house consisted of two stories and an attic, and had a low stoop, and the girls' schoolroom was the second story front room which went across the house and had three windows. There we passed our days on benches guiltless of backs, excepting for one place, as I recall it, where the jamb was filled in with a seat which allowed our backs to rest against the walls. Into this precinct came two other teachers, Mr. Taylor, known as "Brother John," because so called by his sisters, a thin wrinkled man who chewed tobacco but who put a good deal into our heads by methods to be described later, and Mr. Brunier, who gave us our first knowledge of French from the then highly esteemed Ollendorf, with its often-quoted and impossible questions and answers. "Have you seen the key of my grandmother's garden?" "Yes, but I have not seen the horns of your grandmother's red cow," or equally relevant remarks.

Our schoolroom opened by large folding doors into the back room and over this presided Miss Annabella, who taught little boys, usually brothers of the front room girls. For those were the days of brothers and sisters as a matter of course—an only child was an anomaly, an object of pity—and a spoiled child, I may say, was considered a monster of iniquity. There was still another sister, Miss Helen, who was the housekeeper, but with whom we had no intercourse, and who was surrounded with ghostly tradition, making her an object of awe if not actual terror as we occasionally passed her on the stairs. She sometimes raised a long forefinger with intent to hush any noise that happened to be going on and that was considered almost like the glance of an evil eye, though I do not suppose she ever had an unkind thought towards any of us. Indeed, I feel now as if she were rather disposed to hurry past us, almost as if bashful in our presence. Hester, a colored maid-of-all-work, completed the establishment.

One married brother these ladies had, named William. He lived in Ninth Street and was a member of the Board of Education. Nevertheless his two children, a pale boy and a puny girl, attended their aunts' school while their father used to make sporadic visits, flitting from class to class and from individual to individual, propounding rapid questions, mainly, it seems to me, in mental arithmetic, such as "Three times three, add twenty, subtract nine, divide by four, how many?" to which he expected an immediate answer. So much for the personnel of the teachers. Later, a back building was added to the house and the boys were transferred

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Madison Square: Site of Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, 1880

SHOWING MR. S. L. M. BARLOW'S HOUSE AT RIGHT, DR. PARKHURST'S CHURCH ON THE LEFT, WITH THE RESIDENCES OF MR. WILLIAM H. APPLETON, MR. WILLIAM E. LAIMBEER, MR. EDWIN PARSONS, IN BETWEEN.

THE FAMOUS CLOCK TOWER OF THE METROPOLITAN REARS ITS LOFTY HEAD ON THE SITE OF THE STEEPLE OF THE OLD CHURCH, AND IS ONE OF THE TALLEST STRUCTURES IN THE WORLD. NO PART OF NEW YORK SHOWS GREATER AND BETTER CHANGES THAN THIS ANCIENT POTTER'S FIELD—MADISON SQUARE

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. W. M. STABLER

thereto, and then one Miss Emmie King became Miss Annabella's assistant, having been herself a pupil even during our day and seeming to us incredibly advanced in years by the place to which she was assigned.

The personnel of the pupils represented very diverse types. This school was popular with the clergy of the city, but two of Laura Keene's nieces were there at a time when actors and actresses were a class by themselves, not recognized by all as accomplished products of genius, artistic temperament and plodding industry. One daughter of a grocer was my boon companion; in fact, I think we called each other sister. Yet subtle differences, inherent in us all, would creep out, for in discussing the fact that my mother only allowed me to go to the homes of those whose parents she knew, and adding, "Why, So and so went to take tea with So and so, and they *ate in the kitchen!*" I was confronted with the uncomprehending rejoinder, "Well, what of that? *We always do!*" So ran our little cosmos, including nearly every grade of social life, yet in the schoolroom thoroughly assimilated and democratic. I recall one dark-skinned, dark-eyed little girl of the charming name of Keziah Jones—and commonly called "Kizzie"—whose father kept a coal yard near by and who adored me with that romantic attachment which is second only to falling in love. There was also one Nellie Painter who executed so gracefully what our "Miss Eliza" liked to call a "pas seul" that it was whispered that she was expected some day to dance on the stage. And so on and so on. Some of us still cross each other's paths, but most live only in the little corners of memory from which I am bringing the shreds. When sorrow came into my home not long ago, the greatest surprise I had, when every mail was bringing missives of sympathy, was one from the only Jewess I remember at the school, of whom I had heard nothing in all the years that had elapsed.

Well do I remember my first day. I had two cousins in the school, one a very little older than I was, the other four or five years her sister's senior. When Miss Taylor, having received me in the parlor at the hands of my father, from the same house which is now my place of abode, escorted me upstairs, I was a little bit shy, though, as I naturally loved books and was of a sociable nature, I had hailed the prospect of school with pleasurable excitement. Still I was glad to see familiar faces. But the cousin nearest my age disappointed me, feeling, as I now suppose, that her dignity would suffer if she should welcome so small a child. The other one, however, won my gratitude by hastening to me, showing me where to put my hat and coat—in a closet in the boys' room, forsooth—and then leading me into the motley assembly and the babel of conversation before the business of the day had begun. Enter Miss Taylor, to whom each one of us dropped a curtsy as we always did every time we approached her—thus differentiating between her and Miss Eliza. A curtsy was also dropped each time we left the room—the process being to grasp the door handle and face the room as we made our litle bob. But to return to my first day. The opening exercises were shared by the girls and the boys. The folding doors being thrown open, we read or recited Scripture, usually a psalm, and preferably one capable of antiphonal reading. I can even now hear the cadences of the 24th—the girls asking "Who is the King of Glory?"

and the boys responding "The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory," or the 136th with the recurrent refrain from the boys, "For His Mercy Endureth Forever." Miss Taylor led us in prayer, one oft-repeated phrase, as I am reminded, being, "Prepare us for what Thou art preparing for us." And we sang—hymns, to be sure, but also songs—"Mary to the Saviour's Tomb" is the first hymn which occurs to me, "Majestic Sweetness" continues even yet a favorite—and there were many others. And of songs, "Make me no Gaudy Chaplet," "I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls," "The Blue Juniata," "Gaily the Troubadour," and, forsooth, "Alice, Ben Bolt." When after years of retirement this appeared in "Trilby" and its origin began to be questioned, I was able to quote the words and sing the tune as learned at school. The strange part now seems to me that I recall no instrument, that we knew nothing of notes or of parts, yet we all sang, in unison evidently, and all enjoyed it. Miss Eliza was our leader. These exercises being concluded on my first day, I was relegated to Miss Taylor's class, and very soon was furnished with "Little Annie's Second Reader" and bidden to enunciate its opening passages. Surprised at seeing such a baby book, I glibly read the words which I have never forgotten—"How old art thou, thou old Oak tree? If I could cut thee down and count thy rings I could"—when Miss Taylor interrupted me, "Why, you know how to read?" Know how to read! I felt insulted that a doubt had ever been felt, for truly I could not remember the time when I had not known how to read. She continued, "This is not the class for you. Eliza," raising her voice a little, "take Euphemia into your class." The change was made, but as the class which I had left consisted of girls much nearer my age than "Miss Eliza's" did, I turned to them at recess only to be hatefully received, to the great surprise of my innocent heart, used only to kindness at home. "Proudy!" "Smarty!" "You needn't think you are going to play with us. Go and play with the big girls." And I was seven years old. However, I found my place and was not crushed, for I went home at the close of school to declare that I liked it very, very much.

As to methods of instruction. We belonged to the memorizing age and for that fact I shall never cease to be grateful. I know that the alphabet and the multiplication table are out of date, but a revulsion is possible, for I heard only lately of a return to columns of words to spell and even to syllabize, and parenthetically, also a revolt of the mothers, clamoring for a restoration of their right to cuddle their babies. Allah be praised! Certainly we had much spelling and dictation, too, in class work, and on occasions when the whole school was put together and "Mr. John" gave out the words. We had definitions also, a book of which we committed whole pages, spelling the words, announcing the parts of speech and defining them. Baldwin's Primary Table Book began with One I one, then took up addition, subtraction, multiplication and division tables, and so on to weights and measures—first. ten mills make one cent, ten cents one dime, thence upward to the "double eagle," which very few of us had ever seen, then proceeding to the English money. Troy weight, avoirdupois, long, square and cubic measure, measures such as the hand and the fathom, weights such as firkins and

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Old Corporal Thompson's Road House

KNOWN AS THE MADISON COTTAGE AND LOCATED, INCREDIBLE AS IT MAY SEEM, ON THE CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND 23RD STREET AS LATE AS 1856. IT WAS A FAVORITE RESORT OF SPORTY NEW YORKERS, AND WAS CONSIDERED QUITE A SMART BIT OUT OF TOWN. IT WAS THE FORERUNNER OF THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL. FRANCONI'S HIPPODROME AND CIRCUS OCCUPIED THIS SAME SITE A YEAR BEFORE. OUR PICTURE IS A COPY OF ONE OF HIS ADVERTISING SHOW CARDS, AND GIVES AN EXCELLENT IDEA OF THE LOCATION WHICH MR. ENO WAS SOON TO CONVERT INTO ONE OF THE CITY'S GREATEST HOSTELRIES. AN EXTREMELY RARE LITHOGRAPH.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR ROBERT GOELET.

stones, and finally a connecting link with the then less remote than now Colonial times in a table such as

20 pence are one and eight pence
30 pence are two and six pence
40 pence are three and four pence
50 pence are four and tuppence
60 pence are five shillings.

All of these tables were recited individually and in chorus in sing song tunes which I can even now reproduce and were emphasized with "skipping about questions" as dissociated as possible—How many cents in a dime? How many feet in a rod? How many inches in a hand? in breathless haste with the fateful "next" often preventing the utterance of a word trembling on our lips.

In geography, in addition to ordinary methods, were two additional ones. "Mr. John" on occasions marshalled the whole school and from a book entitled "Magnall's Questions" took us the length and breadth of the wide, wide world. Well do I remember one day when a *big* girl mystified me by knowing in advance what question would come until I discovered that concealed in another book she held a copy of "Magnall" itself. There were no answers given, so no deception was involved. But another geographical "extra" was even more unique. You know the form of puzzle called "enigma." My 1, 8, 3, 7, etc., is a so and so—a series of words to be guessed, the letters when placed in order forming a sentence. Many of these were dictated to us by "Brother John," but we also made them individually, exchanging them with each other, but submitting them also to teachers, who marked us according to skill in forming them or success in guessing them, as the case might be. The sentences were the dicta of famous men, "England expects every man to do his duty"—"First in War, First in peace, First in the hearts of his countrymen," etc., sometimes proverbs, and the words were the most obscure and little known places to be found on the map. Lake Tchad in Africa and the River Aa in Switzerland are inseparable in my mind from what we called our "nigs." And of course even when we had discovered what the sentence was we were bound to follow the words to the end of the list. It was a valuable exercise and always entertaining. Then we had Peter Parley's Universal History, and not to neglect the natural sciences we had Miss Mary Swift's First and Second Books in Natural Philosophy wherein were unfolded to us the properties of matter, the arrangement of the solar system, the mechanical powers, and also, at the end of each chapter, some choice and appropriate little poem. Miss Harriet F. Gould's exquisite bit on The Frost still lingers in its entirety in my memory. From these we graduated into a book with the formidable title of "Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene," and an interest never quenched was aroused in me, which I am sure might have led me to study medicine had my school days come twenty-five years later than they did. Of course we wrote in copy-books, the copies being "set" by Miss Eliza, who also corrected all the compositions of the school. For these, titles were usually given out, but very often lists of words were furnished which we were to weave into

a story on the spot—an exercise which I consider to have been of great service in every way. My composition book contains Miss Eliza's comments written in very blue ink—sometimes *Good,* sometimes *Very Good*—once, to my great distress, "Try to be more original next time," but with commendation always of my spelling. Great was the excitement when once a week the folding doors were opened and the girls read compositions deemed worthy of such honor, while the boys "spoke pieces." One middle-aged man even now represents "Bingen on the Rhine" to me, while "Lochinvar," "Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day," "Lord Ullin's Daughter" and even dialogues, sometimes from Shakespeare himself, resounded frequently. And to show that we even anticipated the present-day habit of teaching by lectures I recall occasional visits from showmen, a small tax being collected from each one who wished to remain after school for the occasion, and the two which memory conjures up are a lurid panorama of the then recent Siege of Sebastopol, and a "Solar Microscope" when monsters of all kinds swam across the suspended sheet and we were given to believe that we were gazing upon a drop of Croton water with its inhabitants. Well, we were guiltless of the fear of germs then and microbe was an uncoined word. Upon a table stood a long open crock of this same Croton and into it we dipped a tin cup—not a long-handled dipper—so often as we craved a drink. But one day we drew the line. Of course we belonged to the age of slates and pencils, a heated knitting needle bored a hole in our slate frame, a string was passed through and a sponge at one end and pencil at the other completed the equipment. We were in the habit of wetting the sponge at a faucet down stairs unless we were so very fine as to keep a phial—spelled p-h-i-a-l—of water in our desks. But one day, my little satellite, Kizzie Jones, was caught squeezing out her dirty sponge, held in her not over clean hand, in that crock of water! Dire was our resentment and justly severe was Miss Taylor's horrified reproof. Just one more tale about Kizzie, which illustrates various things which speak for themselves. There were days when we took sewing to school and once I was the proud possessor of a little grooved hemisphere of wax. It was stored away in my desk, when suddenly I discovered that a portion of it had disappeared, evidently bitten off. Perturbed, distressed, I carried it to Miss Taylor, not dreaming who could have done so unkind a thing. Promptly she acted—I suppose I was one of the "big girls" by that time—(I left school before I was thirteen). She lined up all the little girls and tested them one by one until she found the little front teeth which fitted the bite, and lo! the culprit was Kizzie. I draw a veil over—in fact I do not really remember—the sequel, but I do know that loyal little Kizzie bore me no ill will. I wonder whatever became of her. This incident naturally leads the way to the discipline of the school. It was not severe—I think it was just. *To be stood up* on one of the benches was ignominy. Alas! it once befell my sister, faultless child though she had ever been considered, and I was overwhelmed. Quickly leaving my own seat I established myself at her feet and there remained during the penal period. To the lasting honor of my teachers I was not reproved for the sisterly act, but I *was* asked by a sisterless girl, "Do you love her as much as that?" The most awful disgrace that could be imposed upon

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Corner of 23rd Street and Fourth Avenue: National Academy of Design and Lyceum Theatre
Site of Metropolitan Building, 1890

a boy was to be led majestically by Miss Annabella into the girls' room and there left for the immediate period. This happened rather often, but not so often as to breed our contempt through familiarity.

The last day of school was a festival. Prizes were awarded, but I rather fancy there was practically a gift for each child. I still have one book—Examples of Goodness—a square volume with tales of good and useful children. The illustrations are colored and have a Swiss effect—in fact, the book is a translation from the German. On the fly leaf is inscribed a presentation and it is dated *July* 12, 1852. No closing of school by our present Memorial Day at that time. Recess calls for a special note. We carried lunch and sometimes made a feast by combination. Three stores on Sixth Avenue were much patronized, a special favor being permission to go to them, and many commissions averaging a cent apiece, which must have caused dismay to the bookkeeper, being given to the favored one. Walduck's Bakery at the corner of Eighth Street provided us our first choice Roundhearts, four for a penny. They were scalloped ginger cakes, and as their color comes before me, I feel sure that they were full of saleratus, but to us they were toothsome delights. A candy store supplied taffy and other sweeties, my first acquaintance being thus made with molasses peppermints, pillow shaped, yellow lumps with brown stripes across them, much esteemed by us all. The other shop was not for eatables, but for school supplies, "Burnton's Book Stores," where all necessities were found, and chief of all certain shiny buff paper, the like of which I never see now, with which we covered our books. I remember also being once one of a committee who at this shop bought a portable writing desk and filled it up with as much generosity as did poor Ellen Montgomery's Mother in the then recently published "Wide, Wide World," ours being a joint Christmas gift to Miss Eliza.

In fine weather we spent our recess in the back yard playing "tag" or "ball," an apricot tree representing to us the forbidden fruit; in dubious weather we stayed in an enclosed piazza under the boys' schoolroom of the later stage; in very bad weather we remained upstairs and usually had tableaux. Crude they must have been, with only our own hats, coats and shawls (!) for properties, but Lady Jane Grey approached the throne or Mary Queen of Scots was led to execution, or Sir Walter Raleigh threw down his cloak for Elizabeth, or Night and Morning, the Orphan Sisters or Taking the Veil appeared upon the scenes. But our May festival was the great event of the year. Our preparations for this must have begun some weeks in advance, the first operation being the election of a Queen. No hereditary monarchy, if you please, but the popular vote for the most popular girl. Hidden away among childhood's treasures I find safely kept through all the—shall I confess it?—more than half a century which has elapsed a programme neatly written and adorned in one corner with a blue rosette which I recall as the badge of a secret society all of whose secrets and its very purpose have escaped my memory. I think we must have followed a cantata, but selections of individual preference seem to have been inserted. After an entrance chorus, later a chorus and march, a solo and another chorus, we arrived at the central event, a song, "Receive Thy Crown," with the annotation on the programme, "Floras present the

crown." Then the coronation and enthronement with appropriate songs, followed by solo by the Queen, which begins "Filled with gratitude," and then a long series of songs, dances—*pas seuls,* these—and recitations, and at the end, though not mentioned on the programme, came always the climax of the whole, ice cream. We dressed in white for this gala day and were expected to march around a Maypole in the yard, but it seems to me that I remember that it was always cold and rainy. Of course parents and friends were invited and we really did hold high festival.

I have purposely left to the last the not unusual accompaniment of school life, the Post Office—a box in a desk, a box with a slit, but into it were dropped, of course, all sorts of missives. Valentines galore on that Saint's day, paper dolls—these of our own manufacture, no ready-made prints, still less Woman's Exchange beauties, then existed—and all the many things that go to make up the written intercourse of children, but over and above all, exchange of thoughts on religious subjects. I hesitate to describe these last, because they seem so unlike what the youngsters of the present day appear to feel or say, but they were an intense accompaniment of our life, in spite of the fact that we were a merry, jolly set of children, with all human follies and many human faults. The terminology of the day was ever on our lips—repentance, conversion, regeneration—and we understood what they meant. Sin, too, was a very definite thing, and the personal devil not to be lightly considered. Sin was "that abominable thing which God hates." Becoming a Christian did not mean mere advance, progress, an easy sliding into some personal experience. It was a change, a definite volition, a right about face. We had come to the parting of the ways; should we take the broad and easy road, downwards, or the straight and narrow path called by our Christian Indians the "Jesus Road"? I think the leader in all this was the very one whose name appears as May Queen on the two programmes which have survived, and the May Queen, remember, was the most popular member of the school. I *know* she influenced my life, which responded to her individual appeal, though no incentive was omitted in my home training. The letters of our coterie contained exchange of religious emotions and sentiment, earnest appeals to friends to "Come to Jesus," to be "a Christian," requests to be told of our faults. I remember once a note addressed to myself which gave an impassioned utterance, "Who told you I did not care for religion? Oh, believe me, I never said so; indeed I did not, for I do care for it." When my Jewish friend appeared on the scene, as I have stated, the same May Queen said to me, "Don't you remember how we tried to convert her to Christianity, but she was as strong in her convictions as we were in ours?" We held prayer meetings, a certain dark closet where four of us could kneel down and be as close together as sardines in a box was our great resort, and the invitation "Come down with me at recess" meant "Let us pray together." The fear of the Lord was not an outworn phrase then, but it did not mean terror, it only meant awe and a fear to offend Him who loved us and gave His Son to save us. I am sure that quickened consciences and higher aspirations which never left us were results and I know, too, that the year which ended my career at that school saw that wonderful wave sweep over the land

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Murray Street and Dr. Mason's Church, 1822

A CHARMING VIEW OF OLD MURRAY STREET IN 1822 WHEN IT SLOPED TO THE RIVER AND WAS THE ABODE OF MANY OF NEW YORK'S BEST FAMILIES. WATER WAS DRAWN FROM THE PUMP ON THE CORNER AND CONVEYED TO THE HOUSES IN BUCKETS CARRIED IN PAIRS ACROSS THE SHOULDERS AS SHOWN IN THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE AND BY THE URCHIN IN THE CENTRE.

THE CELEBRATED DR. JOHN M. MASON PREACHED IN THE MURRAY STREET CHURCH, SHOWN IN THE DISTANCE, AND WAS ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR DIVINES OF THE DAY. THIS IS THE ORIGINAL DRAWING BY MAVERICK, WHO LIVED IN THE SECOND HOUSE ON RIGHT AND FROM WHICH THE VALENTINE "MANUAL" PRINT WAS TAKEN.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR PERCY R PYNE, 2ND

which has come down in religious history as the Great Revival of 1857-8. Perhaps we were unconsciously approaching it. Perhaps a similar one would do the rising generation no harm.

I think my tale is told. We were thoroughly grounded as to intellect, as to patriotism, which I have not mentioned, but it serves also to link me with the remote past to say that *much* stress was laid on Evacuation Day, and as to character —Could there be a better basis, more worthy of the name of education? Not boastfully, but as an often stated fact I will say that these good foundations bore such fruit that it was a matter of note that those who went thence to Miss Green, Miss Haines, Mrs. Gibson, to continue their studies, invariably took high stand and finally, O ye who now pay present-day prices for the schooling of your children, make a note of this fact, our bills were receipted for six dollars a quarter!

THE PRINCE OF WALES' BALL IN 1860

In the fall of 1912 considerable interest was excited in New York by the fact that the Duke of Connaught, who had come to visit Mr. Whitelaw Reid, took advantage of the occasion to call and pay his respects to Mr. William Butler Duncan. It was so long since Mr. Duncan had appeared in society that a great many had forgotten that he was the principal figure at the ball given in honor of the Prince of Wales in 1860, and his personal acquaintance with the Duke of Connaught was of long standing. As Mr. Duncan explained to me, the Duke merely called upon him as one gentleman would upon another whom he had not seen for some time. Mr. Duncan's death occurred shortly after this instance, but I was fortunate enough to hear from him a vivid and rather amusing account of the great ball which was given in the Academy of Music fifty years ago in honor of the Prince, later King Edward VII. Mr. Duncan was Chairman, and Mr. Peter Cooper was Master of Ceremonies.

The names of the society leaders in these days are very little different from those of the present day, except that the present list is probably longer. Mr. Duncan told me the Prince danced first with Mrs. E. D. Morgan, then wife of the Governor. The other partners of the Prince, whose portraits are shown on another page in the costumes worn at the time, were Mrs. J. J. Astor, Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. G. T. Strong, Mrs. Edward Cooper, Mrs. J. P. Kernochan, Mrs. M. B. Field, Mrs. F. M. Hoyt, Mrs. Ogden Goelet, Mrs. Robert Goelet, Miss Fish, Miss Stuyvesant, Miss Augusta Jay, Miss Van Buren, Miss Grinnell and Miss Minturn.

NEW YORK, THE CITY OF MAGNIFICENT IMPERMANENCE

By Joseph P. Day

To describe New York City of the present—that is, the kaleidoscopic metropolis of the period around 1912—frantically striving to accommodate itself to new standards of living and doing business, is very much like trying to put down on paper an accurate description of a complicated moving picture while the film is actually in motion. For New York of the present day truly is a city of magnificent impermanence. By day and by night old buildings are being torn down and towering new structures are being erected. Landmarks disappear like thistledown. No sooner has one skyscraper earned the distinction of being the highest inhabited building in the world, than the steel structural framework of another tower displays the American flag or the roof-worker's tree still higher. Statistics of population, commerce, wealth, industry, building activities are good for but a single day, for every twenty-four hours sees more people and more wealth and new industries centred in New York's 316 square miles of territory.

It is all part of New York's frantic effort to multiply its congested surfaces in Manhattan, Bronx, Brooklyn and Queens Boroughs into more levels on which people can work and live, to widen its sidewalks and streets so that its increasing population can pursue its traffic, to get enough drinking water for its thirsty army, and by bridging rivers and tunneling streets and streams to give access to distant homes to a tremendous overflow of workers who can find no place to sleep and play within its crowded limits.

Even the surface of our streets is no longer considered a permanent plane. In several sections they are debating making streets two stories in height, and those who are building on the old Equitable site find they must provide a new underground street or arcade to their building simply because there is not room at the crowded hours in Broadway and narrow Nassau Street for all who must have access to its thirty square blocks of business space. Many men have left their homes in the morning, walking on smooth concrete or asphalt pavement, only to return at night by a devious road, over the wooden shoring roof of a new subway excavation. The suburban passenger arrives in the morning at one section of the Grand Central Depot and on returning at night finds that section being demolished to make way for the new depot, and that he must take his train two or three blocks away in a temporary terminal. He may ride through the streets in the morning in an ordinary trolley car and at night find that the company has provided a new stepless two-story car accommodating over twice as many people.

A witty visitor, seeing the everlasting litter of building in almost every street in the city, said of New York: "I think it will be a fine place when it is finished." Shrewdly he struck the keynote of modern New York. But it will never be fin-

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Early Rapid Transit on Greenwich Street

THIS PICTURE SHOWS THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL ELEVATED RAILROAD IN 1869, AND THE PROGENITOR OF ALL OUR TROLLEYS, SUBWAYS AND TUBES. IT RAN ON GREENWICH STREET FROM 30TH STREET TO THE BATTERY, AND WAS FIRST OPERATED BY DRUM CABLES. STEAM WAS A LATER INTRODUCTION. IT WAS NOT A FINANCIAL SUCCESS ITSELF, BUT IT DEMONSTRATED THE PRACTICABILITY OF THE IDEA AND WAS FOLLOWED SOON AFTER BY THE NINTH AND THIRD AVENUE ROADS.

RAPID TRANSIT HAD ALWAYS BEEN A SERIOUS PROBLEM FOR NEW YORK, AND THE SEVERAL ILLUSTRATIONS WE SHOW PROVE THAT IT OCCUPIED THE MINDS OF OUR PEOPLE MANY YEARS BEFORE ITS FINAL SOLUTION.

THE GREENWICH STREET LINE PAVED THE WAY FOR A SYSTEM THAT BECAME A TREMENDOUS SUCCESS, AND IS ENTITLED TO A MOST WORTHY PLACE IN THE HISTORY OF NEW YORK'S LOCAL TRANSPORTATION.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MISS KATHERINE M. BROWN.

ished. New Yorkers during the last decade have given up all idea that human intelligence and engineering skill can plan a structure that will have a really permanent place on Manhattan Island. When we speak of a "tax-payer" we think of a temporary one-story brick building providing stores enough to meet the carrying charges on the land. The careful analyst, however, is surprised to find that many imposing structures in important districts are erected purely as temporary structures by owners who want to see which way the real estate cat will jump in that section. Moreover, in many of the newer buildings, the engineers have put in foundations and steel structural work capable of supporting far higher buildings than have been erected, with the idea that when the time comes another half dozen or dozen stories may be added to meet the demand for space.

The first great blow to the idea of having permanent landmarks in New York came in 1888, when the first steel-skeleton buildings were put up at 50 Broadway and later at 39 and 41 Cortlandt Street, the latter building being the J. Monroe Taylor Building. At that time these twelve-story buildings, rising chimney-like, made them one of the sights of New York. These buildings started the idea of multiplying Manhattan land space into upper layers, and it but waited for the development of the rapid service elevator to make this habit epidemic in apartments as well as in business buildings.

Our Dutch forebears who built their quaint brick homes and shops about Fraunces' Tavern, or the later generations that thought City Hall the end of habitable Manhattan and backed it with cheap stone, had no thought that there would ever be a scarcity of land between the two rivers. One can see every day, as the wreckers tear down these historic old residences, how their original builders chose solid material and honest masonry because they thought they were building for all time. Even the shrewd original Astor with his land hunger cannot be credited with foreseeing a Manhattan of many levels; he simply realized that land on that island was limited and some day would come into demand for houses, mansions and shops. The very fact that the patriotic societies are so busy affixing to the walls of great office buildings and apartment hotels, memorial tablets designed to mark for the present generation the site of this or that building connected with American history, is proof enough that New York is far too busy providing for the present to leave the past any natural foothold on Manhattan Island. City Hall for a long time was the only building which promised to survive the skyscraper fever and even here there was a battle between those whose god is efficiency and those who revere art and the traditions and achievements of a bygone century. By purely artificial or legislative means, Fraunces' Tavern, the Jumel Mansion uptown, and one or two similar sites and buildings have been snatched from architectural evolution and preserved as parks or public museums. Lovers of history are hoping that the land these occupy may not one day become so valuable that some iconoclastic city administration will move them bodily to Central Park, which is coming to be looked upon as a sort of architectural and sociological catch-all. Within the last few years there have been several different schemes for taking the ground of Central Park from the people in order to provide buildings for societies whose activities, however

good, appeal only to certain limited classes. Such plans have been advanced and defeated only after bitter controversy. If it were possible to re-enact the American Revolution on a modern scale, there is little doubt that Fraunces' Tavern would probably follow the precedent of the Astor and Lenox Libraries and be commodiously located in a more convenient and stylish up-town hotel.

Apparently, however, a limit in the upward multiplication of Manhattan has been reached,—not because the engineers are unwilling or unable to build edifices higher than the Woolworth Building, but because, in terms of the almighty dollar, it is not found profitable to rent space above certain levels. It costs too much to carry and set brick and building material so far from the earth; it costs too much to lift people in elevators a seventh of a mile; too much money has to be charged off to the indirect advertising that may come from owning the highest building in the world. Every one supposed that the purchasers of the Equitable site would straightway try to out-top the Woolworth Building. Instead, they have decided to build only thirty-six stories and will content themselves with having the largest floor area under a single roof. Strangely enough, however, it is historic New Amsterdam, which we are striving so hard to forget and obliterate, which has put the surest limit on the number and height of our skyscrapers. In planning their streets, the original settlers had no idea of the traffic that one day would have to use them.

Even Broadway is far too narrow and gives neither sidewalk space enough for pedestrians nor street surface enough for cars and vehicles that now attempt to use it. These narrow downtown streets were all right for the inhabitants of three and four-story dwellings and for the business done in street level shops. But when one block is multiplied into thirty square blocks of space and its denizens must pass in the narrow roadway, street traffic becomes a problem. Already the city has been compelled to force owners to remove porticos and pillars from the fronts of their buildings because on Broadway and Fifth Avenue they trespass on a few square feet of precious sidewalk space. At great expense, Broadway's street bed has been widened a few feet to make room for vehicles, and there is talk of cutting off big slices of buildings to make such streets as Fifty-ninth Street wider, just as Centre and Lafayette Streets were widened. It follows that buildings cannot accommodate more people than can make their way to them by means of the street. So the proverbial cows, said to have laid out certain downtown streets, have called a halt on our twentieth century engineers. It is doubtful, therefore, if the present generation will see anything higher than the Woolworth, 750 feet, or one-seventh of a mile above street level. Still, history may repeat itself and the year 2012 may see the Equitable Building torn down to give way to a hundred and fifty story structure with a transatlantic aeroplane station on its roof.

THE ERA OF LIFE IN LAYERS

The increase in floor capacity for business purposes followed the natural demand for more room for more workers to carry on New York's $2,000,000,000 of

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The Rhinelander Sugar House, 1763

CORNER OF ROSE, DUANE AND WILLIAM STREETS. USED AS A PRISON BY THE BRITISH DURING THE REVOLUTION.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. LISPENARD STEWART.

manufactures and her outgoing and incoming commerce of over $1,700,000,000. This in turn forced the city to face the problem of how and where to provide homes for these workers and their families and to supply means of getting them quickly and cheaply from those homes to their places of business. The multiplication table was again brought into play. The old-fashioned home with its one family to a roof and its bit of grass plot in the back was wholly inadequate. They tried first that greatest of outrages, the elimination of the grass plot. They huddled dwellings side by side, and when this did not answer, began to build inside rookeries in the middles of the blocks. Modern sanitation has been at great trouble to get rid of these. Then came the flat house, gradually getting higher and higher, crowding more people on to a single lot than the city's health could endure. There were lightless and airless rooms, windows looking out merely on cracks between buildings, horrible interior conditions, which made these tenements breeding places for tuberculosis and defective children, both terrible charges against the maintenance funds of the city, state, and nation. Then the laws prohibited such practices and forced changes in the old rookeries. As a result there were better flats but higher rents.

But the city had waited too long—whole square miles of territory had been filled with buildings huddled solid along cañon-like streets. For miles there was not a single breathing place for the people. Then at the cost of many millions, the city had to buy valuable property and turn it into small parks to get rid of such sections as Five Points and Mulberry Bend. A little foresight would have enabled the city to purchase such parks for thousands where they had to pay millions. To-day a wiser policy leads the city to purchase park space in outlying and growing districts before congestion sends land values upward.

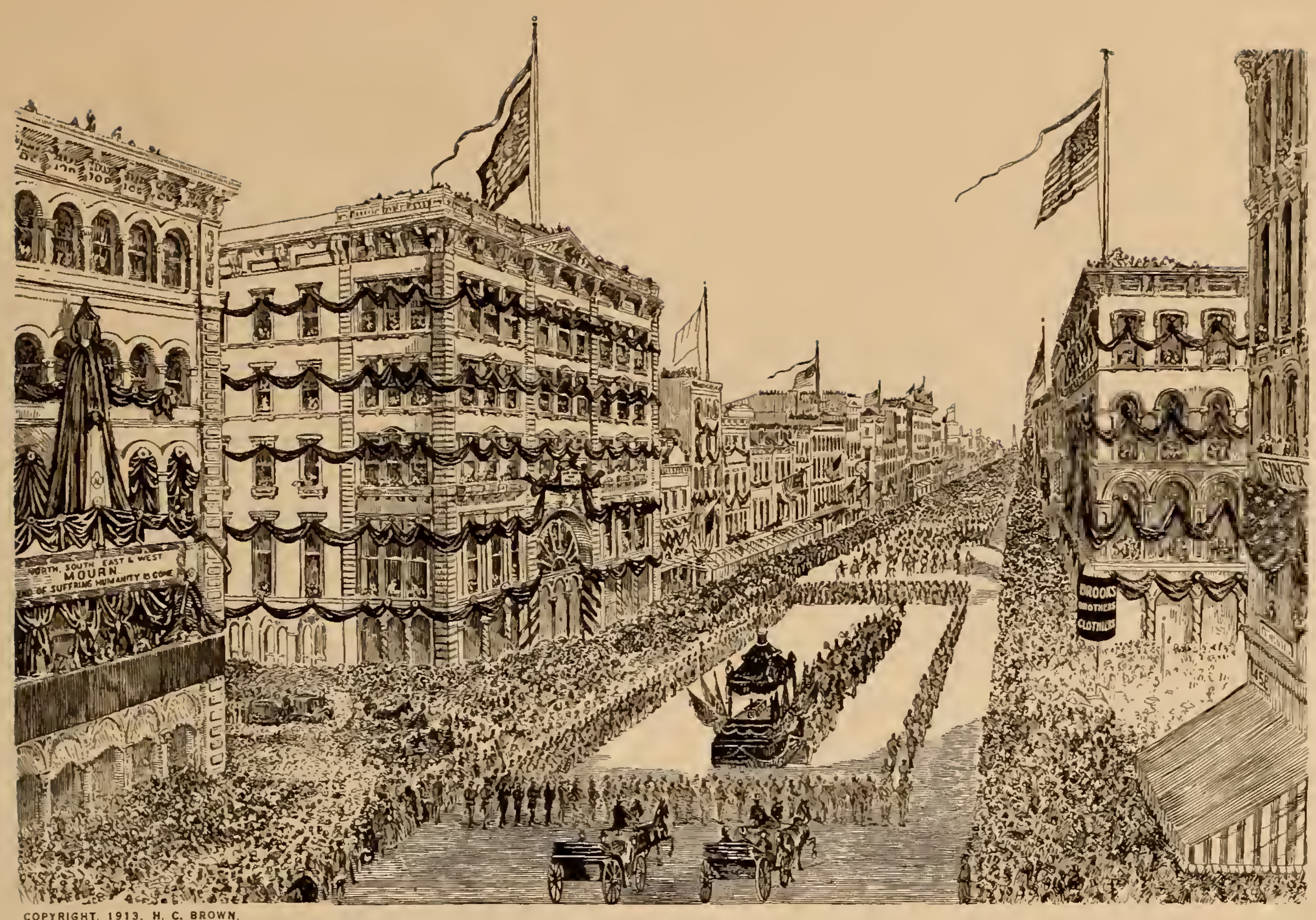
In many other directions the city also failed to anticipate its wonderful growth. For many years it was necessary to rent office space to accommodate the army of municipal employees which overflowed little City Hall. Finally the municipal government erected the wonderful Municipal Building, on Chambers Street, to furnish work-room enough for the various public bureaus. With the new Hall of Records, this new home of local government forms a beautiful background for historic City Hall and thus brings into sharp contrast the architectural methods of a bygone era and those of modern New York with its upward tendencies. Later this group will be supplemented by the remarkable circular Court House. When the great Civic Centre immediately to the north is carried out, this group of buildings, old and new, will transform the region about the bridge entrance from a heterogeneous and ugly huddle of buildings into one of the finest municipal neighborhoods in the world.

The public schools, which now accommodate over 700,000 children and offer a complete free education from kindergarten through college (in the 497 elementary schools, twenty-one high schools, three training schools, and two colleges), likewise have had to follow the layer plan in order to take care of the children. As it is, over 40,000 pupils are without seats, and this means that twice that number, or more than 80,000, have only part-time instruction. This is in spite of the fact

that New York's schools are many stories higher than those in most cities. So great is the need for indoor accommodations that many of these schools have playgrounds on the roof, as ground for playing purposes cannot be spared in the crowded districts. The schools also must cope with another feature of this impermanent city—the tendency of the population to shift and of residence and tenement districts to change into business or factory regions. No sooner are enough schools provided in certain districts than the population frequently migrates to another neighborhood and overcrowds other schoolhouses. And by the time the Board of Education has met the new congestion, another shift increases the part-time classes elsewhere. In many neighborhoods in lower Manhattan, old schoolhouses are being abandoned because change in neighborhood has driven out the children.

Meanwhile the very rich, taking their example from the very poor, also decided it was nice to huddle. This, and the value of land in desirable neighborhoods, resulted in the modern luxurious elevator apartments and family hotels, which have unfortunately come to be typical of New York home life, if indeed this all-night city may be said to have any such thing as a home existence. In these palaces of convenience, where Santa Claus arrives *via* a steam radiator, people pay yearly rentals up to twenty thousand dollars per annum, and sometimes more, without having a single foot of grass plot or flower bed that they can really call their own.

Whether the provision of luxurious apartments and hotels caused a new and peculiar standard of living or the new standard of living led to the provision of these layer residences it is hard to say. Possibly both worked together; but, whatever the cause, certain it is that many New Yorkers lead and seem to like a type of life unlike that anywhere else in civilization. To live in a real home is to be old-fashioned; to have a personal latch and door-step is to be archaic. And many are coming to believe that to have food cooked in one's own kitchen and served in one's own dining-room by one's own servants is to lose caste. The result is a most amazing succession of hotels *de luxe,* the Ritz, the Vanderbilt, the McAlpin, the Biltmore, the Belmont, etc. True, New York's transient population is upward of one hundred thousand a day, but these alone do not support the hundreds of hotels. Homeless New Yorkers make up their great patronage. Fortunately, however, there is also a large element in the population determined to have a grass plot and to give their families a real home life under a separate roof. The automobile, whatever its extravagant features, with its wider objective, taught some of the more wealthy, who never had really seen or known the country, the joys and advantages of suburban estates. At the same time these workers had to live near enough to Manhattan or the business sections of Brooklyn to earn their livelihoods in the commercial skyscrapers. Business could not move to the country, though some firms have tried that; so New York, to get its supply of labor, had to move the country nearer to Wall Street and the centres of manufacturing and retailing. There followed what might be called the transportation era of New York—a time of speeding up trains and ferryboats, and this being inadequate, the building of new lines of transportation on the earth, over the earth, and beneath the waters of the earth.



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Broadway and Grand Streets: Lincoln's Funeral, 1865

THIS SHOWS ONE OF THE STORM CENTRES OF NEW YORK DURING THE DRAFT RIOTS IN '63. BROOKS BROS. AND LORD AND TAYLOR'S STORES WERE SACKED BY THE MOB DURING ONE ENGAGEMENT AND MANY LIVES LOST.

AITKEN SON & CO. AND JAMES McCREERY ADJOIN LORD & TAYLOR AND THE SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO. IS NEXT TO BROOKS'.

THIS WAS THE POPULAR HIGH-CLASS RETAIL SECTION DURING THIS PERIOD—1860-1870.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. C. OWEN WINSTON.

THE ERA OF TRANSPORTATION

That ten or fifteen years ago there was but a single and inadequate railroad depot in Manhattan and that no great continental railroad had any direct connection with the vast and populous territory of Long Island seems impossible of belief. With the exception of the New York Central and New Haven roads, however, all the great railroads received their passengers in antiquated stations on the Jersey shore. Then came the building of the first subway, which gave quick transportation to the entire length of Manhattan Island and to the Van Courtlandt Park section on the west, and opened up much virgin territory of the Bronx. The immediate result of the opening of the Subway was a period of apartment house construction unequalled in any other city in the world. Whole square miles of tall and handsome flat buildings and elevator apartments sprang up as if by magic along Riverside Drive, Broadway, Claremont Avenue, Amsterdam Avenue, and nearby territory: Hunt's Point in the Bronx in two or three years was transformed from a district of run-down country estates into a populous crowded community many layers high.

THE AGE OF UNDERGROUND HIGHWAYS

The Subway, however, only partially solved the problem of getting the workers to and from business. The Elevated Roads added a third track to most of the lines and electrified the entire system. Then came an epidemic of tunnels and bridges under and over the rivers. The Subway became the Interborough, by running two tubes under the East River from Bowling Green and connecting with the Long Island Railroad at Flatbush Avenue. The McAdoo system then tunneled the North River both at Cortlandt and Christopher Streets, providing four tracks to New Jersey and connecting three great railroad systems in New Jersey with Cortlandt and Twenty-third Streets. At the present writing the McAdoo tunnels already are connected with Thirty-third Street, and are being pushed rapidly to Forty-second Street to give incoming passengers at the Grand Central a direct route to New Jersey. Meanwhile another syndicate constructed what is known as the Belmont Tunnel to Long Island City, but for some reason it has not as yet been operated. In addition, bridge after bridge has been thrown across the East River. Besides the Brooklyn Bridge we now have the Manhattan Bridge with its Canal Street terminal, the Williamsburg Bridge with its Delancey Street terminal, the Queensboro Bridge with its terminal at Fifty-ninth Street, which connects the Borough of Queens directly with Manhattan. These bridges also provide ingress into Manhattan for many lines of trolley cars from Brooklyn and the cities and towns of Queens. There is also a well-defined project for throwing a bridge across the Hudson from Fifty-ninth Street to the Palisades.

Still, however, New York had but one great railroad terminal, and no great railroad carried its passengers or freight into Long Island. For years Brooklyn

enjoyed the unique distinction of a great city into which not a ton of long-distance freight was brought by rail.

The Pennsylvania Railroad, although its New Jersey depot was made accessible by the McAdoo tunnels, was not satisfied to be without a terminal in the heart of New York. It also saw the great possibilities of connecting Long Island with the mainland. Then began one of the most marvellous pieces of engineering ever undertaken. It bored its tunnel acrover the Bronx Kills along Randall's Island and again under the East River to connect with the Long Island Railroad. The outward and visible sign of this undertaking is the magnificent Pennsylvania Station at Thirty-third Street and Seventh Avenue, one of the finest railway termini in the world.

The opening of the Pennsylvania Station, the McAdoo tunnels and the New York, Westchester and Boston Railroad has at least temporarily solved the problem of bringing workers from suburban New York, New Jersey and Long Island. The Interborough and local transportation problems are, however, far from solved, and many districts within the city limits have been delayed in their development by the mere fact that the existing elevated roads, subways, trolleys, and railroads doing a local or street to street business are taxed to their capacity at rush hours to move people already using their service. As this is being written work is in active progress on an entirely new subway system which will minister to the boroughs of Brooklyn, Queens, Manhattan and the Bronx, and may, by tunneling the Narrows, even bring Staten Island within a car-ride of its sister boroughs. This new subway system, which will provide forty-seven miles of road and over one hundred and forty-four miles of track is to cost over one hundred and forty-seven million dollars. The most recent of the great transportation monuments to be opened for use is the new Grand Central Depot—a rival in beauty, size and convenience of the Pennsylvania Station. Like the Pennsylvania, the New York Central Railroad is using the scores of square blocks of territory it occupies with its underground tracks for the erection of huge business and exhibition buildings, hotels and post-offices. The New York Central has six-tracked its lines beyond 138th Street in preparation for a great terminal in Morrisania to connect with the new Lexington Avenue Subway and possibly to provide a direct suburban extension that will run trains from Wall Street through to Connecticut.

Tapping the New Haven system at various points and connecting with the Bronx Subway and the new tri-borough route is the new New York, Westchester and Boston line, which not only gives a new route to the cities of Mount Vernon and New Rochelle, but opens up thousands of acres of desirable home-sites to the workers of New York. The New Haven road is building a great bridge carrying four tracks across a span of one thousand feet from the Bronx at 142nd Street over the Bronx Kills along Randall's Island to Little Hell Gate, and thence to Ward's Island and across Hell Gate to Long Island. This great freight artery will connect with the Pennsylvania Railroad at the Sunnyside, L. I., yards and at various other points, tap the easterly part of Queens, touch the ocean front at Canarsie and have a terminal directly on New York Bay at Sixty-fifth Street,

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Beginning of Department Stores

IN 1853 ROWLAND H. MACY OPENED HIS FANCY DRY-GOODS STORE AT 204 SIXTH AVENUE. AFTERWARDS HE MOVED TO THE CORNER OF 14TH STREET. HERE MACY ENLARGED ON THE ORIGINAL STEWART IDEA, ADDING COMMODITIES THAT WERE NOT STRICTLY DRY GOODS, BUT WHICH COULD BE HANDLED IN THE SAME WAY, AND TO THE ADVANTAGE OF HIS TRADE.

THE IDEA SOON BECAME GENERAL AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF WHAT BECAME KNOWN AS THE "DEPARTMENT STORE" HAS NOW REACHED COLOSSAL PROPORTIONS, AS A LOOK AT THE HUGE STORES IN VARIOUS STREETS IN OUR CITY WILL AMPLY DEMONSTRATE.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. JESSE STRAUS

Brooklyn. This gives the New Haven road a direct connection with Long Island, and this new transportation will undoubtedly affect the industrial growth of the borough. It also gives the New Haven road a seaboard terminal in New York Harbor.

But no matter to what degree the railroad freight-carrying facilities are developed, New York must always depend to a large extent on ship-carried supplies. At this particular time the city is regretting deeply its old policy of selling outright its water front and docks and piers. A new problem, moreover, has been offered by the fact that the great liners are now a thousand feet in length and cannot be berthed in the old docks. At the same time New York, with altogether inadequate landing facilities, must provide for the huge barge traffic which will follow the opening of the new State canal and also be prepared to receive any increase in shipping which will result from the Panama Canal. Already the city is considering Jamaica Bay as a new terminal possibility and is dredging channels to its confines and planning a canal back of Coney Island to connect it with the harbor.

THE WATER SUPPLY

As Kipling has pointed out in "Kim," a city cannot harbor an army whose thirst is beyond the capacity of its wells to quench. The present system, even with the new high-pressure auxiliary which uses salt river water instead of drinking water for fires, is completely outgrown. To supply this water New York is now completing another of the greatest engineering feats ever undertaken. Again, like so many of New York's undertakings, the local evidences of the work are underground. In the Catskill Mountains the city has secured the Ashokan reservoir, twelve square miles in area, one hundred and ninety feet deep and five hundred and ninety feet above sea level. This reservoir will collect from a watershed of four hundred and eighteen square miles, to which can be added two other watersheds which will make the total collection of rainfall extend over eight hundred and twenty-two square miles of territory. To do this the city has had to buy and remove all traces of large thriving towns and hamlets. The water will be brought from the Catskill Mountains to the city in an aqueduct ninety-two miles long and varying in size from a horseshoe seventeen feet high and seventeen feet six inches wide to distributing tunnels in the city, fifteen to eleven feet in diameter. This will add five hundred million gallons a day to the five hundred and fifty-three million and over supplied by the present public water systems and certain private water companies.

All of these magnificent examples of engineering skill have been designed with a view to caring for New York's population of nearly five millions, and because New York is now using more foresight and less hindsight and possesses a better understanding of its inevitable growth.

Figures of population in New York are good only for a day, as the birth rate,

the incoming immigrant steamers, and every train bring new people to find homes and work within its boundaries. In 1912, to be exact, this great city supported a population estimated at more than 5,076,000. But these figures do not at all include the transient hotel population of over one hundred thousand, nor the hundreds of thousands of people who have their places of business within New York and reside in New Jersey, Connecticut, and beyond the city limits in New York State. It does not count the thousands on thousands of out-of-town shoppers or business men who each week do business in the metropolis. If it were possible suddenly to count every soul in New York City at a given noon hour it is probable that its population would be close to six millions. Of the steady population little Manhattan grows into its flats or apartments over 2,400,000 people, or nearly fifty per cent. of the city's entire population. In other words, nearly half of the people live in twenty-one and nine-tenths square miles or about seven per cent. of its total area of 316 square miles. These people, exclusive of parks, churches, public buildings, and other exempt institutions, own and use land and buildings worth over $7,858,000,000. Their personal taxable belongings are assessed at nearly $358,000,000. The value of their real estate increases about $200,000,000 a year, due in part to better transportation and increased population, but largely attributable to the fact that New York builds so rapidly. For example, in 1909 New York City reported the construction of $181,000,000 worth of fire-resisting buildings, which, of course, does not include the frame dwellings or suburban homes.

These figures do not mean, however, that every district has increased in value. The tendency of business to shift is quite as marked if not as rapid as the migratory habit of the population. Business, too, has its new standards of living, and now demands far more luxurious offices and show-rooms. In 1912 New York is still undergoing one of the most remarkable shifts of business known on this continent. Fourth Avenue has become a region of magnificent loft buildings, and into these have moved thousands of silk, clothing, haberdashery and novelty manufacturers who had been considered fixtures in the district along Broadway north of Canal Street. This removal has left the old district practically tenantless, and while it has increased the value of real estate uptown it has left block after block downtown not worth its assessed valuation.

To give employment to its population, New York, in addition to its banks, offices, wholesale and retail houses, supports over 26,000 factories. Few think of it as a great manufacturing town, and yet in 1909 its factories employed over 661,000 people to whom it paid over $445,000,000 in wages. These factories have a capital of over $1,000,000,000, and in the process of manufacturing add to that material nearly $940,000,000 of value. This is an increase in the total value of the products of over $500,000,000 in five years. Analysis of the figures of export and import shows that nearly a billion of goods and gold enters the port of New York, with exports of over three-quarters of a billion each year, and that well toward one billion dollars' worth of goods finds retail outlet through its agencies.

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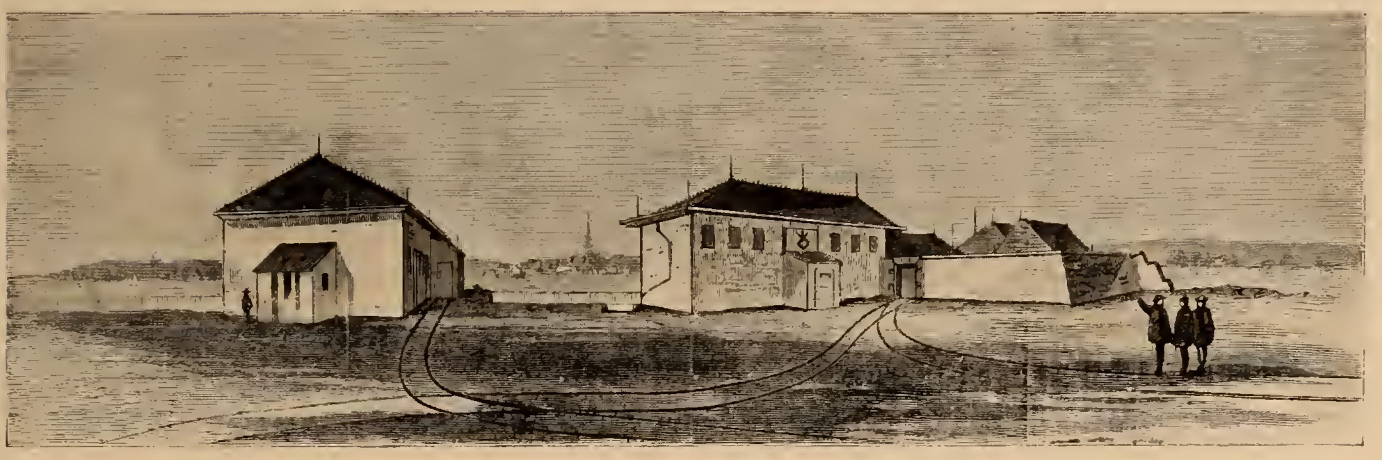
Printing House Square, 1862

HERE IS AN EXCELLENT VIEW OF PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE IN THE DAYS OF GREELEY, DANA, RAYMOND AND JONES. THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY OCCUPIED THE BUILDING, CORNER OF NASSAU AND SPRUCE STREETS. THE POST OFFICE WAS NOT YET BUILT AND THE VIEW TO ST. PAUL'S CHURCH WAS UNOBSTRUCTED. THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN IN 1862, WHEN TROOPS WERE LEAVING EVERY DAY FOR THE WAR. EVERY BUILDING SAVE THE "SUN" HAS SINCE BEEN TORN DOWN AND REPLACED WITH SKYSCRAPERS.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. SIMEON FORD



Ellis Island as a Powder Magazine, 1868

But with all this bustle of money-making, the whir of factory wheels, the hurry spirit, the frantic searching for new sensations, and amusements that will give surcease from business, New York still has a heart and an artistic sense. Its sky-line high in the air, by some considered of imperial beauty, by others as a hideous sign of oppression, is nevertheless made up of roofs which house much the same sort of people that are to be found the world over. In spite of its dollar-making scramble, it finds time to build and support many marvellous hospitals, to maintain great art museums, to enjoy opera, to endow great colleges, and to carry on innumerable charities. Perhaps the people of New York do not think as long a time about the brotherhood of man as they do in other less frenzied atmospheres. But New Yorkers are quick thinkers; and thought is quickly made tangible by action. It is easy to denominate the biggest city as the wickedest city. Evil is always more patent than the commonplace good. If one would only take the trouble to get at the real facts he would find in New York just as large a percentage of folks who are earnest and valuable Americans as anywhere else, and would probably discover to his amazement that New York had somehow found time to contribute more that is valuable in scientific, artistic and sociological ways to the state and nation and world than any other commonwealth of the earth; but all of this does not deter it from being New York, the City of Magnificent Impermanence.

THE FIRST FLAT

The Victoria Hotel, which is destined to disappear soon, was first built by Paran Stevens as a "French flat" of the kind that were then so popular in Paris. Almost simultaneously another French flat was put up on the southwest corner of Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue. The Stevens building was experimental and intended to test the desire of New Yorkers for expensive homes of this novel kind. As the result showed, the erection of a building in which the flats cost so much was premature and it was not long before the building was converted into a hotel. It has remained that ever since. Its architecture is a copy of the style used in Paris for the first of the modern apartment houses built there toward the close of the Second Empire.

The apartment house farther down on Fifth Avenue fared better. It was indeed pulled down only a few years ago to make way for a loft building. Long before that time it had ceased to serve for dwelling purposes and had been housing only offices. Its name is perpetuated to this day in a large flat house on Fifth Avenue.

PRINTS OF OLD NEW YORK AND THEIR COLLECTORS

By J. H. Jordan

The recent sale of a newly discovered copy of the famous print of New York by William Burgis for the stupendous sum of $20,000 has aroused the keenest interest among collectors in this field, and while the price is simply astounding, its effect upon all other collections has been stimulating and reassuring. It proves conclusively that the market for rare prints of old New York is constantly advancing, and that the rapidly diminishing supply insures a permanent and enhancing value.

The extraordinary advance in the price of the Burgis is not an exception. The Tiebout view of Federal Hall at its last sale brought $3,000, but only a few years ago the Luncheon Club procured one of the very few other known copies for about $100. A complete set of Stephenson's is now worth about $20,000, although it is probable they may have been purchased for less than $500 not so very long ago. It all depends on the scarcity of the subject and the condition of the print.

I have been continually asked, "Who has the best collection of old New York views?" Twenty years ago I may have said: "Oh, Mr. Crimmins, Mr. Eno, Mr. Holden, Mr. Halsey, Mr. Havemeyer, Mr. Andrews, and the New York Historical Society all have fine collections; but it would be impossible to call any particular one the best. But to-day that list would have to be materially lengthened, Mr. Goelet, Mr. Pyne, Mr. Stokes, Mr. Arnold, Mr. Pratt, Mr. Colt, Mr. Ford, Mr. Golding, Mr. Davies, Mr. Read, Mr. Morgenthau, Mr. Dowling, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Brown, being only a few of the names that occur to me.

Some two years ago the late Mr. Neill, who was among the first to appreciate the value of old views of New York, asked me to arrange an exhibition of them to inaugurate the opening of the Lawyers' Title and Insurance Company's new building. On presenting the suggestion to the gentlemen just mentioned, the response was so prompt and hearty—some of them writing from Florida, Europe and elsewhere to say they had sent instructions that any needed views would be at my disposal—that eventually I selected 580 of the rarest prints, and arranged them chronologically from the first known view, 1651, to about 1880. Except for lack of space, I might have added another 500 of less important but equally interesting prints. These selections were made from nearly forty different owners. So great was the success of the exhibition that it was extended nearly two weeks longer than was at first contemplated, and could have been further continued but for the fact that the room in which the prints were shown had been rented, and the time was up.

Just before the closing of the exhibition I made a tentative catalogue of the prints before dispersing them; and in it I described, more as a check list than other-

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Early Stores of A. T. Stewart on Broadway, 1850 to 1860

THE THREE SHOPS ARE IN THE MIDDLE ROW AND ARE INDICATED BY AN ARROW.

THIS IS A PARTICULARLY INTERESTING VIEW OF BROADWAY FROM THE ASTOR HOUSE TO WORTH STREET AT THIS TIME, AND INCLUDES ALL THE PROMINENT FIRMS OF THAT PERIOD. MR. STEWART'S CAREER, AND THAT OF HIS SUCCESSOR, MR. JOHN WANAMAKER, ARE ELSEWHERE REFERRED TO IN THIS BOOK. ONE OF ROGERS & BRO.'S (1849) SHOPS IS IN THIS SECTION.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. JOHN WANAMAKER

wise, the prints which were shown at the exhibition. The great public interest displayed in the event was an agreeable surprise even to me, though I had kept in touch with the growing interest in the subject, and knew something of what to expect. It proved that all the talk about New Yorkers not having any affection for the old home was the merest bosh. There were courtesies extended to me upon this occasion, and for this exhibition, which could not be obtained for any other purpose whatever. The real New Yorker is proud of the city—loves it, and treasures its past history.

THE TRIALS OF THE COLLECTOR

It is hard to describe adequately the collector of old prints. The big-game hunter pursues his quarry with no more enthusiasm—nor, may I add, at any greater expense—than does the hunter of old New York views. Oftentimes, just as the long sought for prize is almost secured, a second thought, a sudden whim, and the treasure is withheld, for any reason or no reason, as the case may be.

The reports in the public press in regard to the prices procured at public auction for some of these views has done a great deal toward bringing out from their hiding places many interesting old prints, and some most amusing stories are told in connection therewith—particularly as to the fabulous value suddenly attached to what had formerly been regarded as simply old junk. One of these prints is the "Broadway Stages of 1831" (a large colored lithograph by Pendleton, one of the earliest lithographers in New York). This print is well known by the numerous reproductions which have been made of it (in Valentine's Manual there is a splendid lithograph copy, about one-quarter size, by Hayward, done in 1861, and folded in the book), but the original, at the New York Historical Society, was presumed to be the only one until the Daly Sale in 1902, when another fine and perfect copy was sold along with numerous other rare New York views. I bid $2,200 for the lot for Mr. Holden, which was at that time the appraised value. Mr. Neill also agreed as to this price. Mr. Eno bid $2,220, and the lot was knocked down to a dealer for $2,240. This was the same lot sold at the Daly-Borden auction last April for $22,000. Here is a concrete example of the increase in values, nearly a thousand per cent. in about ten years.

A third copy appeared in a sale at Merwin's in 1911, in rather poor condition, and pencilled on the lower margin, in the handwriting of a well-known old New York dealer, was undoubtedly his original selling price, $17.50. After much bidding, it was finally knocked down to a dealer for the modest sum of $1,450, mention of which item was made in several of the New York daily newspapers, and was read by some one in a nearby town, who immediately sat up and took notice, for only a day or two before an old picture in his house had fallen from the wall and the glass had been broken. Rather than go to the trouble and expense of buy-

ing a new glass, he had been offering to give the picture away to any one who would take it—but now! Could it be that this newspaper article was describing the sale at $1,450 of an old lithograph, the same as his despised one? Fortunately for him, he knew a fellow-townsman who was credited with having some knowledge of such things, and, having got him on the telephone at once, his friend came to see his picture, and told him it was even so, and advised him where he might go and convert his print into good coin of the realm, which he immediately proceeded to do, and returned home with enough money to pay off his mortgage.

In another State and in a nearby town also, the same notice was read by a farmer who lay ill in bed; the name of the dealer was mentioned, and the old man had a sister write to him to say that he had one of the same print, which he would like to sell. In the meantime his doctor came to see him, and he mentioned the matter to him. The latter said he knew of some one in New York who bought such things, and would send word to him, which he did by telephone. The doctor's friend arrived on the scene as soon as possible, and finally offered $500 for the print, which was refused by the farmer, saying that it belonged to a brother in Philadelphia, whom he would have to consult, and that it seemed to him the offer was not as large as he should get. Later, in came the New York dealer to whom he had written, who, after seeing it, offered $800 for it, which the farmer refused on the same grounds. A day or two after the owner of the picture died. His physician telephoned the news to his friend, and the next day he appeared again at the house, was met by the elderly maiden sister, and asked for Mr. B——, expressing much surprise and regret when informed of his decease. He explained that he had come by appointment to conclude a business matter with Mr. B——, having purchased a picture from him for $500, and he was now there with the money to get it. The sister admitted that she remembered some such negotiation, but thought the price mentioned was greater; however, she would not stand in the way of having the last wishes of her brother carried out, so she took the money, and the New York man took the print from the wall alongside the corpse.

A little later a sixth copy of this print, uncolored, and in very poor condition, was sold at Merwin's for about $360. These are now all owned by six different collectors, and apparently the supply of them is absolutely exhausted. At any rate, if six more should turn up, there are six collectors waiting for the chance of securing them.

The latest surprise among collectors, as first mentioned, is the acquisition of what is really the great *pièce de résistance* known as the Burgis view of New York, engraved in New York in 1717. Until the present day, the New York Historical Society was the sole possessor of this print, and also of one of the reissue made in 1746, of which there are only three duplicates in very poor condition; but now from London comes this original copy of 1717, in the original sheets, uncut margins and absolutely perfect. This view measures six feet in length, and was engraved on four separate coppers, the prints when trimmed and joined together forming one perfect picture. This is another instance of the results of the insistent demand on the part

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The Old Empire Building on First Site of Grace Church

THIS IS THE CORNER OF BROADWAY AND RECTOR STREET IN 1868. AT THE TIME IT WAS OCCUPIED BY MAJOR & KNAPP, ONE OF THE EARLIEST LITHOGRAPHERS IN THIS CITY. MR. JOSEPH F. KNAPP OF THIS FIRM, WITH MR. JOHN R. HEGEMAN, FOUNDED THE METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

of collectors for what they want. Of course, the value of such a print as this is unlimited in a way, as there is no likelihood of any other copy ever turning up.

OTHER FAMOUS VIEWS IN THIS BOOK

The view of Wall Street from Broadway (1825), printed in this book, is another instance of the increase in the value of such prints. This is a lithograph by Peter Maverick, known as one of the best early American engravers (the Bridges map was engraved by him). It is a winter scene; Admiral Decatur is the personage in the sleigh in the foreground, on Broadway; this view of Wall Street is the best general view we have of that period. As originally made, it was enclosed in a border of vignette views of each building on the south side, the north side, and across the top a view of the East River and Brooklyn beyond.

Mr. Crimmins and Mr. Stevens had the only known copies of this print in this state, until about four years ago I happened to be in a broker's office on Broadway and was much surprised to see there a most beautiful colored copy of this view in perfect condition, and as originally framed. The owner would not consider selling it at any price; in fact, he said he had given it to his wife. Finally, however, he read about the sale of the Broadway stages above referred to, and told me then he thought his print was worth $2,000. I mentioned this to some one, who declared himself willing to give $1,800 for it, but eventually had to pay $2,200 to secure it. Just recently a fourth copy was sold at Merwin's, not nearly as fine, for $2,020. Mr. Stevens paid about $35 for his copy, and I made a *bona fide* offer of $2,000 for it. Mr. Stevens had promised to give it to the New York Historical Society, where it now is. Mr. Crimmins's copy probably cost less than $35. Mr. J. Romaine Brown, whose father founded the line of Kip & Brown stages, also owns a copy.

The City Hall and Park (by Wall after Hill), of which several copies are known, prior to the Holden Sale was valued at about $200. I had appraised Mr. Ford's copy at that figure. The morning after the Holden Sale the papers gave a list of some of the principal prints, and the prices at which they sold. This City Hall print fetched the abnormal price of $1,650. Mr. Ford stopped me that morning on the hotel steps and asked me if this was the same as his print, which then was in the corridor by the stock-ticker. I tried to make believe it wasn't, but he knew it was. "Well," he said, "I think I paid as much as fifteen dollars for it, but I am going to get that down from there and put it in the safe." I found out afterward it had cost him $35. Another print, the "First Artillery at the Battery," which had fetched $725, he had purchased for about the same price.

Some collectors have limited themselves to prints of New York prior to 1820. A great deal has been written of these views covering this period. The very first actual view of New York, printed in a little book in Amsterdam in 1651, is the greatest rarity. Excepting in the Public Library, Mr. Davies is the only collector who has this in the original edition, and he was fortunate in securing the copy from the

Hoe Library at about $2,500. Mr. Davies also secured the Hoe copy of the first New York Directory, of 1786, though this does not come under the head of New York views. Still, it is probably the most interesting item in connection with old New York. There have been various facsimiles and re-prints made, but, so far as I know, only four of the originals have been preserved. The Hoe copy was that of the original Mr. Kalbfleisch in 1786. Another interesting copy is now in the library of Mr. Henry Huntington, who got it in the famous Church Library, which he purchased a year ago. This copy was the one belonging to Mr. Schieffelin, and was beautifully preserved. I procured this for Mr. Church in 1889, and no other copy has been heard of since, although I believe there has been more search made for this than any other New York item. Mr. Church had every other directory of every sort, and had despaired of ever getting this one. (He had a very imperfect one.) The day he got it he put it in his safe, where he kept new items as they were procured, and such bibliophiles as Mr. P—— and Mr. C—— were in the habit of dropping in every afternoon to see what new wonder Mr. Church had secured. On this occasion they came in together and asked the usual question—"What has turned up?"

"Well," said Mr. Church, "here is a little thing in which you may be interested," and with that he handed them the package just as it had been found, wrapped in a piece of old-fashioned very dark paper. At the first glimpse of it they both exclaimed, "Why, where did you find that?" "Oh," said Mr. Church, "I picked it up this morning uptown."

But it is of the later period of old New York, when pictures had multiplied, that this work is principally intended to deal with, views that may be recalled by those who are still living.

About 1850 lithography in color had reached a practical period of development, and it was made use of most extensively for the reproduction of pictures of every description. It is among these prints that we find the greatest number of the most interesting views of New York. It was greatly favored for advertising purposes, and merchants, hotels, etc., have issued numerous views of their buildings. Some of the most interesting are the Jones and Newman pictorial directories; Broadway from the Battery to Worth Street; showing each building on both sides of the street, with all the various names of the different business firms there located. There are similar ones of Fulton Street, Maiden Lane, William Street, all of which are extremely rare now, and, although sold originally at the modest price of 12½ cents a copy, the Holden set of Broadway fetched $540, and has since been resold at a higher figure. Mr. Dowling has also a complete Broadway set. The same idea was used by Tallis, the engraver, who issued finely engraved plates in a similar manner. It was at this period that the Stephenson views were made, of which ten are known, and six of them are given pages in this book. These were large folios, and show only about two blocks in each. Notwithstanding the superior quality of these lithographs in color, fewer of them have survived. In fact, six of the ten are at the present unique, so far as is known, and these are in

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The Greatest Business Corner in the World

THE OLD BANKING HOUSE OF J. P. MORGAN & CO., CORNER OF WALL STREET AND BROAD. MORE STUPENDOUS UNDERTAKINGS ORIGINATED WITHIN THESE WALLS THAN EVER BEFORE HAPPENED IN THE HISTORY OF COMMERCE. BY A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE THE HEAD OF THIS GREAT HOUSE PASSED AWAY WITH THE PASSING OF THE SCENE OF HIS GIGANTIC LABORS. A NEW BUILDING HAS ALREADY ARISEN ON THE SITE OF THE OLD.

FROM A DRAWING MADE MARCH, 1913.

six different collections; two copies only are known of two others, and of the remaining two only four or five.

The subjects of these are:

(Six unique)

Beekman Street, north side, Nassau to William
Park Place, north side, Broadway to Church
Warren Street, north side, Broadway to Church
Worth Street, north side, Broadway to Church
Broadway, west side, Morris Street to Exchange Alley
Broadway, west side, Prince to Houston

(Two only)

Cortlandt Street, south side, Broadway to Greenwich
Broadway, west side, Canal to Grand.

(Four or five only)

Broadway, west side, Warren to Chambers
Broadway, west side, Cortlandt to Fulton

Other very interesting views were made at this time by a French artist, John Bornet. His "Battery" in 1851, elsewhere shown, is undoubtedly the best view of this fashionable promenade that has been made, and is an especially fine example of colored lithography. Mr. Goelet's is the only one known, although an uncolored one has lately been found. Bornet made numerous city views of New York and elsewhere, which were published in a portfolio. Some of his original drawings were in the Holden collection, and are now owned by Mr. Davies and the New York Historical Society. There is also a series of fine lithographs of the famous hotels, several of which are unique. These were principally by Endicott: The Howard House, now the Title Guarantee and Trust Company Building; the Rathbun Hotel (City Investment Building); Franklin Hotel (Western Union Building); Park View Hotel (Astor House); the American Hotel (Woolworth Building); the Carrolton, St. Nicholas, Metropolitan, New York, etc., etc. By 1860 and during the war, photography began to encroach on this field, and with the invention of the photo-engraving processes came an end of all such fine reproductions.

Of this later period we have been very fortunate in having had the use of many original photographs, that have been preserved, such as those of St. George's Chapel in Beekman Street; Dr. Tyng's Church on 42nd Street; the first stores of R. H. Macy, Lord & Taylor, Brooks Bros., Gunther, W. & J. Sloane, etc. Photographers vied with each other in procuring the best views. They were equally artists in their profession. Unfortunately, the glass plate had less chance of life than other graphic work, and permanency had not yet become possible. It is heartbreaking to know of the multitude of old prints made by photography, of which so few now remain. The making of panoramic views was attempted by several photographers. One in particular, Beale, as late as 1876 in his Centennial picture of New York, has shown what they wished to do, but, owing to the impracticability of them from a commercial standpoint, very few examples remain to-day. This latter

view was made from the Brooklyn tower of the bridge on five plates 16 by 20 inches, which are perfectly joined and form one complete view of New York from the upper Bay across the Hudson River, and north to the end of the Palisades, sixteen miles from the point of view, with the East River front in the immediate foreground up to Pell Street. Hundreds of old business buildings are shown. This was one of the greatest achievements in photography, and copies of this view are eagerly bought up at $100 and $150 apiece. The writer at one time owned the glass negatives. An assistant, while looking in the shelves above, stepped on the set, which were unfortunately on the counter, and the lot was ruined. I can hear the breaking of that glass to this day!

ORIGIN OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

The four bridges across the East River are looked on by present-day New Yorkers as a matter of course, but sixty years ago, when the only means of communication between the two cities was by ferry, the conception of an overhead span seemed a daring one, as may be gathered from the following account of it.

(*From the Journal of Commerce*)

The subjoined note has a profound interest of its own, as vindicating the claims of the late distinguished engineer, Mr. John A. Roebling, to the sole honor of that daring conception which has resulted in the building of the great bridge. In confirmation of Mr. Meissnor's reminiscences it should be said that the grand idea was first broached in print in the columns of the *Journal of Commerce* by a letter from Mr. Roebling to Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, which was sent to us by the latter for publication:

Editor of the Journal of Commerce:

As everybody now is claiming to have originated the East River Bridge, might I ask you to publish the following little reminiscence as tending to throw light on the question:

In the month of February, 1853, my uncle, the late John A. Roebling, accompanied by his wife and son Washington, then a lad of 15 years, came from Trenton to my house in Hicks Street, South Brooklyn, to attend the christening of my infant daughter Amelia. Returning in the afternoon by the Hamilton Ferry, the boat was caught in the ice, and drifted round in a helpless condition for three or four hours. A boat load of soldiers who were cast away from Governor's Island were rescued on the trip. Mrs. Roebling was in great anxiety of mind, having left an infant child at home. Mr. Roebling then took a solemn vow, in presence of the hungry half-frozen passengers, that if his life were spared he would yet build a bridge across the East River.

If I remember right, during the same winter the *Journal of Commerce* discussed the feasibility of constructing a bridge between New York and Brooklyn, and Mr. Roebling submitted his views about a suspension bridge in your valued paper.

He then stated to me, however, that the time had not yet come for such an immense structure, which could not be built for less than ten millions of dollars, as it ought to connect the City Halls of both cities.

His vow and the crowning idea of his life have been carried out, not by the father, but by the son who stood so ably by his side. Yours respectfully, Fr. Meissnor.

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First House Lighted by Gas, 1825

RESIDENCE OF MR. SAMUEL LEGGETT, PRESIDENT OF THE FIRST GAS COMPANY, AT No. 7 CHERRY STREET, THEN A VERY FASHIONABLE NEIGHBORHOOD.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. GEORGE B. CORTELYOU.

OLD CHELSEA VILLAGE

In Chelsea Village, which is that part of town west of Eighth Avenue between about Nineteenth and Twenty-fourth Streets, the searcher after relics of bygone days may find a few, though many have been crushed out of existence. Modern improvements have not entirely obliterated the green wooden shutters or the curiously designed iron fences, or the carved doorways with brass knockers, or the diamond-pane windows, or the wide stairways with heavy posts, as, for instance, in the row of little houses west of Ninth Avenue on Twenty-fourth Street, known as the Chelsea Cottages. The old people of the section of New York where all that remains of old Chelsea Village is, can tell you of the quaint little houses, with pretty gardens, that stood behind such and such buildings standing to-day. They will point out to you little alleys, black and gloomy, that were one-time streets or short cuts from one place to another place. They will tell you that on the block between Twenty-second and Twenty-third Streets, from Eighth to Ninth Avenue, at one time stood the picturesque home of Clement C. Moore, son of the second Bishop of New York and writer of the nursery rhyme, " 'Twas the Night before Christmas." "The kindliest of scholars, the most learned of college professors, the most assiduous of bookworms" composed this little rhyme in what the old Chelsea resident will tell you was a cosey home surrounded by great oaks and elms. In the Church of St. Peter, in West Twentieth Street, reminiscent of the old days, a memorial tells the simple record of Clement C. Moore's good works. Old St. Peter's has been touched up with modern ideas during the last few years, but retains its solidity, evidence of honesty in building, and simplicity, as befits its mission.

To Captain Thomas Clarke, a veteran of the French and Indian wars, is due the credit for establishing Chelsea. Far away in 1750 this American soldier built a house on a hill which stood opposite what is now London Terrace, on West Twenty-third Street, and called it Chelsea, after a retreat of that name in England for old soldiers. At the time mentioned this house was the only one to be seen for miles around. Shortly after its erection a fire occurred in it and it was burned almost to the ground. Captain Clarke, who was ill at the time, was carried from it and died at the house of a friend. After his death his wife rebuilt it and lived in it with her two daughters, until her death in 1802, when it became the property of the father of Clement C. Moore, and after the former's death passed to the son. From this old house is derived the name of the former village, and also the name of Chelsea Square. The present Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church stands on a part of the Moore Farm.

What remains of London Terrace and its deep gardens is also an evidence of the beauty and respectability of old Chelsea before the rush of population engulfed them.

Another old landmark of Chelsea Village is at the corner of Twenty-eighth Street and Ninth Avenue, the Church of the Holy Aspostles. The founding of this church is of especial interest. For disobeying his father's wish that he should not adopt the ministry as a calling, a young man was disinherited. The father, seeing the son consistently following his chosen religious path, made a new will leaving to him his entire possessions. With the death of the father, and the division equally by the son of the property among the heirs, his own share was given as a thank offering to build the church.

There were many peculiarities about this old neighborhood. Certain streets were sacred to certain nationalities. The Scotch row on 19th Street east of Eighth Avenue was sacred to denizens of that country. This row was terraced about fifteen feet above the walk. It has long ago disappeared. The Yankee row on West 19th Street near Seventh Avenue was given over to native sons, and London Terrace on 24th Street to the sons of Albion.

One of the picturesque sights of the old village was the Cushman homestead. This was adorned with a charming old-fashioned garden, with fruit trees, lilacs, sweet-william, hollyhocks, wistaria, ramblers and columbine. The coach house was on 21st Street. It stood back from the street and saw the neighborhood grow right up almost to its spacious entrance. When it was narrowed in on all sides by towering buildings it gave up the struggle and became the site of Chelsea Court. The Cushmans were as much a part of Chelsea as the village itself, so long had they lived there and so extensive was their estate. On another page we show a picture of the old garden.

The well-known Hoffman family, to which Dean Hoffman belonged and who have done so much for the General Theological Seminary, also lived in the village, as also the Delamaters, who built all the small vessels during the Civil War at foot of 13th Street; Jake Sharp, famous as the man who put the street cars on Broadway, and was indicted for his pains. Lily Langtry lived for a while in that delightfully retired, fenced-in house at No. 347 on 23rd Street, now the Pasteur Institute; Josie Mansfield, the cause of the quarrel between Jim Fisk and Ed. Stokes, at 349. Robert Gair, now one of the leading financiers in Brooklyn, whose colony of huge factories is seen from the Bridge, lived on 22nd Street near Seventh Avenue.

Hugh J. Grant's father had a liquor store on the northwest corner of 27th Street and Eighth Avenue. He had a sign with General Grant on horseback. The old Water Cure House stood on 22nd Street, west of Eighth Avenue, and had a tremendous vogue in its day. Everything was cured by water.

An undertaker's shop that was famous all over the city was that conducted by old "Pop" Merritt. Everybody knew him and everybody wanted him. He was very good to the poor, and his friends ranged from the humblest to the highest in the city. He buried General Grant. He was also a Methodist preacher. The present Stephen Merritt Burial Company is an offshoot of the old business. The Hall family is also pleasantly remembered.

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The Old New York University Building in Washington Square, 1845

JOHN JOHNSTON, GRANDFATHER OF MRS. ROBERT W. DE FOREST, AN OLD NEW YORK MERCHANT WHO LIVED AT No. 7 ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE SQUARE, WAS ONE OF THE ORIGINAL FOUNDERS AND A GENEROUS FINANCIAL SUPPORTER OF THIS UNIVERSITY. IN IT PROF. HENRY DRAPER PERFECTED HIS INVENTION OF A DAGUERREOTYPE AND MADE THE FIRST PORTRAIT OF A HUMAN FACE. S. F. B. MORSE ALSO EXPERIMENTED WITH HIS TELEGRAPHIC APPARATUS HERE. BOTH WERE PROFESSORS THERE. COLT INVENTED THE REVOLVER NAMED FOR HIM HERE

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR J. H. JORDAN.

Frederick C. Gibbs, for many years a member of the Assembly, was also a resident of 22nd Street. The block between Ninth and Tenth Avenues was known as Lenox Place. The old Sixteenth Street Baptist Church on Eighth Avenue still stands, and is one of the best known in the city. Judge Mead and John C. Sheehan, well-known men at that time, also lived there, and the Pequot Club of Tammany Hall, a celebrated political organization thirty years ago, was on 24th Street, north side, second house east of Eighth Avenue.

The famous Orange Riot occurred on Eighth Avenue between 23rd Street and 27th Street in 1875. The Irish population in New York was very considerable, and determined to prevent the Orangemen's parade. Colonel Fisk's regiment was ordered out to quell the disturbance; the Colonel was hit on the foot by a brick, and carried into Essler's tailor shop. Herman's beer saloon had its windows riddled with bullets. Bricks were thrown from the roofs of adjoining houses, and before the outbreak was quelled quite a large number of casualties occurred. The Erie Railroad had its offices in the Grand Opera House, and the books were thrown out of the windows during the memorable struggle with Vanderbilt. The Knickerbocker stages had a barn where the Opera House is now, and the stables were on the corner of 27th Street and Ninth Avenue.

Another very well-known family was the Lambs, who lived in 22nd Street. They made some radical changes in the appearance of their houses, so that they were quite distinct from anything else on the block. Both of the Lamb boys, Charles R. and Frederick S., rose to distinction, the former creating the famous Dewey Arch and other architectural successes, and the latter securing a prize at the Paris Exposition for a window design. Miss Ella Condie Lamb is also a noted painter of portraits and miniatures. They are among the oldest inhabitants of the "village."

The name of the village is perpetuated in the most wonderful section of dock-front improvement the city has ever undertaken. It is quite within bounds to say that the Chelsea Docks are more scientifically constructed than any other similar place in the world.

The old village is gone, but in its place is a section that seems destined to be an honor and credit to the city, thus living up to its past reputation.

STREET CRIES OF OLD DAYS

A very curious feature of New York life fifty years ago was the numerous venders of eatables that were sold from door to door. Occasionally, one still comes across a peddler on the East side crying his wares, but, nowadays, it is the exception and not the rule. Yet in former times, the streets were alive at all hours of the day and night with hucksters of one sort or another and every trade had its special cry frequently varied by a verse. The clam man sang:

"Here's clams, here's clams, here's clams to-day,
They lately came from Rockaway;
They're good to roast, they're good to fry,
They're good to make a clam pot-pie.
Here they go!"

The baker's boy, in the afternoon, took a basket with the fresh-baked tea rusk and cried "Tea ruk, ruk, ruk, tea ruk"; and the negro woman, in the summer and fall of the year, with a simple bandanna kerchief on her head, toted a pail and shouted "Hot corn, hot corn, here's your lily white hot corn; hot corn, all hot; just come out of the boiling pot!" And then another of a like type also toted and shouted "Baked pears, baked pears, fresh baked, baked pears!"

Chimney sweeps, rendered necessary by the general use of wood or bituminous coal, saluted the early morning with "Sweep O! Sweep O!" "Rags, rags, any old rags!" "Old clo', old clo', any old clo'!" "Scissors to grind, scissors to grind!" and the jingle of the junkman's bells were familiar sounds.

Venders of oysters, fish, buns, yeast, hot spiced ginger-bread, strawberries, ice cream and what not, all added to the din and even in those so-called peaceful days there was plenty of noise. They were a picturesque, hard-working lot with many a well-known character among them. So pronounced a feature of the city's life that curious drawings of them still exist; one in particular in the rooms of the N. Y. Historical Society shows at least a dozen characteristic poses of these itinerant merchants. Strange to relate, the omnipresent newsboy of to-day had not made his appearance in any considerable number, but his beginning was noted.

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Corner Pine Street and Broadway, 1847

THIS CORNER WAS TAKEN JUST BEFORE THE JONES & NEWMAN VIEW OF 1850. IN THE BUILDING SECOND FROM BROADWAY WAS THE ORIGINAL PRINT SHOP OF THEO. L. DE VINNE, WHO AFTERWARDS BECAME PRINTER TO THE CENTURY MAGAZINE AND ESTABLISHED THE DE VINNE PRESS. IN 1849 JOHN ANDERSON THE TOBACCO MERCHANT, VERY PROMINENT IN THOSE DAYS, DEMOLISHED THESE BUILDINGS AND ERECTED A FIVE-STORY STRUCTURE FOR HIS OWN BUSINESS ON THE SITE. THIS WAS A STRIKING INNOVATION FOR THE TIMES AND THE HIGHEST YET PROJECTED. ONE OF THE GREAT SENSATIONS OF THE DAY WAS THE DISAPPEARANCE OF A YOUNG WOMAN EMPLOYED BY ANDERSON AS CASHIER.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. JOHN N. GOLDING.

FRAUNCES' TAVERN

The Sons of the Revolution performed an act of signal patriotism when they secured for the use of the city so important an historical structure as this famous old Revolutionary landmark. The society owns the building, having purchased it outright, being largely aided in this worthy enterprise by a large bequest from the late Mr. Frederick Samuel Tallmadge, one of its distinguished presidents.

The following account of its history is taken from the City History Club's Guide Book:

1719.—Built by Etienne DeLancey as a residence. It descended to his son, Judge and Governor James DeLancey, and to *his* son, Oliver DeLancey. At some time before 1757, it became the residence of Col. Joseph Robinson, partner of Oliver DeLancey, James DeLancey having moved to his mansion on site of present No. 113 Broadway. (Excursion 1, 25.)

1757.—It became the store and warehouse of DeLancey, Robinson & Co., who announced in Gaines' "Mercury," May 28, 1757, that they had "moved to Col. Robinson's late dwelling next to the Royal Exchange, and should there continue to sell all sorts European and East Indian goods—shoes, shirts, white and checked, for the army, with a variety of other goods."

1762, January 15.—Purchased by Samuel Fraunces, called "Black Sam," from his swarthy appearance, he being a West Indian. Fraunces had been made a "freeman" of New York while an innkeeper in 1755. He opened here the Queen's Head or Queen Charlotte Tavern, named in honor of the young consort of George III.

1765.—Leased to John Jones as a tavern, while Fraunces for a time took charge of Vauxhall Gardens.

1766.—Leased to Bolton & Sigell (Sigel).

1768, April 8.—The Chamber of Commerce, composed of twenty-four importers and merchants, organized, with John Cruger as President, in the Long Room, so called in imitation of the long Indian lodges used for tribal meetings. Monthly meetings of the Chamber were held for some time "at Bolton & Sigel's, precisely at the usual hour, six-thirty."

1769.—Richard Bolton alone in charge. One or more meetings were held to consider the passage of a second Non-Importation Agreement. (Wilson's Memorial History.)

1770.—Fraunces again in possession of the Queen's Head Tavern, "refitted in the most genteel and convenient manner for the reception and entertainment of those gentlemen, ladies, and others who used to favor him with their company," dinners and suppers being served "not only to lodgers but to those who live at a convenient distance." The Long Room was also used for a series of lectures.

1774, April.—The Sons of Liberty and the Vigilance Committee met here to protest, as the ship *London* had just docked at the wharf of the East India Company in the vicinity of Fraunces' Tavern with a cargo of tea. The meeting resulted in those who participated marching to the dock, where the entire cargo was thrown overboard.

1775.—The Massachusetts delegates to the Second Continental Congress stopped here on their way to Philadelphia.

1775, August 23.—The building was struck by a shot from the man-of-war *Asia,* giving rise to the oft-quoted lines of Philip Freneau:

> "Scarce a broadside was ended till 'nother begain again,
> By Jove! It was nothing but fire away, Flanagan!
> Some thought him saluting his Sallys and Nancys,
> Till be drove a round shot through the roof of Sam Francis."

Ed. of 1786 reads:

> "At first we supposed it was only a sham,
> Till he drove a round ball through the roof of Black Sam."

1783, November 25.—Governor George Clinton gave a banquet on Evacuation Day to General Washington, the French ambassador, Chevalier de la Luzerne, and many Revolutionary officers and civilians. Thirteen toasts were given, beginning with "The United States of America," and "May this Day be a Lesson for Princes." Fireworks followed on the Bowling Green.

1783, December 4.—Washington's farewell to forty-four officers, including Generals Greene, Knox, Wayne, Steuben, Carroll, Lincoln, Kosciusko, Moultrie, and Hamilton, Governor Clinton, Colonel Tallmadge and others. Says Colonel Tallmadge in original journal, now at Fraunces' Tavern:

"We had been assembled but a few minutes when His Excellency entered the room. His emotion, too strong to be concealed, seemed to be reciprocated by every officer present. After partaking of a slight refreshment amid almost breathless silence, the General filled his glass with wine and, turning to his officers, said: 'With a heart full of love and gratitude I must now take my leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable.' After the officers had taken a glass of wine, the General added: 'I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you if each will come and take me by the hand.' General Knox, being nearest to him, turned to the Commander-in-Chief, who, suffused in tears, was incapable of utterance, but grasped his hand, when they embraced each other in silence. In the same affectionate manner every officer in the room marched up to, kissed and parted with his General-in-Chief. Such a scene of sorrow and weeping I had never before witnessed, and hope I may never be called upon to witness again. Not a word was uttered to break the solemn silence that prevailed, or to interrupt the tenderness of the occasion."

Thence Washington proceeded to the Whitehall Ferry, and took his departure from the city.

1785.—The Tavern was sold by Fraunces and came into various hands. After the Revolution the St. Andrew's Society, the Governors of the New York Hospital, the New York Society for Promoting Arts and Agriculture, all met here. Balls were also held in the Long Room.

1832.—Interior partly burnt out and a flat roof added.

1837.—Leased by John Gardner, a hotel proprietor, who had been burnt out in the great fire of 1835.

1844.—The New York Yacht Club was founded here.

1852, June 15.—While called the Broad Street House and kept by E. Beaumeyer, the Tavern was visited by a very disastrous fire, after which two stories were added, making it five stories high. Further alterations were made about 1890, when the taproom was lowered to the level of the street and the ground floor windows modernized.

1883, December 4.—On the 100th anniversary of Washington's Farewell the Society of the Sons of the Revolution was formally organized in the Long Room and met here annually for many years.

1889-1903.—The Preservation of Fraunces' Tavern.—At the time of the centennial celebration of Washington's Inauguration (1889), attention was directed to the interesting associations of the building, and during the next thirteen years the Sons of the Revolution made several efforts to purchase the property in order to preserve and restore it. Efforts were also made by patriotic individuals and societies to insure its preservation. These finally resulted, in 1903, in the passage of an ordinance by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment to buy the Tavern and half a block on which it stands for a Revolutionary museum and park. In the spring of 1904 Messrs. Alexander R. Thompson, James Mortimer Montgomery and Robert Olyphant, on behalf of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution, successfully negotiated a contract for the purchase of the property. At the same time, these gentlemen induced the city to rescind the resolution authorizing the taking of the property by condemnation. The Mayor told them that they were the only delegation which had called on him for the purpose of saving the city's money. Thus the City of New York was saved the expense of acquiring the property, preserving and maintaining it, and yet the restoration of this shrine of patriotism was assured.

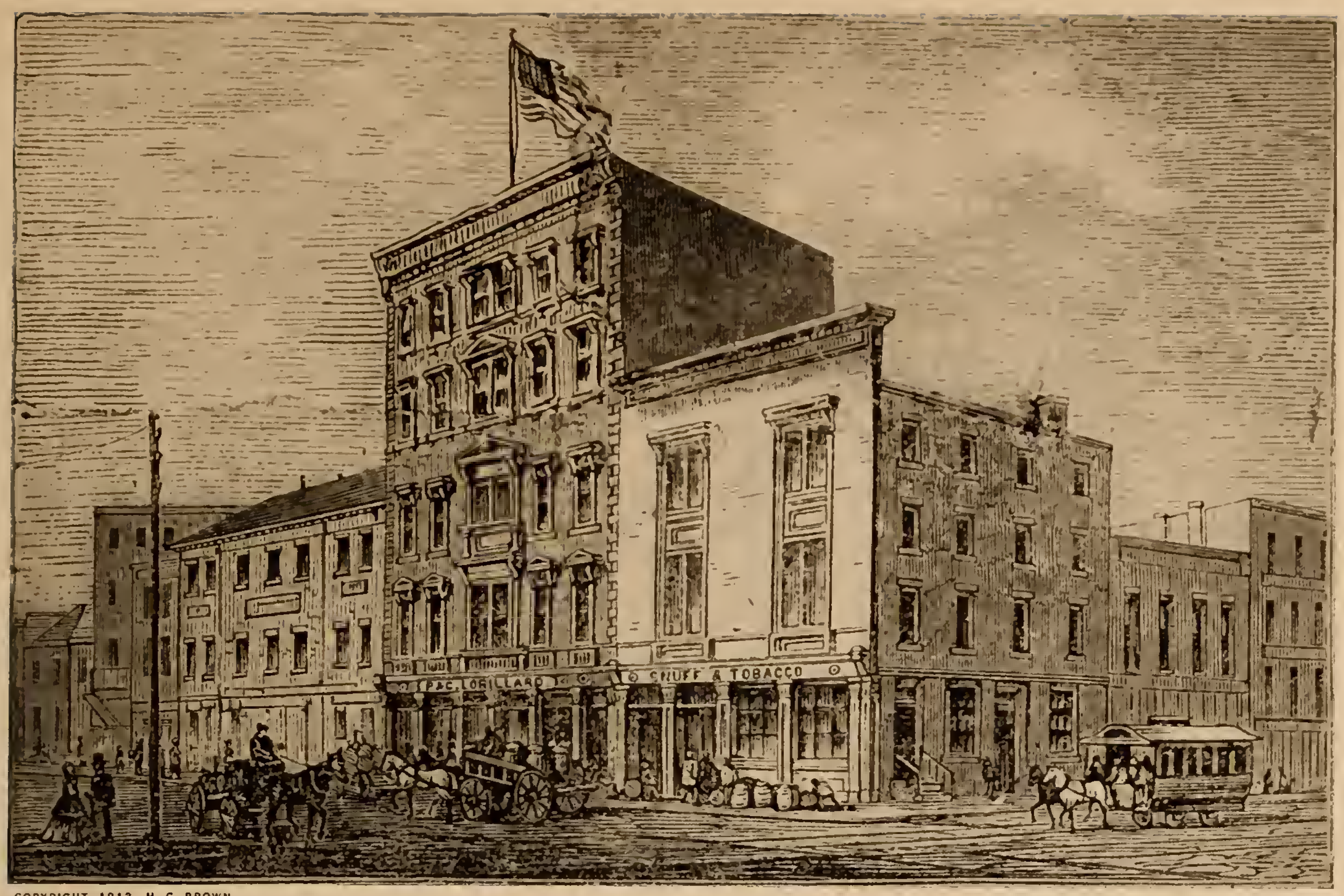
At the time the property was purchased it was subject to a lease with several years to run. Before the lease expired Mr. Frederick Samuel Tallmadge, late president of the Society, died, leaving a large bequest to the Society. This furnished ample funds for the restoration of the Tavern, which was planned with the greatest care.

1904, July 30.—Transfer of the property to the Sons of the Revolution recorded in the Registrar's office.

1906-7.—Restoration of the building.

1907, May 1.—Office of the Sons of the Revolution opened here.

1907, December 4.—Formal occupation and dedication (on the 124th anniversary of Washington's "Farewell" here) of the building by the Sons of the Revolution.



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Oldest Business Firm in New York
P. Lorillard & Co., Established 1760

AFTER CAREFUL INVESTIGATION WE ARE SATISFIED THAT THIS IS NEW YORK'S OLDEST BUSINESS HOUSE. BY THAT WE MEAN ONE WITH WHICH SOME MEMBER OF THE SAME FAMILY HAS ALWAYS BEEN CONNECTED, AND IN WHICH THE ORIGINAL NAME HAS ALWAYS BEEN USED. THEIR OLD SNUFF MILL, ESTABLISHED IN 1760, IN THE BRONX, IS STILL STANDING. THE FIRM NAME OF PETER AND GEORGE LORILLARD, AS TOBACCONISTS, APPEARS IN THE 1796 DIRECTORY OF NEW YORK CITY, AT 42 CHATHAM STREET, AND IN EVERY ONE SINCE. THIS PICTURE WHICH WE SHOW IS THEIR WAREHOUSE AND FACTORY ON CHAMBERS STREET, NEAR CENTRE, NOW OCCUPIED BY THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDING. THIS IS ABOUT 1850. LATER THEY MOVED TO THE BLOCK BOUNDED BY FRANKLIN, LISPENARD AND CHURCH STREETS AND WEST BROADWAY, AND FINALLY TO MARION, NEW JERSEY. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 153 YEARS THE FIRM HAS NOW NO OFFICE OR WAREHOUSE ACTUALLY IN THE CITY, WHICH IS TO BE REGRETTED.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR W MC CULLUM.

PICTURESQUE DAYS OF THE VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT

WHEN THE BOYS "RAN WITH THE MACHINE"

No more spectacular or thrilling sight was seen in our city than the gathering of the clans when the bell-tower clanged forth a midnight alarm and the boys turned out to run with the machine. For many years this city depended entirely upon a volunteer system.

Early in 1686 an ordinance was enacted that every house having two chimneys should be provided with a fire bucket, and that those having more than two fireplaces should have two buckets. This, however, did not suffice, and it was enacted, in 1696, that every tenant, under a penalty, should procure the necessary number of buckets, and deduct the cost of them from the rent. The practice of having every house supplied with fire buckets now became general, and was continued long after the introduction of fire engines. If a fire broke out at night, the watchman gave the alarm with his rattle, and knocked at the doors of the houses with the cry, "Throw out your buckets," the alarm being further spread by the ringing of the bell at the Fort and by the bells in the steeples of the different churches. When the inmates of a house were aroused, the first act was to throw out the buckets into the street, which were of sole leather, holding about three gallons, and were always hung in the passage close to the door. They were picked up by those who were hastening to the fire, it being the general custom for nearly every householder to hurry to the fire, whether by day or by night, and render his assistance. As soon as possible, two lines were formed from the fire to the nearest well or pump, and when that gave out, the line was carried to the next one or to the river. The one line passed up the full buckets and the empty ones were passed down the other. No one was permitted to break through these lines, and if any one attempted to do so, and would not fall in, a bucket of water or several were instantly thrown over him. Each bucket was marked with the name or number of the owner, and when the fire was over, they were all collected together and taken in a cart belonging to the City Hall. A city bellman then went round to announce that they were ready for delivery, when each householder sent for his buckets and hung them up in the allotted place, ready for the next emergency.

With the growth of the city this somewhat antiquated method of fire-fighting acquired a more responsible management and the volunteer service received ever-increasing support from the city. Engine-houses were provided and signal towers maintained.

The day of the volunteer fire laddie in New York was certainly a picturesque era. Thousands still remember old Harry Howard, the last of the clan. Bill

Tweed had his first prominence as chief of Big Six. Hundreds of well-known New Yorkers were members of this company or of that. Riley's Fifth Ward Hotel, on the corner of West Broadway and Franklin Street, had an immensely tall flagpole for those days, and around it would gather many of the engines in a friendly contest as to which could throw the highest stream.

If as a boy you wandered into an unfamiliar part of the city, you would be at once asked by other boys what hose you ran with. If you happened to be in Fourth Street, you would answer "47," or if in the Dry Dock region, you would say "Forest 3." These would change to "Live Oak 44" or "Marion 9," as the case might be. Should you fail to answer correctly, a good punching was your reward, as the small boy aped the rivalry of his elders.

In the beginning and for a long time afterwards, the Volunteers did excellent work. But the city grew with astonishing rapidity and it soon became a physical impossibility to drag the machines the intolerable distances demanded, and reach the scene of action in good condition. Naturally, those who had joined to protect their immediate vicinity could no longer respond to alarms miles away, and thus a body of men of a totally different character from the original "Fire Laddies" usurped their places. Politics also crept in and soon the Volunteers assumed a position in the city's civic development entirely foreign to their original purpose. Fights and brawls were an almost constant occurrence at fires, and soon the citizens knew not which to dread most—a fire or the firemen. It is a matter of record that they consistently and persistently opposed the introduction of nearly every new improvement in fire-fighting apparatus and finally brought down upon themselves the wrath of the community, and with it their own extinction.

Toward the end, almost 1,000 men would appear at nearly every fire. An alarm was also the signal for a general outpouring of the city's worst and most dangerous characters, and in addition to the near-riots of the firemen themselves were added the looting, robbing and pillaging of these lawless toughs. Upon the introduction of the paid department these abuses to a great extent ceased and soon passed away entirely. Nevertheless, the Volunteer Fire Laddie in Old New York was a brave citizen, an intrepid fighter, and repeatedly endangered his life with no thought of the consequences.

For many years they served the city with rare courage and unquestioned heroism. That their services were valuable and are still remembered with great appreciation there is no doubt, and to the old New Yorker the recollection of the boys "running with the machine" still remains an inspiring and romantic memory. Many of them recall with zest the spirited encounters in which they bore, no doubt, a part. It is not our purpose to do more than recall this interesting feature of picturesque days that are no more. To the reader of to-day it may seem that the system long outlived its usefulness.

That New York City with a population of nearly a million souls depended upon a Volunteer Fire Department as late as 1865 sounds like a joke. Boston, Baltimore, St. Louis, Cincinnati and many other cities had long ago abolished the system and were operating a paid department at a tremendous saving. There were,

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Old Belmont Houses, Fifth Avenue and 18th Street, 1893

THESE OLD HOUSES WERE REPRESENTATIVE OF FIFTH AVENUE WHEN IT WAS STILL THE CENTRE OF FASHION BELOW 23RD STREET. THEY WERE CONNECTED, AND OCCUPIED BY MR. AND MRS. BELMONT AND THEIR CHILDREN. THE PICTURE GALLERY EXTENDED BACK ON 18TH STREET. THE SITE IS OCCUPIED BY THE CONSTABLE BUILDING, IN WHICH ARE THE OFFICES OF THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO

all told, about 4,000 volunteers in the service. The expense for the last year of its existence was over $500,000, merely for the items paid for by the city. For bell ringers alone, $38,000 was spent. The system was antiquated and no longer practical under the new conditions. The new paid department started with less than 600 members.

AN OLD-TIME BASEBALL TEAM: 1870 (SEE PAGE 135)

GREAT FIRES IN NEW YORK

Three times New York has suffered severely from fires, in one of which she was almost annihilated. That was in 1835. The property loss, considering the size of the city at the time, was enormous. It is still referred to as the Great Fire. Those of 1776 and 1845, while destructive enough to be forever chronicled, did not approach the terrible disaster of 1835. We append accounts of those of 1835 and 1776 from contemporary writers.

Notwithstanding the huge losses in 1835, it was less than a year before rebuilding on a larger and better scale was well under way, and the vigor and promptness with which this work was prosecuted remain unmatched to the present day.

The curious pictures which were published both here and abroad of the Great Fire in 1835 largely exceed in interest almost any other view of New York at that time. The ones which we show, from the collections of Mr. Goelet, Mr. Davies and Mr. Pyne, are notable as among the best examples obtainable.

CONTEMPORARY DESCRIPTION OF THE GREAT FIRE IN NEW YORK, DECEMBER 17, 1835, WHICH PRACTICALLY DESTROYED THE CITY

(*From the Mercantile Advertiser and New York Advocate*)

A little before 9 o'clock last evening, a fire broke out in the store of Comstock & Andrews, in Merchant Street, which theatened extensive destruction. The street is narrow, and built on both sides with high stores, principally occupied by dry-goods jobbers and importers. The wind blowing a gale at N. W., the thermometer at or below zero, the hydrants mostly frozen, and the engines almost unfit for service in consequence of the freezing of the hose from their exposure the preceding night, great fears of extensive damage were expressed at the commencement of the fire and these fears have been more than realized.—Never has such a conflagration been witnessed in this City.—The amount of property destroyed must be

MANY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

In the course of twenty minutes from the commencement of the fire, not only the building in which it originated, but the whole on both sides of the street to Pearl Street were in a blaze. Never was a more rapid extension of the flames. The stores on Pearl Street and on each side of Merchant Street were soon enveloped in the devouring element. Soon the flames extended across to the south side of Pearl Street, and at this time, Eleven o'clock, have destroyed nearly the whole block, on that side of the street from and including the store of Arthur Tappan & Co., to Wall Street. Thence they have already extended to Water Street, increasing in strength and violence, and now threaten the destruction of all the property on Water, Front, and South Street, from Pearl Street to the river, and from the west side of Wall Street nearly to Old Slip. Some vessels in Coffee House Slip are already on fire—the night is intensely cold—and the scene of destruction is most sublime and awful! It is just reported that the stores in Exchange Place, in the rear of the Exchange, have taken fire. There is now

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Broadway in 1855

AN INTERESTING VIEW OF BROADWAY IN 1855, SHOWING DELMONICO'S ON THE CORNER OF CHAMBERS STREET, AND THE CHEMICAL BANK, WHICH IS STILL IN THE SAME LOCATION. THE SIGN OF THE FIRST MAKERS OF FOUNTAIN PENS IS SHOWN ON THE BUILDING WITH THE HIGH STOOP ON THE CORNER—"PRINCE'S PROTEAN FOUNTAIN PEN." GOODYEAR'S SUCCESSFUL INVENTION OF VULCANIZING RUBBER HAD JUST BROUGHT HIS PRODUCT ON THE MARKET AND HIS FIRST RETAIL STORE IS SHOWN HERE. HEGEMAN, CLARK & CO. — FOREBEARS OF OUR PRESENT WELL-KNOWN RIKER-HEGEMAN DRUG STORES — ARE ALSO SHOWN ON THE CORNER. ROBERT RAIT WAS THE FASHIONABLE JEWELER AND THE TIFFANY OF HIS DAY. THE IRVING HOUSE, NEXT TO DELMONICO'S, WAS A POPULAR COMMERCIAL HOTEL.

THE TYPES OF PEOPLE CORRECTLY REPRESENT THE COSTUMES OF THE DAY, AND THE COSMOPOLITAN CHARACTER OF THE CROWDS IS SHOWN IN THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS. THE STAGES, CARRIAGES, CURIOUS TWO-WHEELED HANSOMS, WAGONS AND TRUCKS ARE ALSO AUTHENTIC.

THIS IS ANOTHER OF THE FAMOUS "STEPHENSON VIEWS"

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. ROBERT GOELET.

a loud explosion of powder or the bursting of casks of spirituous liquors in a store in Water or Front Street. The engines can do nothing to stop the progress of the flames.

Half past 11.—The flames are now raging in every direction from the place where they originated. All the buildings in Exchange Street, below the Exchange, are destroyed—three or four of the buildings in Exchange Place are on fire, and the whole block to William Street, as well as the Exchange, is in danger. The wind has somewhat subsided.

It is impossible to calculate the amount of damage already sustained—such goods as could be hastily saved are strewed in the streets. We shall annex a list of such of the occupants of the stores and sufferers as we can gather in the confusion that prevails. Many immense stocks of goods are consumed. It is believed that more than one hundred stores and warehouses, including many of the most valuable in the city, are already destroyed.

Twelve o'clock.—The rear of the Exchange is now on fire, which is extending into the Post Office. A strong force of firemen is placed there, and hopes are entertained that this building will be saved.—The fire is still extending to South Street—some of the vessels between Coffee House and Old Slips have taken fire.

One o'clock.—The Exchange still on fire in the rear. The letters have been removed from the Post Office. There is now no knowing where the flames will be stayed—the hydrants are exhausted—the hose of many of the engines are frozen and useless, and the flames extending. Never was a more awful sight than is now presented. The fire is yet extending west in Pearl Street—and will probably extend to Old Slip, and sweep off all the valuable buildings on the three squares bounded by Pearl, South, and Wall Streets and Old Slip.—The buildings on the west side of Wall Street, between the Exchange and Pearl Street, are yet standing, some of them much damaged in the rears. Nearly the whole block, bounded by Merchant Street, Exchange Place, William Street, and Pearl Street, an immense pile of new and valuable warehouses, is now on fire and many of them already reduced to ashes. The scene grows worse and worse—the Exchange, it is said, cannot be saved. If this is destroyed, all Wall Street below William Street must share the same fate, and expose to destruction the buildings east to an incalculable extent.

The stores of Howland & Aspinwall, Moses Taylor, Smith & Town, Osborn & Young, and the whole on South Street, Front Street, Water Street, and Pearl Street, between Coffee House and Old Slips are rapidly consuming. Fears are now entertained that the fire will extend on Pearl Street, below Old Slip. The Gazette office and many of the merchants are clearing out. The Exchange, it is now said, cannot be saved, and we are preparing to move our publishing office from the opposite side of the street.

Three o'clock.—The Exchange is in ruins—it is reported that several persons have been killed, or several wounded by the falling of one of the walls.—The fire has now extended north from the Exchange to William Street, on both sides, and threatens to continue through to Broad Street. The Garden Street Church is reported to be on fire. The east side of Wall Street is yet safe. The scene of desolation from Pearl Street to the East River is awful. A messenger has just been dispatched to the Navy Yard, for a supply of powder to blow up buildings in order to stop the progress of the flames. The wind continues high—and there is yet no favorable prospect of any cessation of the flames—they have now reached the rear of Broad Street.

Pearl Street, from Wall Street to Old Slip on both sides, all destroyed.
Water Street, from Wall Street to Old Slip, all destroyed.
Front Street, from Wall Street to Old Slip, all destroyed.
South Street, from Wall Street to Old Slip, all destroyed.

Merchant Street all destroyed.
Exchange Place to William Street all destroyed.
William Street, from Wall Street nearly to Old Slip—destroyed.

Four o'clock.—There is hope that the fire in Wall Street will be stopped by the American Insurance Co., and that that building, and those below, to Pearl Street, will be saved. The buildings above the Am. Ins. Office on the west side of Wall Street to William Street, including the Exchange, are all destroyed—and two or three above William Street. The fire is still raging towards Broad Street in the rear of Wall Street, and may extend to the buildings on the latter. The east side of Wall Street is yet safe.

The flames are yet extending down William Street; the buildings on that street and fronting Hanover Square, including the Gazette office, are burnt down.

This is a terrible calamity to New York. It is believed that more than two hundred valuable stores and warehouses are destroyed, with the principal part of their contents. No estimate of the amount of damage can be made—some individual stocks of goods are estimated as high as two, three and four hundred thousand dollars. The loss cannot fall much short of TWENTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS—and many are of opinion that it will exceed THIRTY MILLIONS!

We have just heard the Mayor say that an attempt would be made to arrest the flames before reaching Broad Street by blowing up one or more of Mr. Lord's stores with powder.

Nearly the whole of Lord's elegant row of stores in Exchange Place, and the Church opposite are in ruins—and the flames extending rapidly towards Broad Street.

The Daily Advertiser and the American newspaper offices are destroyed, with all the machine presses of the establishments.

Five o'clock.—We go to press while the fire is still raging. It is said to have extended below Old Slip on Pearl Street—and there is no calculation where its ravages will be bounded.

Half past five.—The flames are progressing down Pearl Street on the south side, and have enveloped all the buildings to and including the Pearl Street House, No. 88. This information is brought to us by a person just from the immediate neighborhood.

The Post Office, in which everything was saved, has been removed to the Custom House. —No mails have been delivered as yet to-day, but we are to have a delivery this afternoon.

POSTSCRIPT. One o'clock P. M.—The fire has been mastered, and we rejoice to learn, did not cross Coenties Slip, nor advance any farther south upon Pearl Street.

We are gratified that we are enabled to state that the banks, with one accord, are acting in this emergency upon a scale of the most extended liberality. To-day, the officers have "taken the responsibility," in all necessary cases, of "doing as they would be done by." A meeting of bank directors is to be held to-morrow for farther consultation.

Mr. Leggett, of the Telegraph, has made arrangements to have the telegraph from Holt's Hotel. It will be ready in a few days.

We are requested to say that there will be a meeting of the citizens this afternoon, at 4 o'clock, at the Mayor's Office for the purpose of forming a patrol.

THIRD REGIMENT N. Y. STATE ARTILLERY—WASHINGTON GRAYS

New York, Dec. 17, 1835, 10 o'clock P. M.

In compliance with division and brigade orders of this morning, the regiment is directed to parade *this day,* in full uniform, in front of the City Hall, at 3 o'clock P. M., to aid the civil authorities in the protection of property, and the preservation of order in the present distressing calamity.

By order of Col. GEO. P. MORRIS.
MAXWELL, Adjutant.

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Old Chelsea Village: Residence of Clement C. Moore, 23rd Street and Ninth Avenue

CLEMENT C. MOORE, A SON OF BISHOP MOORE, WAS A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY IN OLD CHELSEA VILLAGE. ALTHOUGH HE WAS A VERY LEARNED MAN, NONE OF HIS SERIOUS WORK FOR WHICH HE WAS MUCH ESTEEMED IN HIS DAY HAS COME DOWN TO US.

HE FOUND THE ROAD TO FAME, HOWEVER, IN THOSE ACCIDENTAL BUT DELIGHTFUL VERSES KNOWN TO CHILDHOOD THE WIDE WORLD OVER:

"'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."

ON A RAINY AFTERNOON HE WROTE THEM IN THE HOUSE SHOWN ABOVE, TO AMUSE HIS GRANDCHILDREN.

THE FIRE IN NEW YORK IN 1776

A Revolutionary Soldier's Description of it as Seen from a Ship's Deck

Mr. George H. Richardson, the well-known authority on Americana, kindly contributes the following account of the fire of 1776. It is from a book published in 1812, written by John Joseph Henry, a patriot who was captured at Quebec. He was transferred to a prison ship in New York harbor, from which he viewed the catastrophe. After narrating the escape of three of the prisoners, he continues:

"A short time after the foregoing occurrences a most beautiful and luminous but baleful sight occurred to us, that is, the city of New York on fire. One night, September 22, the watch on deck gave a loud notice of this disaster. Running up on deck we could perceive a light which at the distance we were from it (four miles) was apparently of the size of the flame of a candle. This light appeared to me to be the burning of an old and noted tavern called 'The Fighting Cocks' (where ere this I had lodged) to the east of the Battery and near the wharf. The wind was southwardly and blew a fresh gale; the flame at this place because of the wind increased rapidly. In a moment we saw another light at a great distance from the first, up the North River. The other light seemed to be an original, distinct and new formed fire near a celebrated tavern in the Broadway called 'White Hall.' Our anxiety for the fate of so fine a city caused much solicitude, as we harbored suspicions that the enemy had fired it. The flames were fanned by the briskness of the breeze and drove the destructive effects of the elements on all sides. When the fire reached the spire of a large steeple, south of the tavern, which was attached to a large church, the effect upon the eye was astonishingly grand. If we could divest ourselves of the knowledge that it was the property of our fellow citizens which was consuming, the view might have been esteemed sublime, if not pleasing. The deck of our ship for many hours was lighted as at noonday. In the commencement of the conflagration we observed many boats putting off from the fleet, rowing speedily toward the city; our boat was of the number. This circumstance repelled the idea that our enemies were the incendiaries, for indeed they professedly went in aid of the inhabitants. The boat returned about daylight, and from the relation of the officer and the crew we clearly discerned that the burning of New York was the act of some madcap Americans. The sailors told us in their blunt manner that they had seen one American hanging by his heels, dead, having a bayonet wound through his breast. They named him by his Christian and surname, which they saw imprinted on his arm; they averred he was caught in the act of firing the houses. They told us also that they had seen one person, who was taken in the act, tossed into the fire, and that several who were stealing, and suspected as incendiaries, were bayonetted. Summary justice is at no time laudable, but in this instance it may have been correct. * * * The testimony we received from the sailors, my own view of the distinct beginnings of the fire in various spots remote from each other and the manner of its spreading impressed my mind with the belief that the burning of the city was the doings of the most low and vile of persons, for the purpose not only of thieving but of devastation. This seemed to be the general sense, not only of the British but that of the prisoners then aboard the transports. Lying directly south of the city and in a range with Broadway, we had a fair and full view of the whole process. The persons in the ships nearer to the town than we were uniformly held the same opinion. It was not until some years afterwards that a doubt was created, but for the honor of our country and its good name an ascription was made of the firing of the city to accidental circumstances."

SOME FAMOUS COLLECTIONS OF OLD NEW YORK VIEWS

By J. H. Jordan

It will doubtless be a matter of some surprise for the average New Yorker to know that there are in this city collections of old views, the value of which in some instances cannot be expressed in less than six figures, and the strangest part of it all is that what was regarded as trash at the time of its production is now among the most highly priced pieces in the collector's catalogue.

Many of the choicest subjects were produced as advertising devices. The Stephenson views, for instance, show this feature very plainly, each building being marked by a sign containing the business and name of the occupant. These were undoubtedly produced in large quantities, and the cost of each copy was comparatively trifling. These views were subsequently mailed to the firm's customers, and were thus widely distributed, not only in our own country, but particularly in South America and China, as merchants were much given to this way of advertising. Stephenson's work was remarkable for its accuracy. The buildings were exactly as they then appeared, and as a rule but one firm would occupy the premises. The vehicles, crowds on the street, the occasional foreign figures to be found among them, were thoroughly characteristic of New York's cosmopolitan population. With scarcely an exception, all the buildings portrayed in Stephenson's views have long since disappeared; consequently, what we now know of the city of that period is only available to us through these views.

In the collection of Mr. Robert Goelet are several of these choice lithographs, also some remarkable and curious views of the Battery, of which the figures are represented as characters in Dickens. This was undoubtedly produced at the time Dickens visited this country, and the print is one of rare interest. There is also in this collection a complete set of Valentine's Manuals in an excellent state of preservation, and a file of the *Mirror,* at that time the leading society journal of the town. The Goelet Collection is noted for the completeness with which it has been gathered together and for its unusually excellent condition. The examples shown in this book are only a few of the more important ones, but serve to give an idea of the extent and value of the gathering as a whole.

In making his collection Mr. Percy R. Pyne, 2nd, has enjoyed two of the most essential requisites: a thorough and intimate knowledge of the subject and the resources to acquire the treasures. The famous Schenk view of New York is quite large in size, and the coloring is softened to the point where it resembles a piece of rare old tapestry. The work itself has more to do with the geography of North and South America than of New York. The view of the latter is only one of five which adorn the bottom of the map in the way of ornament, and is classed along with Panama and other similar places. This would indicate that New York was

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Broadway and 100th Street in 1898

THIS IS THE OLD FURNISS HOMESTEAD, WHICH UNTIL A FEW YEARS AGO WAS STILL IN THE OUTSKIRTS. THE SITE HAS SINCE BEEN COVERED WITH APARTMENTS.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR H. B HALL.

only of relative importance, and not much more widely known than Panama. The view was printed toward the close of the seventeenth century, but was probably drawn twenty or twenty-five years earlier. Mr. Pyne picked up his copy in Germany, and it is so far the only known copy in existence. Much of the interest in both the Pyne and Goelet collections arises from the extreme rarity of the views. Both of them possess views that are unique, and not to be seen elsewhere. Mr. Pyne's collection is a notable one in every respect, and is continually enriched by unique accessories.

The late Mr. William F. Havemeyer is another New Yorker whose researches in this field have resulted in a surprisingly interesting collection. The fire scenes are of particular interest, notably the destruction of the city in 1835. This is a French view done in pastel, and shows the burning city from Brooklyn Heights. Among so many interesting items it is difficult to select one for mention above another. There has been, however, much care and knowledge displayed in the selections, and the collection is one that enjoys great distinction.

Mr. I. N. Phelps Stokes is also the possessor of a remarkable aggregation of famous subjects. Mr. Stokes has paid special attention to the scientific side of New York's formation, and his knowledge of the substrata and subterranean waters of the island is wonderfully shown in the remarkable drawings illustrating these items. Mr. Stokes's zeal and enthusiasm in the pursuit of unusual prints has been rewarded by a most interesting and delightful result. He expects soon to give us an insight into his treasures in a book on which he has been at work for several years. While it has been a labor of love, it is, at the same time, a work of considerable detail. Many famous foreign engravers have been at work on the reproductions, and when the book is finished it will be a valuable addition to the iconography of New York.

A partial list of all the pictures thus owned in New York would be a very formidable undertaking, and it is equally hard to determine, in the midst of so much merit, just which collection would be considered the most valuable and interesting, as each one possesses its own peculiar order of merit which places it in a class by itself. It may be Tiebout's view of the City Hall; or it may be a copy of the first Directory of the city, or, possibly, Denton's first printed description of the city. Each collection has its individual claim to distinction.

The wonderful collection of Mr. J. Clarence Davies embraces a wider scope, and possibly a more recent selection than is noted in the others. Some collectors do not care for anything after the Revolution; others do not care to go beyond 1800; while others specialize on the scenes that are still within the memory of men living. Mr. Davies includes both. This collection also rejoices in the possession of the first Directory of New York, which is in itself a distinction to any collection. There is some talk of a special building for the Davies Collection, as it is now stored in a building which is far from fire-proof, and, as Mr. Davies's researches have carried him to a wider and perhaps more interesting period from certain points of view, the destruction of his collection would be a city-wide calamity. The books and papers relating to old New York possessed by Mr. Davies are remarkable in

their scope and extent. Rare first editions are frequent, and all the older maps and directories of the city figure in this remarkable assemblage.

Mr. John N. Golding has paid more attention to the middle of the last century than any of the others. His views of Pine Street, showing the old stoop railings, and other sections of the lower part of the city are remarkable. He has also picked up an amazing amount of railroad literature, consisting of time-tables, announcements, tickets, etc., of the New York Central. His collection is considerably enriched by new purchases, and is one of the best known.

Robert E. Dowling is another enthusiast whose collection embraces some very remarkable specimens. It is particularly strong in Jones and Newman's views. He has one of the most perfect copies known, showing Broadway from the Battery to Worth Street. This was an advertising device, and each building on Broadway of that period (1848) is correctly drawn, and also bears the name of the houses clearly marked. These Jones and Newman views, by the way, have become among the most eagerly sought for items connected with the old city, and if either of these gentlemen were still living and heard of the enormous sums paid for their modest little pamphlets, it would be enough to cause them great perturbation of spirit. In all probability they were originally sold at not over two and a half cents in quantities, and 12½ cents retail. A really good copy of this print is now held at $700.

Strange to relate, the idea of collecting these old views seems to have originated with the real-estate men. The late Mr. Neill, who was for many years a real-estate editor in this city, was indefatigable in his search for this material, and, being a pioneer in the field, he accumulated an extremely remarkable collection. Of late years, however, the infection has spread, till now it includes men in varied walks of life.

While we have been able to enumerate only a few of the most prominent collectors, the list is constantly growing. The late Mr. Morgan had begun to take an interest in the subject, and the present Mr. Morgan has for some time paid more or less attention to prints pertaining to Broad and Wall Streets. Mr. N. F. Palmer, Mr. Harris D. Colt, Mr. H. L. Pratt, the New York Stock Exchange Luncheon Club, the Down Town Club, Mr. John D. Crimmins, Mr. Thomas E. Crimmins, Mr. W. Loring Andrews, Mr. Simeon Ford, Mr. Robert L. Sisson, Mr. Henry Morgenthau, Mr. Amos F. Eno, Mr. Laurence B. Elliman, Mr. Herbert B. Ashforth, and Mr. George R. Read can also be included in the list of those entitled to honorable mention.

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Park Place in 1850

A VIEW OF PARK PLACE SHOWING FOUR OLD-FASHIONED, HIP-ROOFED HOUSES, SURVIVALS OF THE PERIOD WHEN THIS STREET WAS ONE OF THE MOST SELECT RESIDENTIAL SECTIONS OF THE CITY. LORDLY SPRUCE AND ELM TREES LINED BOTH SIDES OF THE STREET, AND THE "PLACE" ENDED AT CHURCH STREET, WHERE THE CHARMING GROUNDS OF KING'S COLLEGE (COLUMBIA) BEGAN. AT THE BROADWAY ENTRANCE CITY HALL PARK FACED IT WITH A BEAUTIFUL FOUNTAIN, HALF HIDDEN BY LUXURIANT FOLIAGE. ALTOGETHER IT WAS A DELIGHTFUL RETREAT AND THE CENTRE OF FASHION TILL LATE IN THE TWENTIES. OUR PICTURE IS ABOUT 1850, AND AN OLD-TIME NAME IN THAT SECTION IS NOTED ON ONE OF THE WAGONS — DEVLIN & CO., THE CLOTHIERS.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. JOHN D. CRIMMINS

A most interesting volume for old New Yorkers is Mr. Charles H. Haswell's "Reminiscences." Mr. Haswell was born in 1816 and lived almost a century. The following is only one of the many items of rare interest in this work.

Furnaces, hall stoves and the air-tight stoves for bedrooms were absent from the houses of this period (1830) and in severe weather the best of these houses were much less comfortable than many stables of this day. Warming-pans for beds were all but a necessity for elderly persons, bedrooms being so cold that washing in the morning often could be done only after first breaking the ice in the pitcher. The facilities for procuring a light for fire comprised the construction of a tinder-box, filled with tinder of well-scorched rag, a flint and a suitable piece of steel; or by the rapid operation of a steel wheel, rotated by drawing a long cord previously wound around its axis; to the face of this was applied a flint, the sparks elicited by it falling upon the tinder, to which, when ignited, a sulphur bituminous match, as it was termed, was applied and lighted.

The chief fuel of the time, and for many years after, was wood, sold by the load from vessels that brought it to the city, each load measured by a City inspector. It was in full length (four feet) delivered in the street in front of buildings or residences, where it was sawed by wood sawyers (colored) in two lengths only, and occasionally split. Steam sawing and splitting mills were not introduced until very many years after, and if wood-yards existed, I do not recollect one. Coal was very little in use for domestic purposes except in parlor grates; in this vicinity it was commercially termed Liverpool or Newcastle, from the names of the ports from which it was shipped, and as it all came from abroad was generally known as "sea-coal."

NO. 175

NEW-YORK, AUGUST 1, 1814.

THIS CERTIFIES that on paying the sum of Five Hundred Dollars, Archibald Bruce or his assignee will be entitled to one share in the ***HUDSON RIVER STEAM-BOAT STOCK,*** as per articles of agreement with Robert Fulton, bearing date the thirtieth day of May, 1814, and a certain memorandum of agreement with him, bearing date the first day of August, 1814, which stock is only transferable on the books of said Company on producing this certificate.

RECEIVED of the above mentioned sum *Two Hundred Dollars.*

Robert Fulton

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS.

DAYS OF SMOOTH-SHAVEN FACES AND OTHER STRANGE CUSTOMS

Mr. Haswell speaks of another fashion which has now reappeared, and adds some other interesting facts:

A young gentleman of this city, son of a well-known and respectable resident, returned from brief travel in Europe with his upper lip adorned with a moustache. This was the very first display of one by an American in this city, and it was so observedly singular and exceptional that it occasioned much comment and criticism. So great was this departure from the custom of our people that it was not until 1836, and then only by progressive invasion upon the general prejudice, that such exhibitions, as they were termed, were at all assented to; even so late as 1850 moustaches were termed "monstrous" by persons of taste, culture and sober judgment.

There was a feature in social requirements of 1830, prejudices, as some would say, that was as decided as it may be incredible to many persons of the present time; viz., no man who was known to smoke a cigar in the streets or at his office in business hours could have procured a discount at any bank in the city.

Hogs were permitted still to run at large in the streets (1825), although the practice was objected to by most of the citizens, and the frequent mortifying references thereto of Boston and Philadelphia editors added to the opposition; yet the common opinion that the hogs were the best scavengers supported, for many years after, the indifference to the practice shown by the Common Council. In support of this inaction it is to be considered that at this period all garbage and refuse matter from dwellings was thrown into the street. Some years after an ordinance of the Common Council authorized the furnishing and equipment of a cart and operators to arrest swine in the streets. The advent of the cart and the endeavor to arrest the swine were attended with such forcible opposition by men and boys that the ordinance necessarily became a dead letter, until the *amour propre* of our citizens, despite the unpopularity of the cart, was aroused, the enormity of the practice was realized, and swine were removed from the street.

At this time (1823) and for many years after there was such a lack of amusements that young men and boys were glad to avail themselves even of an evening book auction, and, as a result, there were many of these, and well attended.

On July 4, 1827, negro slavery in the State was abolished.

The *Advocate,* a leading paper, in its columns of the 31st of September, 1826, published the fact, with expressions of its disapprobation, that a young man had been seen smoking in the streets so early as nine o'clock in the morning. Street gas lamps were first lighted in this month.

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From 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue

SPLENDID PANORAMIC VIEW LOOKING SOUTH FROM 42ND STREET, PRESENT GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL. THE MOST PROMINENT BUILDINGS ARE THE OLD RESERVOIR ON THE CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE, AND THE CRYSTAL PALACE WHICH STOOD ON THE BALANCE OF THE BLOCK TO SIXTH AVENUE, NOW BRYANT PARK. THIS VIEW WAS TAKEN FROM LATTING'S OBSERVATORY, WHICH STOOD IN THE LOTS BEYOND 42ND STREET, AND WAS IMMENSELY POPULAR WITH VISITORS, WHO PAID A FEE FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF VIEWING THE ENTIRE CITY. VERY LITTLE OF FIFTH AVENUE WAS THEN BUILT UP, AND SIXTH AVENUE WAS ABOUT THE SAME. A VERY EXCELLENT IDEA OF THE BUILT-UP PORTION OF THE CITY AT THAT TIME.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. GEORGE R. READ.

BEGINNING OF THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The originator of this well-known and popular society was Mr. John Pintard, one-time editor of the *Daily Advertiser* and renowned for his many public benefactions and interests. Among other things worthy of mention, he established the first New York Savings Bank in 1819, agitated the "free school system," and was influential in securing the construction of the Erie Canal. Through his zeal a meeting was held November 20, 1804, to consider the preliminary arrangements for the Society, whose minutes contain the following record of that first important meeting:

> "The following persons, vizt—Egbert Benson, DeWitt Clinton, Rev. William Linn, Rev. Saml. Miller, Rev. John N. Abeel, Rev. John M. Mason, Dr. David Hosack, Anthony Bleecker, Saml. Bayard, Peter G. Stuyvesant and John Pintard, being assembled in the Picture Room of the City Hall of the City of New York (located on Wall Street) agreed to form themselves into a Society, the principal design of which should be to collect and preserve whatever may relate to the natural, civil or ecclesiastical History of the United States in general, and of this State in particular, and appointed Mr. Benson, Doctor Miller and Mr. Pintard a committee to prepare and report a draft of a Constitution."

This constitution was adopted, and the first regular meeting thereafter was held January 14, 1805, the Society was formally organized and an election of officers took place. They adopted a seal, and later a vignette showing the arrival of Henry Hudson in 1609, designed by Durand, for diploma. These eleven gentlemen who formed the nucleus of the Society were all prominent, illustrious New Yorkers, whose achievements are too widely known to require recital herein. Several of them later served as Presidents of the Society and battled persistently for it through precarious times.

The first home of the Society was Federal Hall. It stood on the northeast corner of Wall and Nassau Streets, having been erected in 1700 as the second City Hall, succeeding the first City Hall or "Stadt Huys" erected on Pearl Street in 1642. Here the Society held its meetings until 1809, and in 1812 the historic old building, that had witnessed President Washington's inauguration, was torn down.

The foundation was laid for its present extensive library when the Society, in 1807, purchased from its Recording Secretary, Mr. John Pintard, a considerable number of books relating to the history of America. Liberal donations were subsequently made, and these, together with other purchases, soon formed a creditable library in the department of American History.

The Society in 1809 commemorated the discovery of this part of North America by Henry Hudson two hundred years previously. They were granted the use of the front courtroom of Federal Hall for the occasion, and the Rev. Dr. Miller discoursed of the event to the élite of New York, including "His Excellency the

Governor, and the Mayor and Corporation of the City." The Society thereupon adjourned to the then popular City Hotel to partake of a repast characteristic of the times, and roundly toasted the principal historical events and functionaries of the United States. The enthusiasm aroused by this momentous occasion lent impetus to the publication by the Society of its first volume of Collections, subsequently followed by some thirty others during the first century of its existence.

Through a subscription of $100,000 by Mrs. Robert L. Stuart and further additions by the members and friends of the Society, amounting to over $150,000, the Society was enabled to purchase in 1891 a site on Eighth Avenue, Seventy-sixth and Seventy-seventh Streets, for the erection of its present magnificent home. The importance to which the Society had attained is demonstrated by a perusal of a list of the subscribers to this fund, on which are enrolled the names of many of the most representative and pre-eminent citizens of New York. The further gift from Mr. Henry Dexter (a member since 1863) of $250,000 insured the erection of the central portion of the new building.

In 1903 the laying of the corner-stone for the new edifice took place, whereupon the assembly adjourned to the lecture hall of the American Museum of Natural History to celebrate its ninety-ninth anniversary. Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie furnished the address of the occasion, the subject being, appropriately, "The Genius of the Cosmopolitan City." Probably in no other enterprise of New York has that same genius pulsed more vigorously than in the New York Historical Society from its inception with a scant handful of members to the present day, housed in its extensive new building.

* * * * * *

ROBERT H. KELBY

One of the few men in the city without whose aid it would be practically impossible to write a good article on New York City is the well-known librarian of the New York Historical Society, Robert H. Kelby. Mr. Kelby is pleasantly remembered by many old New Yorkers, not only in connection with his work as librarian, but for his delightful lectures on the Revolutionary period of our city. On May 1st Mr. Kelby celebrated his forty-fifth anniversary in connection with the Society, which means that for almost three-quarters of a century he has been in the atmosphere of old New York, his native city.

It is pleasant to record our acknowledgment of his kindly services in the preparation of this work, and of the many courtesies which the Library itself has accorded the writer.

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First Entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge

THIS SHOWS THE FIRST NEW YORK ENTRANCE TO THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE AS IT APPEARED AT ITS OPENING IN 1BB4. FRENCH'S HOTEL IS SEEN ON THE CORNER WHERE THE WORLD BUILDING NOW STANDS. THE SUN BUILDING IS ABOUT THE SAME TO-DAY, EXCEPT THAT PERRY'S DRUG STORE THEN OCCUPIED PART OF THE STREET FLOOR. BILLY HITCHCOCK'S WAS IN THE BASEMENT NEXT TO FRENCH'S, AND CROOK AND NASH HAD A RESTAURANT TWO DOORS BELOW. THE ENTRANCE TO THE BRIDGE DID NOT EXTEND BEYOND THE BUILDING LINE OF THE EAST SIDE OF PARK ROW AND THE FARE FOR FOOT PASSENGERS WAS ONE CENT. THE BRIDGE CARS RAN ONLY ACROSS THE BRIDGE AND MADE NO CONNECTION AT EITHER END, AS THEY DO TO-DAY. IT COST THREE CENTS TO RIDE FROM ONE SIDE TO THE OTHER.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR HENRY MORGENTHAU

THE SOCIETY LIBRARY, THE OLDEST IN THE CITY

SOME OF ITS PRICELESS TREASURES—ONLY FILE OF BRADFORD'S N. Y. GAZETTE, 1726-29, IN EXISTENCE OWNED BY IT

On the 25th of March, 1728, the Rev. John Millington, D.D., bequeathed to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts all of his books, with the reqeust that they be sent to the plantations in America. The society decided to send this library, consisting of 1,642 volumes, to New York, and in 1729 the Common Council accepted the gift and agreed to care for the collection, which was known as the Corporation Library.

As the library was little used, in 1754 a number of prominent citizens met and organized as the Society Library.

It meant something to draw a book in those days, since travel was not only difficult but expensive, and while now they deliver all books to members residing in the city, there was a time when persons desiring books were frequently obliged to come from another State to get them. In some cases such a person could not come oftener than once a year to the city. To take out a book he had to deposit a sum greater than the cost of the book to start with, but he could keep it a year without renewal.

Many of the old Knickerbocker families held stock in the library in the early days, and there are yet several families whose ancestors held stock in the original corporation, which was formed in 1754, and they treasure the original shares highly. Among these are the De Peysters, De Lanceys, Livingstons, Schuylers and Roosevelts.

It was along in 1772 that the library came to the notice of King George, and in that year a charter was granted it, a copy of which is still in its collection. During the War of the Revolution many of the books were scattered, as the library was sacked by the Hessian troops who were quartered in the city. Some of them were traded for rum. After the war many of them were found, and a collection of some 600 of them were discovered in the tower of St. Paul's Church.

It has many valuable books and papers. Particularly rare is a file of the *New York Gazette,* published by William Bradford from March 26, 1726, to November 17, 1729. There are no other copies of these particular files in existence.

There are five special collections of books in the library, of which one of the more important is the Winthrop collection in Latin, once the property of John Winthrop of Connecticut. Then there is the John C. Green alcove of art works maintained by the sum of $50,000 left by his widow. It includes books on architecture, costumes, heraldry, etc.

OLD MERCHANTS OF NEW YORK

In the days when New York was struggling to secure a foothold in the world of commerce, the methods of doing business were widely different from those which prevail to-day. Very few goods were manufactured, most of them coming from abroad. Instead of going through the hands of jobbers, merchandise to a great extent was consigned to auctioneers who announced the contents of a cargo and sold them at the wharf to the highest bidder. The dealers in the different lines would thereupon remove such purchases to their stores and proceed to distribute them among their customers.

Announcements were made with much detail as to location. For example:

> "Now opening at the house of Erasmus Williams in Broad Street near the Exchange and nearly opposite to Gen. Gage's an assortment of Indian goods bought in London by a competent judge," etc.

It was customary then and for a great many years afterwards for merchants to live over their stores, and even when the town began to assume some social pretensions the custom of living over the stores was continued. In those early days the leading business firms were auctioneers, and that of David Austin was well in the fore. He lived in Bowling Green next to Mr. Stephen Whitney's, then accounted the richest man in New York. We remember the block as "Old Steamship Row." It is now the Custom House. The firm was at one time Austin & Wilmerding and Austin & Spicer. Isaac Townsend, president of the Union Club, is a grandson of Austin's. This same family were the first ironmasters in the country, owning the Sterling Iron Works just back of Tuxedo Park. At this foundry was forged the chain stretched across the Hudson at Dobbs Ferry to prevent the English fleet from ascending.

Prime, Ward & King were the J. P. Morgans of their day. John Jacob Astor and John G. Coster were prominent in real estate. Peter and George Lorillard had a snuff mill in what is now Bronx Park and a shop in Chatham Street (No. 42), and later on the grandsons had a large plant which covered the block on West Broadway, Franklin and Leonard Streets. They later removed to Jersey City, but kept a warehouse on Chambers Street. The business is still continued in Marion, N. J., which makes the rather creditable record of one hundred and fifty-three years of uninterrupted existence.

Archibald Gracie & Sons were among the first to organize the insurance business in this city; James McEvers was also interested in the same line. Grant Thorburn founded the seed-store in 1802 which is still conducted by his direct descendants on Barclay Street.

During one of the fever outbreaks which were prevalent in those days, a young man walked into Thorburn's store, freshly landed from an English ship.

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Lydig Mills in the Bronx, 1760

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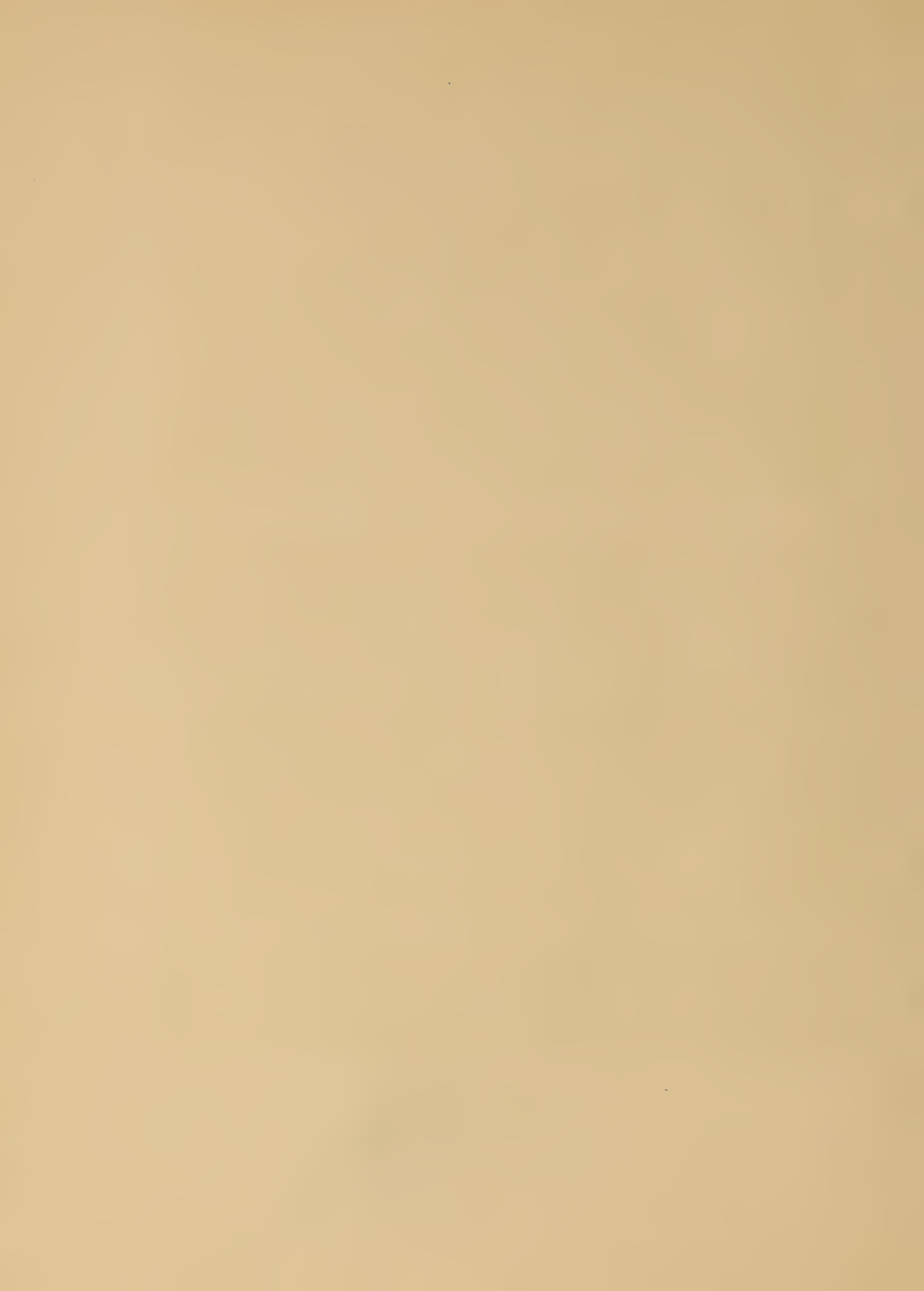
The Old Cushman House, Ninth Avenue, 21st to 22nd Street
(Now Site of Chelsea Court Apartments)



He was without friends or money, and requested Mr. Thorburn to board him until he could find work. The young man was attacked by the fever and was nursed through a dangerous illness by Grant Thorburn and his wife. This act of kindness was repaid many times over, as the young man subsequently rose to great distinction as inventor and builder of the printing press—Robert Hoe. Grant Thorburn was a noted character in his day and his funeral was largely attended by representative men in all walks of life.

David Kennedy, John Haggerty, Thomas Suffern, William Constable, H. A. Coster, Frederick Gebhard, Philip Livingston, Parish & Kernoch, Andrew A. Barclay, William Beekman, Nicholas K. Anthony, Peter and Abraham Brinckerhoff, Jr., Nicholas Roosevelt, Joseph Kernochan, were prominent merchants at that time engaged in different enterprises, and these family names are still borne with distinction by their descendants who are active in various commercial lines to-day. Rufus King, James Gore King, Effingham Lawrence, John B. Lawrence, are brought to memory by their descendants. Jacob Schieffelin, who formed a partnership with Effingham Lawrence in 1794 under the firm name of Lawrence & Schieffelin, is perpetuated to-day in the well-known firm of Schieffelin & Co., whose place of business is still in the neighborhood where it was founded, one hundred and nineteen years ago.

Peter Van Brugh Livingston, Henry C. De Rahm, Thomas Buchanan, Isaac Roosevelt, John Pintard, Peter Goelet, Isaac Low, A. A. Low, were among other merchants doing business on the west side of the city, and the streets contiguous to it, as Washington, Greenwich, Liberty, Cortlandt, State, Stone and Mill Streets; also, LeRoy, Bayard & McEvers, Van Horn & Clarkson, Reade & Jepson, Joseph Howland & Son, Levi Coit, Kane & Platt, John Atkinson & Son, Andrew Ogden & Co., T. and J. Swords, Evert Duyckinck, David Longworth, Isaac Riley, Samuel F. Hopkins, Samuel Campbell, Hoffman & Seton, Alexander S. Glass, James Bleecker, Hone, Livingston & Co., Irving & Smith, Ingraham, Phoenix & Noxson, and others.

The dry-goods trade was principally confined to Pearl Street, where it continued until the great fire of 1835. After having been rebuilt, such high rents were demanded that the business diffused itself through the city, and you could scarcely find a dry-goods house in the whole street. Among the old houses of that day were Haggerty & Austin, E. and P. Evary, Gilbert and John Aspinwall, Lawrence, Van Sindevan & Co., Daniel Rapelye, Blackwell & McFarland, William Dodge & Sons, J. G. Pierson & Bros., Swartwout & Dumont, Peter Remsen, Augustus Wynkoop, John F. Suydam, James and Nicholas Heard, Joshua Waddington & Co., Van Winkle & Antwerp, Robert Chesebrough, Clendening & Adams.

Almost all the sloops and other vessels from towns on the North River—Albany, Troy, Poughkeepsie, Lansingburg, Waterford, Hudson, Rhinebeck, Redhook, Fishkill, Newburgh, Catskill, etc., docked at the Battery from Whitehall Street along South to the west side of Coenties Slip. They brought country produce, grain, provisions, etc. New Brunswick, Amboy, Newark, Elizabethtown,

Rahway and other New Jersey sloops came in at the Old Albany basin in front of 23 South Street. As this was before the days of steamboats, many of the sloops were fitted up in handsome style for the conveyance of passengers, as it was quite an undertaking to make a voyage to Albany, adverse winds, etc., often delaying them several days on the river.

Counsellors and lawyers in Broad Street were Nathaniel Pendleton, Samuel Jones, Jr., David S. Jones, George Griffin, Governor Ogden, Keese & Garr; in Garden Street, Thomas L. Ogden, David A. Ogden; in Pine Street, Caleb S. Riggs, David B. Ogden, Peter A. Jay, William Johnson, John Wells, Josiah Ogden Hoffman; in Nassau Street, Thomas Addis Emmet, William Sampson, William Slosson, Cadwalader D. Colden, Martin S. Wilkins, Jacob Radcliffe, Peter W. Radcliffe. In William Street were Henry A. and John G. Coster, Joel and Jotham Post, A. and F. Ogsbury, Augustine H. Lawrence & Co. All were eminent, and their offices, as they are to-day, were contiguous to the City Hall, which was then in Wall Street.

In Coenties Slip, South Street, were the houses of Simon and Peter Schermerhorn, Saltus & Son, William Codman, Palmer & Hamilton, Foster & Giraud. There were also a large number of Friends in this neighborhood, operators in flour and grain, and interested in shipping, among them John Townsend, Franklin Robinson & Co., John Franklin, Henry and Matthew Franklin, Minturn & Champlin.

In Front Street were the well-known houses of Jenkins & Havens, Gabriel and Philetus Havens, Bailey & Bogert, Ebenezer Stevens, B. and J. Strong & Co., John and Jacob Drake, Tredwell & Thorne and Thomas H. Smith. There were other prominent merchants in different parts of the city: J. Boonen Graves, Frederick Gebhard, Knox & Laurie, Divie Bethune, Gilbert Robertson, George Barnwall; and of Irish houses engaged in the Irish trade, which was a very important one, were James McBride, John Flack, William and Samuel Craig, McVickar & Stuart, Alexander Cranston & Co., Abraham Bell & Co., James and William Sterling, John Agnew. Other familiar names are George Clinton, Albert and James Chrystie, Alexander Brown, Benjamin de Forest, Henry and William Delafield, James De Lancey, Francis Depau, Frederick De Peyster, Charles De Witt, James Duane, William Duer, Nicholas Fish, Fish & Grinnell, Gilbert Haight, Thomas Hamersley, Hicks, Lawrence & Co., Robert Hoe & Co., Philip Hone, John Hone & Co., Daniel Ludlow, James Rutgers Marshall, Robert Murray, Henry and Daniel Parish, Platt, Stout & Ingoldsby, William Rhinelander, Anthony Rutgers, Comfort Sands, Augustus Schell, John Speyer, Garrit and Stephen Storm, Samuel Townsend, Peter P. Van Buren, Gulian C. Verplanck, Marmaduke Ward, Stephen Whitney, Benjamin Wolfe, Sebring & Varick, John T. Willetts, Preserved Fish, and others.

The descendants of many of these old merchants are still in active business. Others have become large landed proprietors, while law and literature have claimed many more. In banks, trust companies and corporations of various kinds can be read names of the third and fourth generation still carrying out the plans

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The Gouverneur Morris Home in Morrisania, 1786

THE GOUVERNEUR MORRIS WHO PRACTICALLY BUILT THIS HOUSE WAS ONE OF THE BIG FIGURES IN THE REVOLUTION. HE WAS A MEMBER OF THE PROVINCIAL CONGRESS AND OF THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS, AND LATER DELEGATE TO FRAME THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION, AND A SENATOR IN CONGRESS. AS AN INTIMATE FRIEND OF WASHINGTON HE PLAYED AN IMPORTANT PART ABROAD AS MINISTER TO FRANCE, AND WAS PRESENT AT THE FIRST DAY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. HE PROPOSED A PLAN OF ESCAPE FOR LOUIS XVI, WHICH WOULD HAVE PROVED SUCCESSFUL HAD NOT THE LATTER CHANGED HIS MIND AND DECIDED TO REMAIN. HE DELIVERED THE ORATION AT THE FUNERAL OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON. OF ALL THE GREAT CHARACTERS DURING THE STORMY PERIOD IN WHICH HE LIVED FEW SHONE WITH GREATER BRILLIANCY. THIS FINE OLD HISTORIC HOUSE WAS RUTHLESSLY DEMOLISHED TO MAKE ROOM FOR AN EXTENSION OF THE NEW HAVEN TRACKS.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR J CRAWFORD BROWN.

and policies of their forebears, changed and enlarged to meet the present-day conditions.

Of the firms that have been in existence over one hundred years in New York, the list is small. Prominent among them, besides those we have already named, occur to us Cowperthwait & Co., established 1807; Colgate & Co., 1806; Bank of New York, 1794; R. C. Williams Co., 1810; The American Bank Note Co.; Barrett, Nephews & Co. Doubtless there are others, but there seems no accurate record available.

Within the last quarter of a century vast changes have occurred in the business world. Great aggregations of capital have combined and absorbed many individual firms into one giant corporation. In this way well-known houses of the last century have disappeared in a sense, though the merchants themselves are still in business. The half a hundred well-known tobacco firms, for instance, such as William S. Kimball & Co., Allen & Gunter, W. Duke, Sons & Co., Kinney Bros., Goodwin & Co., Thomas Hall, were long ago absorbed by just such a combination. The same process has applied to many other branches of mercantile life, so that the days when our employer knew all of his help has long ago passed into oblivion.

The new order of things was no doubt the natural result of new conditions, and is perhaps a better and more modern method of trading. But the old days and the old methods had the advantage of the personal equation, an element wholly unknown in the impersonal corporation spirit of to-day. It is said to be better, but the Government is constantly trying to restore old conditions. Co-operation, however, as against unrestrained competition, is a great attraction.

A firm of great prominence in the eighties was H. K. and F. B. Thurber & Co., wholesale grocers. In their line they ranked the highest. They did a business of over $30,000,000 annually, a remarkable performance for those days. They have completely disappeared. Francis H. Leggett & Co. were then on Reade Street, with Austin Nichols & Co., Burkhalter, Masten & Co. and H. M. Anthony opposite. Early & Lane were on the corner of Reade Street and West Broadway, and Wiley, Wickes & Wing just below. Robert Gair, who now has eight or nine immense modern factory buildings in Brooklyn, was then at No. 143. He had as a partner George West, of Ballston Spa. B. E. Hale & Co. were on Park Place. D. S. Walton was with them. He bought the Hale business and developed an immense establishment of his own.

Fischer & Lansing were on the corner of Greenwich and Reade Streets, now B. Fischer & Co.; Lewis De Groff & Son in Washington Street. Henry Welsh was another noted figure. His building collapsed one day, causing a sensation. C. F. Mattlage, Tarrant & Co., Hall & Ruckel, were in Warren Street. C. H. and E. S. Goldberg, who now occupy the old Thurber Building, were in Washington Street, and Kemp, Day & Co. on Murray.

The hardware men were in Chambers and Murray Streets. Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co. were in a very small and old building not far from Broadway. Russell & Erwin were on Reade Street, next to the American News Co. Sargent

& Co., P. and F. Corbin, Stanley Works, Henry B. Newhall, Peck, Stow & Wilcox Co., Reading Hardware Co., W. & J. Tiebout, Patterson Bros., Wiebusch & Hilger, Whitman & Barnes, Alfred Field & Son, were among the best known ones. They must all be quite old houses now.

Among the printers, the famous Trow Press, patriarch among printing shops in New York and publishers of the City Directory for nearly a century, were, and are, in East 12th Street. The Bartlett-Orr Press was just coming into existence. Bartlett had made a great reputation as an engraver. Louis Orr came along and developed the plant. They were the first in town to make strictly high-class work for mercantile purposes. Their catalogue work for Mott and Columbia bicycles created a sensation in their day. Francis Hart & Co., afterward the De Vinne Press, were on College Place and Murray Street, with Theodore L. De Vinne as manager. The Winthrop Press was then in Waverly Place, and was a small affair compared with the present. Douglass Taylor was prominent then; so were Nesbit & Co. The American Bank Note Co. had just moved to their new building on Trinity Place. Martin B. Brown was on Murray Street, and Major Knapp & Co. on Park Place. Warner Hatch was still prominent in lithography, and G. H. Buek & Co. had commenced to make themselves known. Mr. Buek's wonderful water-color reproductions marked a distinct epoch in the business. Donaldson Bros. were over in Five Points. Schumacher & Ettlinger were on Bleecker, and Julius Bien on Duane Street; Gast Litho Co., Wemple & Co., on Warren; John Hodge, dean of lithographers, was in Fulton Street; Burrow-Giles on College Place, and Lindner, Eddy & Claus in Centre Street; C. G. Burgoyne, the first "quick printer," on Centre Street. Hinds, Ketcham & Co. were the best known label house, with Sam Crump a good second. Gilbert Johnstone, now prominent in the U. S. Printing Co., was taking his first orders from Duke's Cigarette factory in Rivington Street, and the Burr Printing House, established by Gray & Green, on Jacob Street, was well known. Mr. William Green, affectionately known as "Billy" to all the trade, is a son of Green of this old firm.

These are just a few of the firms with whom I was brought into contact in the regular course of business, and form only a small list. These are noted, as with few exceptions they are still in business and have prospered.

Joseph Pulitzer had just arrived from St. Louis, and was making a stir with the *World.* William Randolph Hearst had just graduated from college, and his entry into journalism was not regarded seriously. Arthur Brisbane was still the London correspondent of the New York *Sun,* which was then the best-known paper, under the editorship of Charles A. Dana. The *Tribune* was under Whitelaw Reid, the *Times* under George Jones, and the *Evening Post* under Godkin; the *Mail and Express,* under Elliott F. Shepard, carried a verse of Scripture at the head of its editorial page every day.

Among the advertisers, Frank Seaman had a small office under the stairs in the old Cassel & Co. Building on Fourth Avenue; J. Walter Thompson had modest rooms in the *Times* Building. Frank Presbrey was running a weekly in Washington called *Public Opinion,* and the Mallory Bros. ran a theatre as well

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The Famous Burgis View of New York, 1717
(Recently reported sold at a record-breaking price)

ROBERT FRIDENBERG RENDERED A SIGNAL SERVICE TO THE COLLECTORS OF OLD PRINTS OF NEW YORK WHEN HE SECURED A HITHERTO UNKNOWN COPY OF THIS REMARKABLE ENGRAVING. IT IS IN FOUR SECTIONS AND IS SEVEN FEET LONG. MOST OF THE PROMINENT BUILDINGS ARE SHOWN IN THE PICTURE. THE SMALL HOUSE IN THE LOWER RIGHT-HAND CORNER IS THE BROOKLYN FERRY LANDING, ABOUT THE FOOT OF PRESENT FULTON STREET. THE BOAT JUST ABOVE THIS HOUSE IS DESCRIBED AS "COL. MORRIS' SLOOP 'FANCY' TURNING IN THE WIND." THE ENORMOUS SIZE OF THIS COPPERPLATE AND ITS UNDOUBTED GREAT COST FOR THOSE DAYS IS A VERY CLEAR INDICATION OF THE IMPORTANCE OF THE CITY EVEN AT THAT EARLY PERIOD. NO OTHER COLONIAL CITY WAS EVER SO COMPLIMENTED, ALTHOUGH OTHERS WERE NUMERICALLY LARGER. TRINITY'S FAMOUS OLD SPIRE IS THE MOST IMPORTANT FEATURE IN THIS PICTURE, AND SO REMAINED IN ALL PICTURES OF OUR CITY TILL WITHIN A VERY FEW YEARS, WHEN IT WAS FINALLY ECLIPSED BY THE SURROUNDING SKYSCRAPERS

FROM A PRIVATE COLLECTION

as the *Churchman.* Carleton & Kissam will be recalled as the pioneers in street-car advertising, to be shortly supplanted by Michael Wineburgh and Hugh J. Grant, who broke their monopoly in New York. Michael afterwards went to New England, leaving the New York end to his brothers, Abe and Jesse. Oscar J. Gude established his circuit of painted bulletins and developed it into a valuable advertising medium. In conjunction with Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Link, Mr. A. E. La Tour and Mr. Clark, he placed the business of bill-posting on a reputable footing; F. M. Jones, James P. Gillroy, A. E. Gans, since prominent in this line, were still in the making. W. S. Yerkes had just come from Philadelphia. Advertising in those days was confined strictly to formal statements of the goods offered. None of the conversational style of writing of to-day was practised.

Among the publishers, D. Appleton & Co. were in Bond Street, and Scribner & Sons at 743 Broadway. Frank N. Doubleday was manager of *Scribner's Magazine,* and Ambassador Page was editor of the *Forum.* Roswell Smith was at the height of his career, and the *Century Magazine,* with its famous war articles, had so far distanced competitors as to be in a class by itself. George H. Hazen, president of the *Woman's Home Companion,* was advertising manager of the *Century,* and was then, as now, a spectacular figure in the business. The most popular medium of advertising was undoubtedly the *Youth's Companion,* under the management of Francis A. Wilson, since prominent in the tobacco business; associated with him was Harold Roberts, now treasurer of the American Real Estate Co. The *Review of Reviews* had just been established by W. T. Stead and Albert Shaw, but gave no promise of its present wonderful importance. Harper and Bros. were, of course, the leading all-round house in this line.

Cyrus Curtis had launched his *Ladies' Home Journal.* Edward Bok was running a series of syndicate letters which attracted the attention of Mr. Curtis, and brought him the offer to join the *Journal.* The father of George Horace Lorimer, editor of the *Saturday Evening Post,* was then a very prominent preacher in Boston, and the son was connected with Armour & Co. in Chicago. It was not till some years later that he changed from beef to literature. John Brisben Walker was a prominent figure, but Frank A. Munsey, with his ten-cent magazine, was picked out as a failure. He broke the monopoly of the American News Co. and scored a huge success.

The paper trade was represented by Perkins & Goodwin, still in existence and very prosperous, now owned by two former employees, Eugene F. Crowe and John H. Duffy. Henry Lindemeyer, George W. Millar & Co., Vernon Bros., and Wilkinson Bros. and Louis de Jonge were also features of Duane Street, the paper market.

L'ENVOI: SOMEWHAT PERSONAL

It is quite the proper thing to say that New Yorkers care nothing for their city; that its history is a matter of indifference, and its traditions of no consequence. As for such a thing as sentiment, or affection for the old town, nothing could be more absurd. Yet elsewhere in this book one of my contributors makes special mention of the cordiality with which he was supported when he made his exhibition of old New York prints at the opening of the Lawyers' Title and Trust Company's new building. In the preparation of the book I have had the same delightful experience. Nothing could have exceeded the hearty co-operation or the cheerfulness with which the needed material was provided, when the purpose became known. Instead of apathy where our city's history is concerned, I found only the keenest interest, and in place of indifference the liveliest desire was shown to record the glories of its past.

My chief regret is that there is still so much to be done—so much to be shown—before the record of the last sixty years is anywhere near complete. But at the end of a three-year self-imposed task it is time to pause. It may be that eventually I shall undertake to finish the work, but, be that as it may, I am glad I have made this start. No New Yorker can look at these old-time pictures without a quickened pride in the place that gave him birth. All around us is a vastly different city from the one these pages recall, but, with all its changes, it is still the same old New York.

H. C. B.

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